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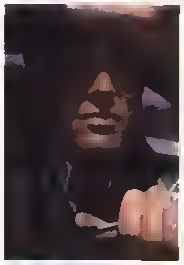
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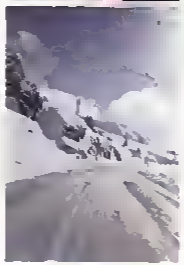




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Lee Eisenberg

The Fire This Time



Pete Hamill

PHOTOGRAPH • JAMES HAMILTON

IN THE REALM OF CIVIL RIGHTS, THE turning point in this century will always remain in the events of the Sixties: the freedom marches, the Great Society program, the Civil Rights Act, the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., and the riots in Newark, Detroit, and Watts. The quarter century that has passed since then has vastly redrawn the line where black and white Americans meet. But to Pete Hamill, who wrote this month's lead story ("Breaking the Silence," page 91), the relative calm is not enough. "There's been a failure on both sides," he says. "I to really look at the question of true responsibility."

Hamill's piece is an alarm going off in our collective ears—a risk-taking essay that rattles our complacency and proposes solutions. White liberals and black activists alike are in for a surprise. Hamill's views about black complicity in the maintenance of a no-win, no-way-out black Underclass should cause a row worthy of the issues. "Racial ideologues will probably be furious with this piece," says Hamill. "But I think the black middle and working classes will see this as a thoughtful analysis of the problems they must deal with."

Hamill has written on politics and race relations on and off for the past twenty-seven years. Asked what got him going this time, he answered, "I go out and see the almost endless, hopeless despair, exacerbated by the general image of prosperity in the Reagan era. On the one hand you have the restaurants on the Upper West Side where content young whites are grazing, and just a few miles away kids are eating out of garbage cans in the Bronx."

Written as a letter of appeal to a black friend, Hamill's piece was composed with several people in mind. But his chief inspiration was the great drummer Max Roach, whom Hamill has known for years. "He has always been a kind of extra conscience for me, one of the most intelligent people I have known. He pulled himself out of poverty. He never had easy answers for what goes on between blacks and whites. No one could accuse him of being an Uncle Tom. As I wrote the piece, he was always in my thoughts."

AS A PENETRATING LOOK AT THE QUESTION OF race in America, Pete Hamill's essay joins the ranks of other notable Esquire pieces on the subject. It was, in fact, exactly twenty years ago this month that Garry Wills documented "The Second Civil War." His reporting took him the full breadth of the country as he spent countless weeks interviewing police chiefs, National Guard commanders, and politicians who were empowered to contain, if not prevent, the fires of the ghetto. In Philadelphia, Wills spoke with Frank Rizzo, then police commissioner, who said proudly, "You name a riot contingency, and we've got a plan for it." In New York, Wills reported that each of the city's seventeen police districts had a specific strategy to "freeze" its area (that is, to isolate a neighborhood by such means as halting subways). In Los Angeles, a highly confidential police blueprint for handling one demonstration ran to sixty-eight pages. And in scores of cities large and small, Wills learned that the National Guard had comprehensive and classified battle operations to deal with mass violence identified by their code names.

Wills described the research and development of tactical weapons to be used against inner-city Americans: incapacitating sprays such as Mace; specially designed stun guns, tear-gas launchers, riot shields, and shotguns that a policeman could aim and fire with one hand; a $30,000 armored vehicle boasting eighteen gunports and a machine gun turret, which delivered an electric shock to anyone who was inclined to walk up and pet it. Wrote Wills: "The buying of war equipment is standard procedure now, limited only by the pinch of the city budget."

PERHAPS NO WRITER IN ESQUIRE'S HISTORY ARticulated the black experience with more passion and persistence than James Baldwin, who died at age sixty-three just a month before this issue went to press. His pieces for this magazine included "Malcolm and Martin," "Fifth Avenue, Uptown," and "The New Lost Generation." Throughout them, and throughout his other reporting, essays, plays, novels, and stories, Baldwin strove tirelessly, mightily, to change and inform our perceptions of the problem.

To paraphrase Toni Morrison in her December eulogy, James Baldwin kept the language honest. He also opened our eyes and kept our conscience working. It is in this spirit that we publish "Breaking the Silence."

LEE EISENBERG *is the editor in chief of Esquire.*

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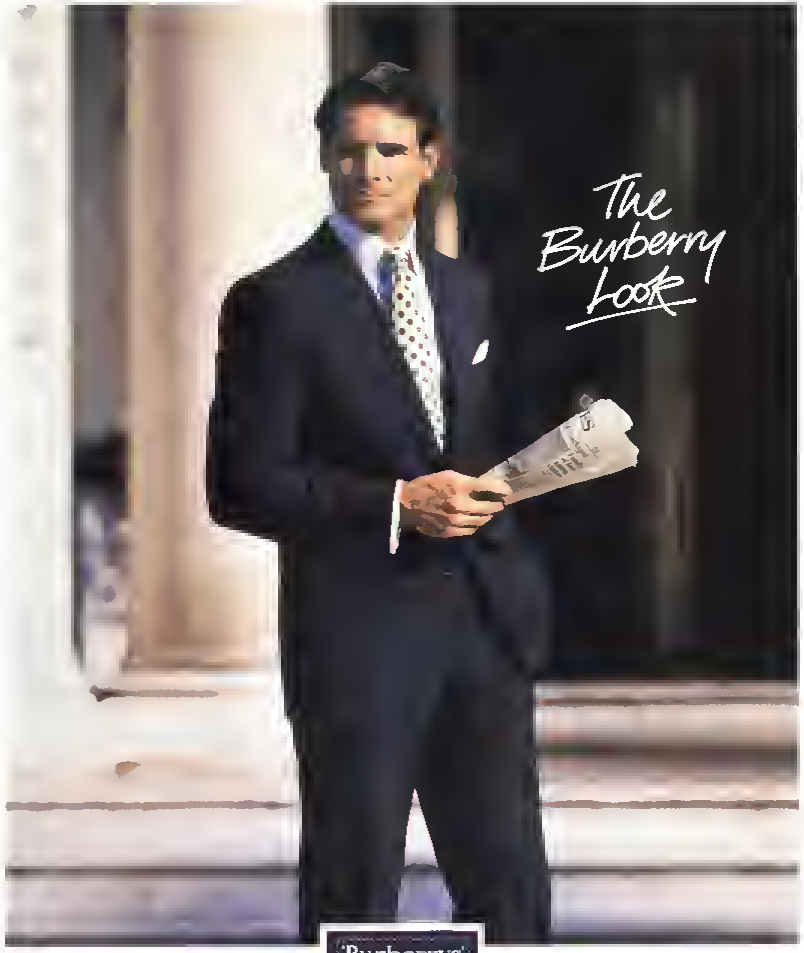
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The Sound and the Fury

THE VOICE

AT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, I HAVE BEEN NEITHER a listener nor a fan of the work of Frank Sinatra. I, like many of my generation, have looked on Sinatra as an over-the-hill telethon crooner at best. It was, then, with only passing interest that I began Daniel Okrent's wonderful piece "Saint Francis of Hoboken" (December).

Lovingly crafted and fully enthralling, it did more than hold my attention; it motivated me to leave my warm apartment on a gray and wind-chilled Sunday afternoon in search of a record store and Sinatra's *In the Wee Small Hours*.

Thank you, Esquire, for consistently bringing us fresh new thoughts and experiences.

Jeffrey Kempler
New York, N.Y.

OKRENT'S FLIPPANCY IN THE INTRODUCTION OF HIS article extolling Sinatra is as appalling as it is shallow: "Does it matter if Sinatra once abused a hooker?" and "Furtwangler performed for the Nazis, but we forgave him."

Mr. Okrent, some of us who appreciate the committed Nazi in him would never "forgive" Furtwangler and would never listen to his music except while contemplating the complexities, nuances, paradoxes, and tragedy of the pathological: how a mind can go so far astray and maintain such technical adeptness at the same time. Face the facts and deal with them and let Sinatra the man take the lumps his boorish behavior invites. He sang a mean song, but he sure looks like a mighty mean man sometimes.

Jay L. Schneiders
Denver, Colo.

HAVING JUST READ DANIEL OKRENT'S INSIGHTFUL tribute to Frank Sinatra, I find myself thinking back to my postcollege days. Popular music was at a low ebb when I first picked up my Dad's copy of *In the Wee Small Hours*. I was stunned at the sheer beauty and pathos of the voice and soon exasperated by my inability to share my find with anyone else. Since then Frank has continued to boost my ups and salve my lows; he may be a worldwide celebrity, but he is a very personal treasure.

Steve Bailey
Covina, Calif.

HAVING PUT ONE OR TWO WORDS INTO THE MOUTH OF Mr. Sinatra, I can tell you that your Dan Okrent article is the single best I have seen written.

Sammy Cahn
Beverly Hills, Calif.

GET RICH QUICK

IT WAS INTERESTING" FRANK RICH FEARS THAT ALL men will now be measured against the unrealistically beautiful male bodies that are favored by advertisers such as Calvin Klein (" The Gay Decades," November). He's worried that this "gay physical ideal" could be "cruel to those who [don't] match it," and concerned about the effects of this "obsession with a standardized perfection of surface beauty." As a member of the other gender—almost always assessed for T & A rather than IQ—I have just one thing to say: welcome to the meat market, boys.

Joyce K. Jensen
Indianapolis, Ind.

FRANK RICH PRESENTS NINE EPISODES TO SUPPORT HIS argument that "one year's seemingly peripheral gay cultural occasion could grow into a phenomenon that would later remake the heterosexual world." While the article is a tremendous accomplishment, I found it somewhat ironic that Esquire could only reflect on the "most dramatic cultural assimilation of our time" rather than on having been a part of that revolution.

Gene Hunt
Washington, D.C.

THERE'S A GAY CABLE NETWORK BROADCAST IN NEW York that has a segment entitled *Naming Names* which tells us to whom to write to complain when injustices are done to gay men and lesbians. They recently broke policy and told us to write Esquire and tell the people responsible how proud, how extraordinarily sweeping and sensitive we thought Frank Rich's "The Gay Decades" was. We do. And I do. Thanks.

Hy Abady
New York, N.Y.

WOLFF HOWLS

I CAN'T BREATHE. FIRST, GEOFFREY WOLFF ("A DAY at the Beach," December) has me laughing till it hurts. Then he has me gasping for air with his fretfully detailed account of heart disease diagnosis and surgery. Open a window! Anything! Too rich for my blood. I can't read the damned thing in one sitting.

Stephen Heacock
Allentown, Pa.

WHAT A WAY TO MAKE THIS READER SWITCH TO CORN oil and stop drinking coffee while Christmas shopping on American soil. Each season has its memories, along with its timely (and redundant) messages, but the humor, shock, and pleasure I received from "A Day at the Beach" will last, even extend, a lifetime.

Reginald Griffith
Amityville, N.Y.

KIM

YOU'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. YOUR DECEMBER cover portrait of Kim Basinger is so incredibly captivating I've been unable to tear myself away from it long enough to read any of the articles inside. Due to this serious miscalculation you have deprived me of a month of Man At His Best. I must insist you never grace your cover with anyone as strikingly radiant as Ms. Basinger. This should not be a problem.

Richard Vallejo
Albany, N.Y.

REGISTER RECEIPTS

I AM IN TOTAL AGREEMENT WITH THE CONCEPT OF the Esquire Register (December). I find it narcissistic and amiss, however, that our generation can bestow accolade after accolade upon itself with no mention of the pioneers and trailblazers who have instructed, challenged, and inspired us all. I hope this letter might inspire the selection committee to expand the 1988 Esquire Register to include a Hall of Fame listing that recognizes at least one significant predecessor in each category.

Harry Southall
Washington, D.C.

CONGRATULATIONS TO ESQUIRE FOR ITS FOURTH annual Register. I have once again been given a year's worth of inspiration to chase my own dreams. As a longtime Los Angeles Lakers fan, I was especially pleased to see Earvin "Magic" Johnson elected to this year's honor roll.

Patrick Lefler
Philadelphia, Pa.

DUNNE ROAMIN'

READING JOHN DUNNE'S ARTICLE "THIS YEAR IN JERusalem" (December) makes me wonder if his novels have the same dyspeptic tone and why he would want to travel anywhere. Perhaps he should never have left the Mojave Desert and continued basking in the boredom of the sun.

Dr. Daniel Spreehandler
Bronx, N.Y.

I SUPPOSE THAT ANYONE WHO WOULD WAIT FOR HIS aunt to die in order to write a book would not have very much good to say about the State of Israel.

Bruce Egert
New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Charities: Balancing the Books

An amplification of our December survey

THE EDITORS OF ESQUIRE were gratified at the size of the response to "A Consumer Guide to Charity" in the December 1987 issue. Your many letters confirmed what we'd suspected—given the opportunity, most people want to put their money where their hearts are, to support a worthwhile cause and contribute to the organization that represents it. Our report on fifty charities, however, raised almost as many questions as it answered. What follows is an attempt to answer these new questions and to readdress some of the old ones.

● First, a necessary correction. Esquire regrets that we erroneously reported that the U.S. Committee for UNICEF's program "payout" was thirteen cents for each dollar contributed. In fact, the program percentage for that fiscal year was 71 percent, or seventy-one cents. The error resulted from our misreading of a tax form. We also identified the U.S. Committee for UNICEF as the U.S. branch of that organization, when in fact it is an independently constituted entity established to increase Americans' awareness of UNICEF's work on behalf of the world's children and to raise funds for selected UNICEF-assisted projects. When the error came to light we took steps to notify nationwide press outlets to ensure that the correct information was disseminated.

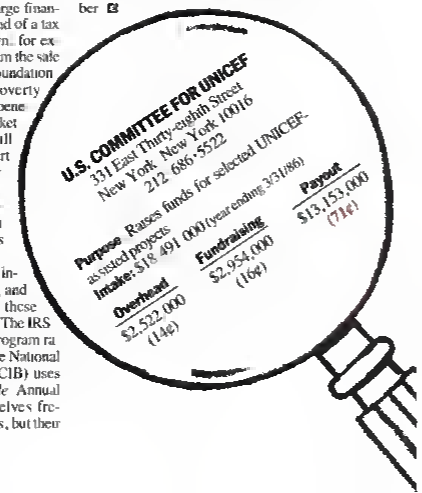
● Why didn't the percentage breakdowns for each charity add up to exactly 100 percent? The answer is that some charities ran a deficit for their fiscal year, leading to more than 100 percent expended, while others didn't spend all of the funds they took in, leading to an excess of reserve funds and percentages less than 100 percent. There is no rule or advisory that requires a charity to break even each year, and many do not. The Simon Wiesenthal Center's figures, for instance, whose "payout" seemed low, lacked a footnote explaining that much of its excess revenue (in this case, $7,454,588, or approximately 50 percent of the intake for 1985) went into a restricted fund held in anticipation of a building project, the construction of the Beit Hashoah Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles. If we had included these reserved funds, the payout percentage for the Wiesenthal Center would have been 81 percent, rather than the 30 percent we reported. Since our December article was published, construction of the new museum has begun.

● What do "excess funds" on a charity's tax return mean? Charities, like all responsible businesses, often make sure that large financial transactions take place at the end of a tax year. Father Flanagan's Boys Town, for example, had large year-end gains from the sale of investments from the home's Foundation Fund. Similarly, the Southern Poverty Law Center's Southern Trust Fund benefited from what was then a bull market. The resulting "excess" funds will presumably be paid out to support program services the following year.

● How can a donor tell the difference between *fundraising*, *education*, and *promotion*? How do you evaluate the ratio of these expenses to the charity's program funds?

These terms are used seemingly interchangeably on financial forms, and there is no rule that distinguishes these functions clearly from one another. The IRS considers each charity's expense/program ratios on a case-by-case basis, and the National Charities Information Bureau (NCIB) uses terms such as *ethical* and *reasonable*. Annual reports from the charities themselves frequently do not break down expenses, but their audited financial statements do. You can request copies of these from the charity you're interested in and decide for yourself.

FINALLY, AND MOST SIGNIFICANTLY, IF SOMEthing moves you to give, you can do what we did. Write or call the charity you're interested in, ask it for its annual report, its audited financial reports, even its IRS reports (Federal Form #990). Write the National Charities Information Bureau at 19 Union Square West, New York, New York 10003. You work hard for your money—do your homework before you give it away. And remember the most important thing: it really is blessed to give, and it's just as blessed in March as it was (and will be again) in December. ■







Photographer: Aldo Fallai Produced by Groupe GFT and distributed by Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp.

GIORGIO ARMANI



MAN AT HIS BEST

A Gentleman's Guide to Quality and Style



ILLUSTRATION BY HANN LOHO

MATERIAL VALUE

Ship Shapes

George Steers was the man who designed the famous yacht *America* which defeated British boats in 1851 and lent its name to the America's Cup. Steers later worked on a model of a clipper ship that would magnify the *America*'s lines into a great cargo vessel. It would be the fastest clipper ship of them all, he boasted, and its hull would be so finely shaped that no eye could determine its midpoint, he said, just like the well-formed leg of a woman, which inspired the shape.

Steers's clipper was never built, but its model survives—the sole repository of his particular vision—a beautiful, sculptural thing combining resonant line with the woodsy detail of handcraftsmanship. It is a builder's half model, or lift model, of the sort prized by collectors. Such models were the way the great designers of the clipper era—Steers, Donald McKay, John Griffiths—created the hulls that revolutionized ship design. No American clipper still exists, but their models preserve the essence of their shapes. Functional sculpture made from wooden planks stacked up and held together by dowels or screws, then carved to shipshape as if they were one solid block. For the designer, the lift model was drafting table and blueprint made solid. Self-trained by observation and study, these men found it easier to think in three dimensions than to draw plans in two.

When the carving was finished, the planks were unstacked and their lines traced onto graph-paper drawings which were then expanded to full-scale layouts in the great mold lofts—as big as the ship itself—where the lines were rendered in colored chalk on a black floor, forming an area of vast curves like a Sol LeWitt drawing. Each plank of the model delineated the shape of the ship at one level from its keel. From the lines, wooden molds, or frames, were fabricated against which thin hardwoods were bent to form the ship's skeleton. The common scale was a quarter inch to a foot, making many of the models more than six feet long and as heavy as two hundred pounds.

Only one longitudinal half of the ship needed to be shaped, since the hull was symmetrical about the plane of its keel. When the shape had been transferred from the model, the planks would be reassembled and the model mounted on a board or against a mirror to hang in the designer's study or presented to the ship's owner or financial backer.

Builders' half models were not appreciated until the 1920s or 1930s, and today they range in price from just a couple of hundred dollars for the builder's model of a steam tug or a fishing dory to $5,000 for the very rare model of an identifiable clipper. The models—a half dozen, say, at any one auction—tend to show up in sales at such premier marine dealers as Richard A. Bourne in Hyannis, Massachusetts, or Chuck DeLuca in York, Maine. Less often, a Sotheby's or Phillips sale of marine items will offer one.

Others are to be found in marine and antique shops all along the New England coast. The clipper models and whalers are the rarest and most prized, but there are half models for all sorts of vessels, from schooners to tankers, and its abstract shape freed from the specifics of scale, the lines of even the most humble craft can reveal surprising beauty. The half-model method of design, with modifications, continued to be applied to metal ships well into this century. San Francisco Ship Model Gallery, which despite its name is on Madison Avenue in New York, recently offered a half model of a German U-boat.

The half model was an American invention developed in Massachusetts in the late eighteenth century. It was one of the great innovations in nautical technology, a proud emblem of American genius. John Griffiths called it

The clipper ideal was clean, long, smooth as a smelt.

The great clipper ships could no more have been created without the lift half model than the F-15 without a wind tunnel.

The shape of the clipper represented a revolutionary reversal of the traditional wisdom that the bow of a ship should be rounded and the stern tapered. The model had been the fish—"cod's head and mackerel tail" was the builder's phrase for the ideal. But when such designers as Griffiths and McKay began to read up on hydrostatic mathematics and test their models in tanks, they found that the immediate visual analogy was false. They went on to prove that a ship with a fine pointed bow, with the center of displacement aft of center instead of forward, and rising from keel to gunwales with a cross section like a wineglass, could be driven faster than any sort of sailing ship in history. The clipper ideal was "clean, long, smooth as a smelt." The best models dramatize this ideal. The lifts, or planks, which in the most beautiful models are of alternating light pine and dark mahogany or cedar, create long horizontals that serve to accentuate the streamlined shape.



Clipper designers were notoriously jealous of each other; it was said no good designer ever gave away a true model of one of his ships. Early in his career, before he erected the *Flying Cloud* and be

came world famous. Donald McKay had a partner. When the two split, they agreed to cut all their models in half, one taking the bows and the other the sterns, so that neither of them could exploit the work of their collaboration. In 1853, a dockside fire devastated the *Great Republic*, McKay's last clipper, and he never recovered financially. Soon McKay was reduced to keeping warm by chunking the half models of his clippers into the stove. Only three of the models survived him.

It is harder and harder to find prime examples, but collectors remain convinced that prizes lurk in old New England houses or barns or boathouses. One customer of both Bourne and DeLuca is a Massachusetts collector and erstwhile boat designer himself named Charles Morse, who not long ago acquired one of the rare builder's models of a whaleship. It had shown up in a yard sale in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, just across a blue cove from the whaling capital of New Bedford. Penciled notes on its back identified it as the *J D Thompson*, a whaler Morse knew to have been lost north of the Bering Strait in the 1880s, when a sudden shift in the wind trapped it in the ice.

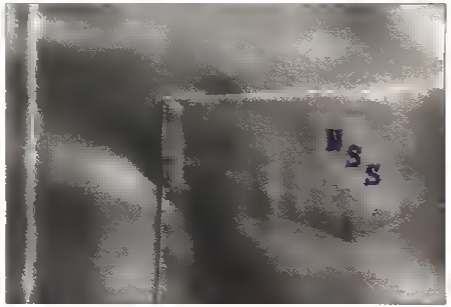
Morse, a man whose *r*'s are as smoothly rounded off as a clipper's hull, used another sort of evidence to confirm one model's authenticity.

One summah, he says, I went to the estate sale of a Cape Cod captain and found a builder's model that had hung on the captain's wall.

The captain lived in an old house papered in an ancient graying pattern, and Morse says, I knew right away the model was the real thing because it had left a kind of shadow on the wall of very bright and clean wallpaper.

Unlike the flamboyant George Steers, most of the builders of half models claimed no thought of making something of aesthetic appeal—John Griffiths scoffed at those who called his ships beautiful. The only definition of beauty he knew, he gruffly declared, was "fitness for the purpose and proportion to effect the object desired." But in their search for speed and efficiency, the designers made objects as smooth and modern as a Brancusi, with a presence as mythical as any literary vessel in Melville or Poe. What appeals in them is some primal pleasure inherent in their curves—the same pleasure afforded by the clipper's streamlined descendants, the jet plane and the race car, or by the feminine forms that inspired Steers. Their shapes remind us why the ship is always a "she."

—Phil Patton



CLASSICS

The Monogrammed Shirt

David Denny of Ashley & Blake shirtmakers in London takes a dim view of monograms. Mr. Denny's opinion is only one of many, of course, but it carries extra weight because he is shirtmaker by appointment to Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh. "I've been in the top end of the shirt business for twenty-five years," he says, "and in England gentlemen do not wear monogrammed shirts. There is a difference, I might add, between a gentleman and a man with a lot of money, if you take my meaning." Needless to say, Mr. Denny's royal patron, Prince Philip, does not wear monogrammed shirts. As it happens, however, Prince Charles does. When confronted with this information, the outspoken Mr. Denny replied tartly, "I would think it has something to do with his *wife*."

Naturally, Prince Charles's shirtmaker, Paul Cuss of Turnbull & Asser, thinks monograms are just fine. "Prince Charles's monograms are navy blue," he says. "They are embroidered on the left breast of his shirts at the center of the top of the pocket, nine inches down from the shoulder seam." Turnbull & Asser, whose customers have ranged from Winston Churchill to Liberace, admits to doing a fair amount of monogramming these days. "Some people like to have their monograms twelve to fourteen inches below the shoulder," says Mr. Cuss, "which is just above the belt line. But this is a very contemporary thing."

As a matter of fact, the whole idea of a visible monogram is itself a contemporary thing. When the practice of monogramming began in the seventeenth century, neither the monogram nor the shirt was meant to be seen. At that time, men wore long jackets or doublets, all you could see of the shirt was the collar and cuff. The original purpose of monogramming was to put the family mark on valuable linens. It wasn't really until the twentieth century, when shirts came out from under jackets and vests, that monograms could actually be seen. And when they did finally make their appearance, they carried with them a complex set of messages.

The monogram's basic message today is the same as it was in the seventeenth century. *This shirt is mine*. But the converse (*This shirt is not mine*) can also be true. John F. Kennedy's confidante Dave Powers provides an illustration. The amiable Mr. Powers, who is now curator of the Kennedy Library and Museum in Boston, recalls that he and President Kennedy wore the same size shirts and that in the rush of campaigning he would sometimes grab one of Kennedy's. "One time Jack told me, 'Dave, you've got one of my shirts on,'" says Powers. "I tried

BIBLIOPHILIA

Winner by a Nose

They call it the Sport of Kings, but horse racing really belongs to us commoners. Where else but the track can we chase a dream for two bucks, jump back and forth over the thin line separating utter joy from abject dejection, and learn all the important lessons of life in the course of a single sunny afternoon?

In *Racing Days* (Viking, $30), the striking duotone photographs by Henry Horenstein and the vividly colorful text by Brendan Boyd lay bare the very soul of racing, warts and all. While the collaborators bring evident love to their labor, they harbor no illusions and romanticize nothing. The pictures are strong, penetrating, revealing, and not merely pretty. Many work on two levels, as realistic portrayal and as abstract expression. The language is lean, precise, funny but never flowery. It is always concrete and direct.

The photographer has parlayed his affection for what he shouts into part ownership of two Thoroughbreds, thereby flouting the hoary axiom "never invest in anything that eats." And the writer, whose parents met at a racetrack, thereby assuring his good bloodlines, is a lifelong horseman who placed his first bet at age nine. Together, they make a great entry. ●

PHOTOGRAPH • MARCIA LIPPMAN



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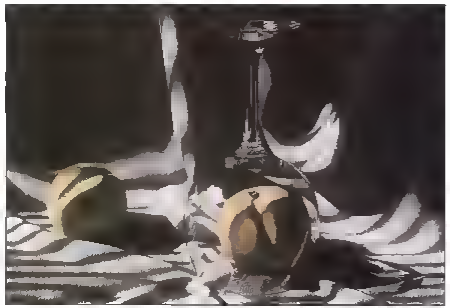
to bluff it but he pointed to the pocket and there it was—a blue JFK. Then another time we were on his plane and he turned to me again and said, "Dave, you're wearing another one of my shirts. I said, 'No, I'm not,' and I showed him there was nothing on the pocket. This time he pointed to my sleeve and by God there it was again, an inch below the cuff!" (Mr. Cuss, when asked about putting monograms on cuffs, replied, "That's a very American thing.")

One step up from the monogram's basic message is its intermediate message: *This shirt is expensive.* It is a fact that monogramming is done on pricey custom-made shirts more often than on ready-made shirts. A thorough test of a shirt's quality, however, extends to the monogram itself. According to Norman Stern, whose New York–based company does nothing but sew monograms onto things, there is a difference between machine-made and handmade monograms. It's like the difference between printed and engraved invitations. Handmade monograms are noticeably raised, machine-made monograms are flatter.

The monogram's ultimate message, of course, is *I am an important person.* In most cases this message should be followed by the words *in my humble opinion.* The whole point is undermined completely, however, if the monogramming is too insistent—if, for instance, there is more than one monogram on the shirt or if the monogram is more than a quarter-inch high.

Of course, if the shirt was a gift, the monogram says something else entirely: usually *The woman in my life bought this shirt for me.* Industry statistics show that women buy most of the men's shirts in this country. And when a woman gives a man a monogrammed shirt, she effectively reminds him of her existence every time he puts it on. The reminder is long-lasting as well as recurrent, because the thread used for monograms is very strong. It's usually composed of a single strand of polyester wrapped with cotton. "Our monograms," says Mr. Stern, "will outlive any shirt we put them on."

—**John Berendt**



THE DRINKING MAN

Impeachable Offenses

Every age gets the drinks it deserves. The belle epoque bubbled along to a chorus of popping corks. In the Roaring Twenties, a nation foolish enough to outlaw alcohol soon found itself awash in gin that could melt shoe leather. And today? It's quite possible that our own time will be remembered for the peach schnapps and orange juice concoction known as the Fuzzy Navel.

The United States floats in a sea of peach liqueurs. In 1985 DeKuyper launched Original Peachtree Schnapps, the liquor industry's equivalent of Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. Virtually unsupported by advertising, it became the first spirit since the repeal of Prohibition to sell more than a million cases in its first year. In 1986 sales doubled. Today peach schnapps runs second only to vodka as the popular mixer at many bars. In Iowa, Peachtree is the largest-selling spirit, period.

The man who unleashed this tidal wave, the prince of peach, is Earl LaRoe, formerly a flavor scientist with National Distillers. Three and a half years ago he was hot on the trail of what he calls the big, fresh-peach profile. The mandate: come up with "innovative products in the schnapps line." The problem: how to get beyond the cooked-peach flavor found in jellies and jams. The solution: well, a lot of people would like to know the solution, but Earl turns vague when the subject comes up.

"We found some technology in the ability to preserve fresh peach characteristics," he offers. As the interview proceeds, it begins to sound like *What's My Line?*

Now: this technology, Mr. LaRoe. Would that be something you yourself developed, or was it something out there that you could make use of? "Well, both really. Thanks, Earl."

LaRoe's contribution to Western culture did not pass unnoticed. At the moment there are some forty different peach schnapps on the market, not to mention a slew of peach coolers, premixed peach daiquiris, and even a peach vodka. Peach has weighed in at the high end of the scale, too. From Harry's Bar in Venice comes Pesca Bellini, a mixture of Venetian white peach juice, lemon juice, and black currant juice in a jar (available in gourmet stores). Add to sparkling wine, preferably an Italian Prosecco, for the platonically perfect Bellini. Pêcher Mignon, a French white-peach liqueur, hit the East Coast last spring. Originally developed to take advantage of surplus peaches rotting by the roadside in southern France, it has proven so popular in France that the Roussillon region can't grow enough peaches to keep up with it.

Surely these are the best of times for peach growers? Alas, not so. A distraught Lillie Hoover, Largent executive director of the National Peach Council, says that last year was one of the worst ever for her farmers. What gives? Hoover-Largent is frankly puzzled as to where exactly the distillers are getting their peaches. "I wish you'd let me know. We used to employ three and a half people. Now I'm the only one left."

Where, exactly, are we being led? Into the land of very strange drinks.

In the "flavor-driven" cordial and liqueur market, peach has taken the lead. But where, exactly, are we being led? Into the land of very strange drinks. Lane Barnett, vice president of James B. Beam Distilling, which bought National Distillers last May, asserts with a straight face that something called a Woo Woo (peach schnapps, vodka, and cranberry juice) is very big on the East Coast. He doesn't quite have the courage to come out with the drink's full name: Teeny Weeny Woo Woo. Do not order this in a strange bar.

Traditionalists may not like it, but the brave new world of drink is upon us: a world of party hats, noisemakers, and mandatory fun. The runaway success of Peachtree Schnapps has shown that younger drinkers want light, easily mixable spirits that don't demand the old apprenticeship known as acquiring a taste. A restless bunch, they shy away from committing to any one brand or flavor, which means that the industry will constantly have to develop new taste thrills. DeKuyper has already released pear, strawberry, and, yes, root-beer schnapps. Earl LaRoe, who's working on new flavors, promises that "the end of the story has not yet been told," which has a sinister ring. Who knows what lurks just around the corner? Kiwi? Oreo? Bartender, another round of Rooty Tooties for me and my friend.

—**William Grimes**



Sweaters. Classic, uncomplicated and comfortable. The clothes you've come to expect from the Gap. Our cable V-neck sweater is 100% cotton. $42.

THE GAP

PHOTOGRAPH • MARCIA LIPPMAN

It lowers the sound of speed.



Can a car quiet the wind? In a sense, that is precisely what the new Honda Accord LXi is designed to do.

The shape is aerodynamic. Clean all around. Windshield, windows and door handles are flush. Headlights are retractable.

The stance is low, over a newly refined double wishbone suspension system. Front and rear stabilizer bars are now larger. Stronger. So handling is more responsive.

Overall, the design provides an effective sound barrier against wind and road noise. And while you may be traveling on earth at something less than mach speed, you'll enjoy the simple comfort of quiet.

The experts at *Motor Trend* concur.

"Cruising the high-banked oval at top speed, passengers...carried on hushed conversation in a dead-flat acoustic environment. Wind noise was minimal and road noise was dampened effectively."

In the cockpit, with your foot pushing the accelerator, you'll find something else to enjoy. A new, 120 horsepower, fuel-injected engine with 9% more takeoff power.

And while air conditioning is standard, there's also a power-operated Moonroof. It has its own wind-deflecting device.

Will the Honda Accord, a car considered to be the standard by which other four-door sedans are measured, ever stop getting better? If you ask the engineers at Honda, the stratosphere's the limit.

HONDA

The Accord LXi

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JOCKEY
JUST JOCKEY
SWIMWEAR
sporty and comfortable.
All with that Jockey quality.
Jockey fit.
For all its comforts.
100 Belk
Belk and Leggett



PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP) PAOLO CURTIS (BOTTOM) MARSHA NORMAN

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Reef Madness

The driver of the big catamaran throttles the twin outboards back so the boat barely wallows across the barrier reef. The water is so clear that individual coral heads show precisely through water that's at least eight or ten feet deep. The bottom remains visible as the speed comes back up and the boat moves into deeper water.

Ten minutes after the boat crosses the barrier, the divemaster throws the anchor and cuts the engines. The anchor bites at ninety feet, and the bottom is still visible.

"May I have everyone's attention, please?"

The divemaster conducts a quick briefing. He reviews the hand signals and basic safety procedures and tells the divers when to leave the bottom. In five minutes, everyone is suited up. Once the divemaster is in the water, the others go over the side and follow him down the anchor line to the bottom, ninety feet below. The water is warm, 72 degrees in mid-March. Some divers wear wet-suit jackets. Some T-shirts. They follow the white anchor line as it angles off through the water, moving in the ponderous way of animals out of their element. Now and then one of the divers pauses a moment, pinches his nostrils, and blows to equalize pressure. On the way down, the world becomes dark and blue, but still clear.

At the bottom of the anchor line, the divers' senses are intensely concentrated. Touch is reduced to mere pressure, since it is you who are being touched all over by the pressure of the water. You hear only the sound of your own breathing, which is reassuring. The air rumbles through your regulator, and if you need even more reassurance, you can check the bubbles (a good thing to do if you feel vertigo coming on, since the bubbles always go up). You taste nothing much, except compressed air.

But you *see*—especially in this water—with clarity that is otherworldly. By hanging neutrally buoyant and just above the reef, you can shift your eyes and see the following very small purple and gold fish, called fairy basslet, that hang close to the coral formations. Schools of yellowtail snapper. Sea fans. Parrot fish. Worms that seem to bloom out of coral shards. Barracuda the color of tarnished steel. And, above all, the coral itself, which grows in living patterns of mysterious design.

A few feet from the anchor line the reef ends in a sheer blue drop. From ninety feet, the sea falls off a mile or more here. Divers call it a wall, and it tempts them the way the sound barrier once tempted test pilots.

This is not a day for a wall dive, however. After thirty minutes the divers are all back on the surface.

The divemaster raises the anchor and moves the boat in closer to the reef. He anchors again, this time in twenty feet of water. Here he will take several novices down for their first time. Those who made the deep dive go snorkeling over a field of elkhorn coral or stay on the boat to enjoy the sun.

This dive will last for an hour or so. By then, it will be time to head in for lunch. There will be another deep dive in the afternoon. And another at night. Business as usual at Small Hope Bay Lodge.

You can learn enough in a few hours to understand the essence of diving. But it is almost impossible to pick up the fundamentals on your own. Without training and certification, you would have a hard time buying air for your tanks. Traditionally, YMCAs conduct diving courses: you learn the basics in a pool, then travel to a nearby site for a deep-water check out. This is a good enough way to learn. But there are also places where you can learn under conditions that are absolutely ideal. Places where, if you feel you *must* get down in the water, among the coral and the fish, you can do it.

Small Hope Bay Lodge (P.O. Box 21667, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33335) is located on Andros, the largest of the Bahama Islands and one of the least developed. Two decades ago there was a club at Fresh Creek, where the wealthy came for the fishing and the pigeon shooting. But it was abandoned and is now homesteaded by natives and workers from the Navy's testing base. That leaves Small Hope as just about the only attraction on the island. Which is fine with Dick Birch, who had just that in mind when he built the lodge twenty-six years ago.

We wanted it to be natural, to accommodate itself to the environment. No air conditioning. No high rises. Just small, discrete cabins in the palms. That, and some of the best diving imaginable. Because, though the food is good and there are sailboats and hot tubs and fishing available, it is the diving that you go to Small Hope for.

So the novice can come here and on his first day learn about equipment and safety procedures from instructors who have been taking beginners down for years. On his second day he can dive to twenty or thirty feet to become familiar with the sensations and the idea of being underwater, breathing compressed air for prolonged periods.

In this water you see, with clarity that is otherworldly.

By his fourth or fifth day he can go to ninety feet or more—to the edge of the wall, or even over it and down to 185 feet, the limit of safe sport diving.

Too much can be made of sheer depth, of course. A better empirical measure of diving quality is water clarity, which at Small Hope is extraordinary—better than a hundred feet in normal circumstances. Diver density is another measure. Here guests have miles of barrier reef all to themselves.

Finally, there is the matter of life on the beach. There is no community of time shares and boutiques at Small Hope. Fresh local seafood is served each night in the dining room—grouper, conch, lobster, snapper—so you don't much miss the restaurants that are not there. On nights when you do not dive over the elk horn, carrying a waterproof light and marveling at the shrimp and squid and the other nocturnal sea creatures you generally go to sleep early, with the sound of palms stirred by the trades to provide the soothing music.

If you are lucky, you will dream of going over the wall, down into the blue. Deeper and deeper.

—Geoffrey Norman





THE SEASONED COOK

Please Pass the Buffalo

Upon seeing the American bison in 1539, Hernando de Soto identified it by the Spanish name *bufalo*, a name in fact belonging to various species of Asian oxen. In De Soto's day the bison roamed not only the plains of the Far West but by the uncounted millions all the way from Illinois south to Georgia and north to Pennsylvania and western New York. By the 1770s, these herds had been exterminated in the Central Plains, and by the 1880s, when railroads roared and belched like alien monsters across the Western Plains, the shaggy beasts were virtually extinct. It is said that the animal had more than a hundred uses from robes to soap, but millions of bison were no match for the white man's .56-caliber Hawken gun.

Although a tanned pelt once commanded $1,500 in London and Paris, the flood of amateur fortune seekers, often shooting from train windows, left so many thousands of hides stacked on the prairie that railroad stations were hidden from view. Skinning a buffalo was hard labor, but that great delicacy, buffalo tongue, was easy to excise and deliver to market, so eventually the tongueless animals were just left to rot. At its nadir came the American cowboy and his longhorn steer, and if the bison was missed, few voices were raised at its passing.

Perhaps the greatest culinary tribute paid to the buffalo in print was a best-selling recipe book called *50 Bison Dishes* by a Mrs. Vernon Palmer, but when Harper & Brothers published it in 1886, the herds were on the verge of extinction. Ironically, the author choked to death on a fish bone before publication, and the art of bison cookery was without champion or subject. I had my first taste of buffalo more than twenty years ago in the form of a burger. I was fishing for trout in Wyoming's Grand Canyon of the Snake River with Ted Hale, whose profitable hobby was raising bison on his ranch near Afton. One noon Ted grilled some patties over a wood fire. I expected something dry and gamy, instead, those buffalo burgers were not only juicy but tasted like prime fresh-ground sirloin with a somewhat denser texture.

Buffalo has 25 to 30 percent more protein than beef, so it is a richer, "meatier" meat. What I didn't know at the time was that it has less than half the cholesterol of beef, less than a third the fat, and is much lower in calories. And these hardy animals thrive without being dosed with antibiotics or hormones. Ted's succulent burgers inspired many wonderful meals of steaks and roasts in subsequent years, culminating in my frequently adding buffalo to our semiannual Chevaliers de Tastevin dinners in Palm Beach, where it always draws rave notices.

Today the buffalo meat on our market comes from semidomesticated animals on about seven hundred commercial ranches. I am not sure that *domesticated* is the right term for bison. One evening Ted Hale asked me to grab a pitchfork and help him feed his herd. We went out in the meadow with a tractor-driven hay wagon, and before long we were surrounded by hungry buffalo. They weren't about to wait for service; half ton animals rammed the wagon from all sides and chugalugged flying grass while I did acrobatics on top of the load, as though exercising on a trampoline. Ted stayed on the tractor seat shouting words of encouragement. In one minute I came to appreciate the tenacity of a Sioux hunter on his pony charging into the uproar and dust clouds with his bow and arrow. Charles Russell, Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and many other artists immortalized the chase, but the sheer power of the bison cannot be translated into paint.

Buffalo meat is purveyed by specialty butchers and it's available directly from U.S.D.A.-inspected producers, who express every cut from shrink-wrapped frozen patties to steaks and roasts, and even quarters and halves. It's easy enough to find a supplier by writing the National Buffalo Association at P.O. Box 80, Fort Pierre, South Dakota 57532. The Association suggests that due to the lack of fat marbling, buffalo should not be cooked as long or at as high a temperature as beef. I rely on my Meat Thermometer to get the proper internal temperature with rare at 120 degrees F, medium rare at 130, and medium at 140. As far as recipes are concerned, everything that can be accomplished with beef is suitable for buffalo.

My friend Jay Bentley, who owns the Continental Divide Restaurant in Ennis, Montana, and Bentley's on the Gallatin River near Big Sky, presents his buffalo in the style of Tuscany. Ideally, this dish is made with the tenderloin, the most expensive cut, as there are only about eight pounds of fillet in an animal that dresses out at 650 pounds, so it's much in demand. Bentley's offering, which can be accomplished either by pan sautéing or grilling on charcoal, is worthy of an evening for special guests. The recipe is based on a dinner for four.

Buffalo in the Style of Tuscany

1½ pounds of buffalo tenderloin (fillet)

Marinade
½ cup olive oil
1 teaspoon whole thyme
1 tablespoon whole rosemary
1 tablespoon cracked black pepper
2 garlic cloves, finely chopped

Sauce
2 tablespoons olive oil from the marinade
1 tablespoon anchovy paste or 3 anchovy fillets
2 tablespoons capers
4 tablespoons puréed sundried tomatoes or ¼ cup tomato puree
¼ cup beef demiglace or ¼ cup beef stock
¼ cup Marsala wine

Allow a six-ounce serving per person. This should be two medallions cut about one inch thick. Marinate at room temperature for two to three hours.

If sautéing is your option, pour enough olive oil to just coat the bottom of the pan, heat almost to the smoking point. Add the meat, leaving the bits and pieces of garlic and herbs that adhere to the medallions, and sear both sides until rare or medium rare. Don't burn the oil; it will impart a bitter flavor to the sauce.

To grill, cook over hot charcoal to the same degree of doneness, allowing the flames to envelop and sear the meat. This will occur when the marinade drips into the fire. Either way, when the buffalo is cooked, place the medallions on a warm platter in a low oven.

To the hot sauté pan add the olive oil, anchovy paste, and capers. Stir, then cook briefly and add the tomato purée. Reduce the mixture slightly, then add the demiglace and Marsala. Reduce until sufficiently thickened.

Arrange the medallions on warm serving plates and spoon the sauce on top, or spoon the sauce on the plates and place the medallions on top. Add fresh ground pepper.

I rarely have a demiglace on hand—it takes hours to prepare—but to make the beef broth



Any great whisky come to mind?



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stronger and richer while providing the glaze, I add a few tablespoons of glace de veau, which can be obtained from Summerfield Farm at S R 4 Box 195A, Brightwood, Virginia 22715

For buffalo accompaniments sautéed porcini or chanterelle mushrooms and snow peas would be my choice For a wine I d suggest a Cabernet Sauvignon by Joseph Phelps, Stag's Leap or Heitz, or a Clos du Val Reserve

—A. J. McClane



GOOD FORM

I Was a Male Sales-Conference Bride

When he was asked why he lived in East Berlin, Bertolt Brecht is supposed to have said that it was hard to live in a country where nobody was allowed to smile but that it was hell to live in one where everybody had to smile all the time I haven't spent as much time as he did in those grim precincts but I believe I know how the stubborn old Marxist felt You see, I too have worn the frozen smile in service of capitalist masters Last year for the first time in my life I was a male sales-conference bride

The facts are simple enough My wife is an executive for a Fortune 500 company Each fall the company has a sales conference at a resort I used to think of it as something *she* had to do Recently by dint of her level head and her hard work my wife received a substantial promotion a vice-presidency no less When the next conference rolled around I had to go help fly the new vice-presidential family flag

Five days and four nights! To be honest, I didn't know enough to dread it I thought *okay hey all right* The resort was one of those big, famous ones in the southern Piedmont, and it looked as though I could spend most of my time brushing up my field skills I thought *as long as they've got plenty of horses and plenty of clay pigeons I'll be fine* The rest of the time I figured I could concentrate hard on my drinking

It wasn't quite that simple as veteran conference brides surely know After a couple of days of hard sporting, my shot from the number eight position was much improved but I began to fall victim to a curious malaise a sort of washed-out purposelessness I tried a few business calls back home but there really wasn't much cooking I realized—as my execu-wife busily memoed directed and conferred—that I was a victim of what I can only call *the kept dork syndrome* Not a pleasant feeling at all! Nevertheless the kept-dork syndrome must be fought tooth and nail

That is easier said than done of course You can't just blast off for some resort with your rackets and your driest martini-talk True sales-conference brides are ruthlessly cheerful and supportive I don't pretend to know everything there is to know about this but I've compiled a sort of primer drawn from hard experience I hope it helps

(1) Think strategically at all times like Vince Lombardi and Bear Bryant would be thinking, if they were alive A winning attitude is the most important tool you possess Ask yourself Do you benefit from the multi-multi-K salary this woman pulls down every year? Would you prefer to continue receiving the benefits of these monies or would you rather flush it all down the toilet?

(2) Know that the corporation cares about *you* Yes a sales conference is a particularly vulnerable time, a time when the corporation likes to think that it stands for something other than business, and it very much likes to think that all of its employees and their families think that too Make no mistake about it the corporation, in the form of those busybodies charged with organizing this party, will be watching to see exactly what kind of time you do have Whether you hold your nose up in the air or whether you *get down and party with Bernie and Sharlene from distribution* will be noted and entered more or less whole into your wife's file And I mean the *real* file, the one in her boss's and her boss's boss's heads

(3) Let the corporation know that you care about it Glad handing is the way you do this the very grease of social transaction Take that obsessive advertising director over by the shrimp bowl and see if you can make her crack a smile She's an aerobics fascist eats crudités, would kill to get ahead wears her Walkman and her tennis shoes and sourly walks the seventy blocks to work every day (rain or shine), so I doubt if you'll have any luck But give it a try My advice is that you regard it as sport but don't spread it on too thick Even team spirit filled employees can smell horse manure when it hits them in the face

(4) Loose lips sink ships At least 60 percent of my wife's corporation is staffed by women so there was an entire fraternity of kept and semi-kept dorks at my sales conference I know this is gonna sound tough, boys, but you can't be friends with any of them You can be *friendly* but dammit, no significant male bonding and I mean it The reason is simple in male bonding one confesses One often confesses everything to absolute strangers The danger here is that one may confess something—an attitude, a feeling—and then this dork will then go tell *his* wife who then turns on to be your wife's sworn intramural enemy This is called *shooting your wife in the foot* So irony of ironies the boys are not to be trusted for perhaps the oldest and best reason of all, pillow talk Of course if any of these dorks says anything confidential to you report it immediately to your wife

(5) Be ready for what comes in the freaky-fluky You will have many strange and miraculous encounters, and frankly I don't want to spoil all the thrills—such as being yanked onto the dance floor by the division president (a woman) She's decided that you are absolutely the ticket to help her kick off the evening's festivities Two hundred people watch you on the otherwise empty floor Quick which step in your massive ballroom repertoire do you choose? It better not be too sexy but it damn well better be fun Or it better *look* fun at the very least I hope you'll excuse me but for completely legitimate personal reasons I can't go into this any deeper Just practice that jitterbug

Finally, after the banquets after the inexplicable awards after the day-long hobnobbing the speeches and presentations you will be dog-tired as I was Working my way through five days as a sales-conference bride was a little like putting money in and drawing money out of a bank account whose balance I could not know Actually it was worse than that I felt as though I had been trying to get into heaven but the trick was, nobody had told me the requirements And I was most particularly tired of smiling all the time Lately I've found myself talking to my wife about simply chucking it and moving to East Berlin for a few years, where dear old Brecht once lived smiling only when he wanted

—Mac Heath

Walk Softly And Carry A Big Stick.

by Ted Williams



looked a lot like a telephone pole Now, most bats are around 32-33 ounces

The shoes have also come a long way I'll tell you, the old ones *must* have been built for speed, because they sure weren't built for comfort.

(In fact, I'll wager there was more blood on the inside of Ty Cobb's shoes from broken blisters than on the outside from vicious slides)

Which brings me to the point of this ad shoes you don't have to shed blood for.

Now, I'm a pretty independent guy and a very casual dresser. And usually I think wearing dress shoes is as enjoyable as getting hit by a rising fastball Which is why I like Dexter Comfort Classics

On the outside they look like dress shoes. So you can wear them to business meetings, Hall of Fame induction ceremonies or whatever.

But on the inside, it's a whole, new ballgame They're lightweight, incredibly flexible, and have a cushioned footbed. So they're just about as comfortable as a pair of sneakers But because they're so well put together, they give your feet exceptional support

And Dexter Comfort Classics are made with nothing but the richest, softest, most supple calfskin. Which makes them one of the best uses of leather since one of man's other great inventions

The baseball"

'People like to talk about how baseball has changed

But despite all the talk – all the chit chat from pre-game analyzers and all the malarkey in the newspapers -- sooner or later it comes to the point where talk doesn't matter.

Because you can't talk to a baseball. And you can't talk your way into a base hit

Something that has changed, though, is the equipment

Like gloves. They used to be small and just about as stiff as cardboard

Bats, on the other hand, used to be bigger. Babe Ruth, for instance, had one that weighed 54 ounces and



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Bob Greene

Japanese Beat



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East meets Midwest, and the befuddlement begins

FOR THE EIGHT YEARS THAT AMERICAN Beat has been appearing in this space, the column has not ventured outside the United States. That's the point. You call a feature American Beat, you'd better keep it in America.

But this funny thing happened. A Japanese edition of Esquire was launched. The businessmen and editors behind Japanese Esquire asked me to come to Tokyo to make some appearances and help get the magazine off the ground. I argued that this might be a disaster for the new project. When my potential hosts from Japan tried to get me to explain why this was, I fumbled around for several minutes and then gave them the truest and most direct answer I could come up with: "I have a bad personality."

Apparently it didn't translate. I watched *Adventures in Babysitting* on the movie screen of the airplane and wondered what might lie ahead.

THIRTEEN AND A HALF HOURS AND fourteen time zones from my home, I stumbled off the plane. A delegation from Japanese Esquire was waiting just beyond the customs area.

"We have a meeting planned in your hotel room," one of the welcoming party said.

"You've got to be kidding," I said. I get jet lag flying from Chicago to Ohio. I felt as if I had been beaten with logs for the past half day.

"No," the person said. "The people are waiting for you."

"I have to sleep," I said. "Let's do this tomorrow."

"Please," the person said. "For you to refuse to do this would be very insulting."

WE SAT IN MY ROOM, THE WELCOMING PARTY and I. The person in charge made a call to another room in the hotel. Soon there was a knock at the door.

Four Japanese men walked in. I shook hands with each of them. Behind them was a Japanese woman. I shook her hand, too. This seemed to embarrass her.

We spoke for maybe fifteen minutes, with the people who understood both languages doing their best to translate. The meeting seemed to be over. I glanced longingly in the direction of the bed.

"We have a surprise for you," one of my hosts said.

"What's that?" I said.

"The hotel has decided to name a drink the American Beat, in honor of your visit," he said.

"You're joking," I said.

"Oh, no," my host said. "The hotel wants to add the drink to its menu, as a permanent item."

"Well, that's really nice," I said. "Tell them thanks very much. This is really something. I'll thank them in person tomorrow, after I get some sleep."

"You don't understand," my host said. "The hotel has come up with four different recipes for the American Beat drink. They want you to choose one."

"Okay," I said. "Do you have a copy of the recipes?"

"I'm afraid you still don't understand," my host said. "The management of the hotel would like to come to the room and mix all four versions of the American Beat, and then have you taste all four and select your favorite."

"I can't tell you how flattering this is," I said. "But I've been up for more than twenty-four hours. Could we do this tomorrow?"

"That would be very insulting," my host said.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ONE OF the members of the welcoming party shook me awake. The drink team from the hotel had arrived. There were two management people, and a bartender in a tuxedo. A table on wheels, covered with bottles of liquor and mixing utensils, had been rolled into the room.

The bartender in the tuxedo, working somberly, mixed the first version of the American Beat. He shook it vigorously in a metal container. He poured the drink into glasses—one for each person in the room. When he presented me with mine, he bowed deeply.

I took a sip. "This is great," I said, my eyes drooping.

The bartender bowed again. He immediately went to work on the second version. He



See Reader Service Card after page 154

shook. He poured. He bowed.

"Real good," I said, on the verge of total collapse.

He prepared the third version, and then the fourth. All eyes were on me.

"They would like to know which one you have chosen," one of my hosts said.

"I don't know," I said. "You choose."

"Please," my host said. "That would be very insulting."

"I lost track," I said.

"Please," my host said. "If you could just choose one."

I looked at all of the half-empty glasses that covered every flat surface in the room.

"The green one," I said.

This was translated to the hotel people. The bartender bowed. Everyone left.

WELL, ACTUALLY, EVERYONE DIDN'T LEAVE. One of the members of the welcoming party was a young woman named Riki Ninomiya, who spoke fluent English. My hosts from Japanese Esquire had reserved a room for her just down the hall from me. She would be staying in the hotel for the length of my visit, just in case I needed her to help me deal with a foreign land and a foreign language.

Riki waited behind. "If you have any questions at all, just call me," she said.

"I have one question already," I said. "When the four men came into the room and I shook their hands, it seemed like it was okay. But when I shook the woman's hand, she seemed a little bothered by it."

"The custom here is not to shake the hand of a woman," Riki said. "The custom is to bow your head to a woman. But don't worry about it. They know that you are from the United States."

Riki said that she was sure I needed my sleep. She left me in the room. I looked out the window. Below and to my right was one of the headquarters buildings of the Sony Corporation. Below and to my left was a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant.

I FELL INTO BED. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I slept—probably just a few hours. I woke up, disoriented, and started flipping through the channels on my TV.

Most of the shows were normal Japanese programs. But suddenly, on the TV, two Japanese women were having sex with each other. In the middle of having sex, they started burning each other with lighted cigarettes.

This I had never seen. I dialed Riki's room.

"Hey, Riki," I said. "You tell me that I'm supposed to bow my head to Japanese women. But I just turned on the TV, and there are two naked Japanese women burning each other with cigarettes. What's the deal? Are you supposed to bow your head to them, or are you supposed to burn them with cigarettes?"

"Bob, you're watching a porno movie."

Riki said. "You've got a pay channel. Go back to sleep."

BUT I COULDN'T. THE TIME-ZONE CHANGES HAD screwed me up. I picked up the phone and made a call back to the United States. My friend John Walter is an editor at *USA Today*, and I wanted to know if I could get a copy of his paper in Japan. He assured me I could.

"John, the screwiest thing just happened," I said. "First these people came to my room, and I shook hands with the men and it was all right. But I shook hands with this woman, and I was told you're supposed to bow your head to Japanese women. Then I turn on the TV—and there are these two naked Japanese women burning each other with cigarettes."

"Yes," John said. "But when they get finished, they'll probably bow their heads to each other."

I WAS WIDE AWAKE. THE CLOCK MEANT NOTHing. I was like a madman. I kept making calls to the U.S. It was so easy, it was as simple as dialing direct from L.A. to New York. I made about fifteen calls, then drifted back to sleep.

When I woke up again, I saw that there was a little cardboard notice on the night table, and that the notice said that there was an access charge for all international calls. My eyes were bleary, but I was shocked by what I saw.

I dialed Riki's room.

"Riki, I'm in terrible trouble," I said. "You know that card by the bed? It says that there's a surcharge of a thousand dollars for every international phone call. I've made fifteen calls already. What am I going to do, Riki? I haven't even been here for one day yet, and I've spent fifteen thousand dollars on phone access charges."

"It's not a thousand dollars, Bob," Riki said. "It's a thousand yen. Go back to sleep."

WHICH I DID, FOR A WHILE. WHEN I WOKE UP this time, it was still dark outside. But a Tokyo newspaper had been slipped under my door—an English-language publication called the *Mainichi Daily News*.

I turned on the light and started flipping the pages. I found an intriguing story.

It seemed that the president of a Japanese company was attending a business convention in Kochi City. The president of the company was sitting in a bar along with other men at the convention. The president of the company said "what beautiful teeth" the man sitting next to him had. He then "innocently slipped his forefinger" into the man's mouth.

The man with the beautiful teeth "chomped down on the offending fingertip so hard that it was left dangling." The company president was rushed to a nearby hospital, but the fingertip had to be amputated.

The man with the beautiful teeth said that he had mistakenly believed it was "a peanut" that the company president was putting in his mouth, rather than the president's finger.

But the company president said that the man with the beautiful teeth bit him on purpose, "out of intercompany rivalry."

The company president was suing the biter. He said he was bringing suit not just because of "the physical inconvenience I suffer," but because his missing fingertip might be interpreted "the wrong way."

The newspaper account said that "cutting off the last joint of a finger is a practice of the *yakuza*."

I dialed Riki's room.

"Hey, Riki," I said. "What's the *yakuza*?"

"Please, Bob," she said through a fog. "It's 5:00 in the morning. The *yakuza* is the Japanese Mafia. Go back to sleep."

THIS TIME I DID. AND FOR A LONG WHILE. WHEN I woke up it was the middle of the day. There was a little refrigerator in my room. I was thirsty, so I looked in it for something to drink. I pulled out a blue and white can, read the label, and felt myself begin to gag. The beverage was called "Pocari Sweat."

THE TIME DIFFERENCE WAS REALLY BEGINNING to get to me. Riki called and invited me to dinner. It was 6:00 P.M. in Tokyo—4:00 A.M. in the midwestern United States. I sat at the table like a zombie. When we had finished our meal we went to the top-floor barroom of the hotel.

We were shown to a table. A Japanese musical group—the male musicians in black tuxedoes, the female vocalist in a long white gown—prepared to do its show.

At last, I thought, a genuine touch of the Far East.

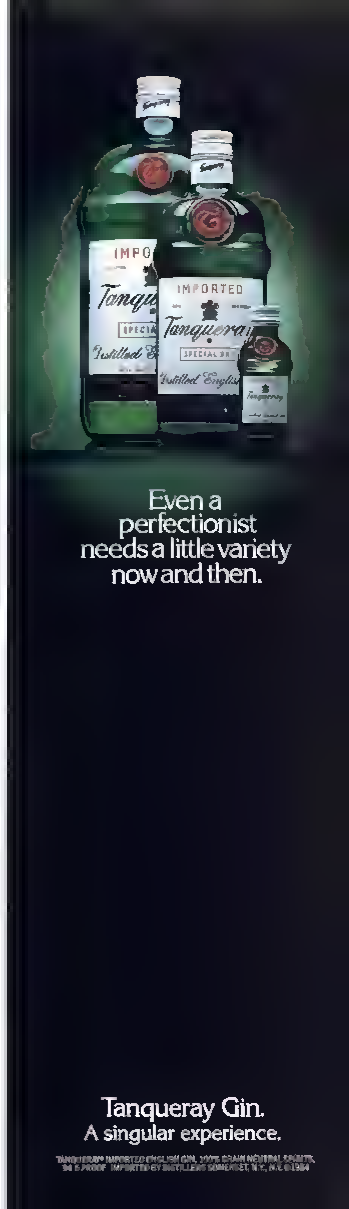
The group went into its first number. It was "La Bamba."

THE NEXT DAY WAS A BLUR. I KEPT TRYING TO figure out what time it really was. In the evening a reception sponsored by Japanese Esquire was scheduled, and I was supposed to make a few remarks.

There had been a minor controversy over my attire. At first my hosts had requested that I wear a black suit, out of respect for the others at the reception. When I had explained that I did not own a black suit, my hosts had offered to have one made for me in my hotel room.

But then, at the last minute, my hosts had changed their minds. They said that they wanted me to wear blue jeans and a loosened tie. I said that I was in favor of informality, but jeans were too informal. No, they said—jeans would be perfect.

The reception was to take place in the hotel, and at the appointed hour Riki escorted me to an anteroom where I was supposed to wait until I was introduced. My understanding had been that I would be in the anteroom alone



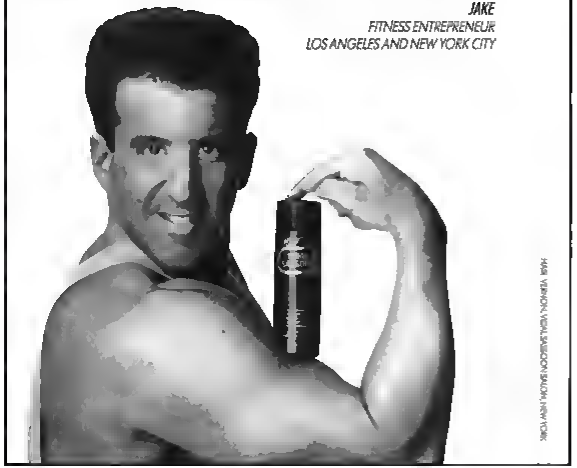
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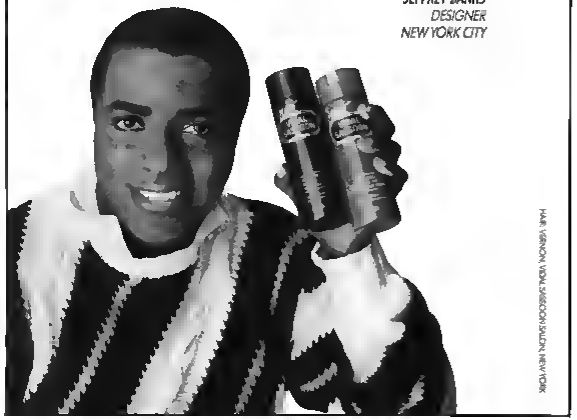
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HAIR VIDRON, VIDAL SASSDON SALON, NEW YORK

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JEFFREY BANKS
DESIGNER
NEW YORK CITY



HAIR VIDRON, VIDAL SASSDON SALON, NEW YORK

But when Riki and I walked through the door, there were about a dozen gray-haired Japanese men, all of them fifty and over, all of them in black suits, sitting stiffly around a long table. Riki and I immediately assumed that these men were the board of directors of the parent company of Japanese Esquire.

"Riki, we've got to do something," I whispered. I looked as if I had been milking cows. "Can you do simultaneous translation?"

"Not very well," she whispered back.

"Well, go find someone who can," I said.

Minutes passed; it seemed like hours. I smiled broadly at the men, who stared back with apparent curiosity. Finally Riki reentered the room with a female translator.

My smile grew crazed. "See, gentlemen, I was supposed to wear a black suit, just like you're wearing," I said.

I waited while the translator repeated the words in Japanese.

"But then they told me to dress like this."

The translator translated. The men showed no reaction. I felt like a Catskills comic on the unfunniest night of his life.

"The thing is, I don't want to make a bad impression," I said. I waited for the translation. "Up in my room, I have a pair of brown corduroy slacks I can change into."

Nothing—absolutely nothing—from the men in the black suits.

"I realize that brown corduroy isn't perfect," I said. "But maybe you think it would be better than this."

I went on for about five more minutes. When it was clear that I was finished, there was a slight pause. Then, in unison, the men smiled and began to clap their hands.

The translator said to me, "That means that they approve of the way you are dressed."

And then . . . the men stood up, bowed their heads, and left. We watched them walk away.

It turned out that they were not the board of directors of Japanese Esquire's parent company after all. We had been in the wrong room.

AFTER THAT, THE RECEPTION WAS A BREEZE. Each person was handed an American Beat drink. Food was served. Copies of Japanese Esquire were passed out.

A Japanese woman came up and asked me to sign her Japanese Esquire. I asked her to tell me her name, which she did.

"You'd better spell that," I said.

"Here," she said. "Just copy it off this."

She opened her wallet and showed me her American Express Gold Card.

THAT KIND OF THING KEPT HAPPENING. Everything was so Western. When you placed a local call in Tokyo and were put on hold, you heard music-box renditions of "Greensleeves" and "Home on the Range." When you turned on the television, in addition to Japanese programs you could watch *St. Elsewhere*, *Knots Landing*, *The Jeffersons* or Larry King interviewing George C. Scott. Even the commercials for Japanese home-protection devices featured something referred to as the "Beverly Hills Security System."

So it was almost a shock when you encountered something that made you realize that you were not, indeed, in Tulsa.

The morning after the reception, I called room service for breakfast.

"Do you have muffins?" I said.

The woman in the kitchen made it clear she did not understand. The room service menu was printed in both Japanese and English, and the hotel kitchen staff recognized the English words for the items on the menu. Muffins were not on the menu. Still, I thought they must have them.

"Muffins," I said.

The woman said something back to me in Japanese.

I thought I would be helpful and spell it.

"Just a muffin," I said. "M-U-F-F-I-N."

The woman said she would get her supervisor.

The supervisor came on the line.

"Yes, Mr. Muffin?" she said.

THAT NIGHT WAS MY LAST OFFICIAL FUNCTION in Tokyo—a speech at the Kinokuniya Hall. The audience would be listening to the translation through headsets. About an hour before the doors opened, I was brought onto the stage to test the sound system.

The seats were empty. The only people in the cavernous auditorium were audio and lighting technicians, who spoke only Japanese. I was motioned toward the lectern.

I stood there. I looked around me. I had given up trying to figure out what time it was in the U.S.

One of the technicians motioned at me again. He wanted me to speak.

I leaned close to the microphone. The words came out automatically.

"Elvis . . . has left the building."

I heard my voice echo off the walls. Why was I saying this? I knew this was the phrase the public-address announcer always used to intone at the end of every Elvis Presley concert, but why was I standing here in Tokyo saying it? The Japanese technicians looked totally perplexed. I changed my inflection slightly.

"*Elvis* . . . has left the building."

I was beginning to like this.

"Elvis . . . has *left* the building."

I LOOKED OVER TO MY RIGHT. RIKI WAS STANDING there with her arms crossed.

"I think it's about time for you to go back home," she said.

And the next day I did. And here I am.

BOB GREENE is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.

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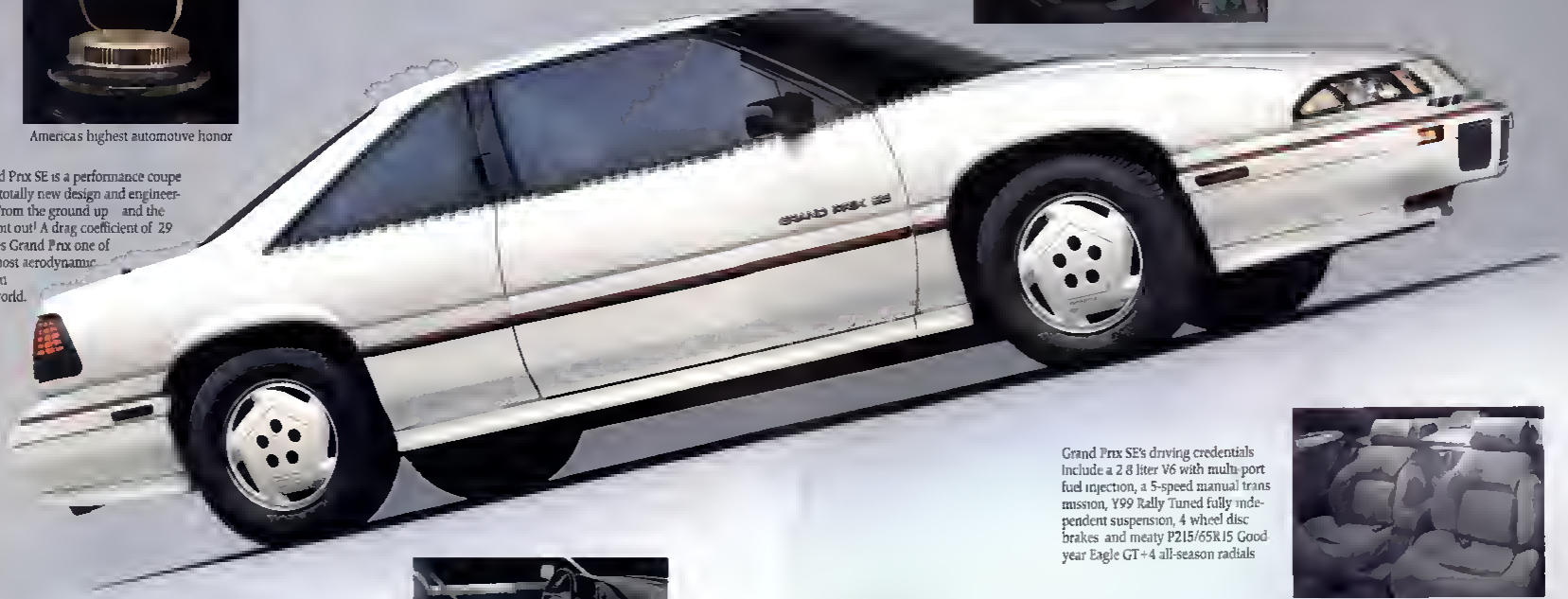


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Mike Lupica

The Shrieking Violet



Straighten up, America, or Bobby Knight will drive your base line

THE BIG MERCURY RACED THROUGH the Indiana night on 446 South as if the bad guys were chasing it. Bob Knight had a speaking engagement in Salem, apparently the day before yesterday. Knight in fact drives the way he coaches, sometimes too hard, sometimes on the shoulder when a curve sneaks up on him from the weak side, sometimes like his dice don't have all their dots.

Knight never asked more of any Indiana basketball player than he does of his automobile.

"You notice," Knight said, turning toward the person in the passenger seat, "I don't slow up any for curves, but I do prepare you for them."

The Mercury passed Lake Monroe. "I hunt grouse around here," Knight said. A little way down 446, he pointed out the Boondocks Gen'l Store. "There's a stream not far from here where I fish sometimes," he said. "The only geographical landmarks I'm really interested in are places where I hunt and fish. Salem, where we're going, the Blue River flows right through it. I fish up there with a guy named Dick Lambert, who should have been Cuv ler's guide. We fish smallmouth bass and goggle-eyes."

The Mercury leaned into another curve, hugged it, came out of it as if it were the first turn at Indy.

The person in the passenger seat said, "James Dean was from Indiana, right?"

Knight said, "Northern Indiana. He died in a car crash too, right?"

Knight laughed, spotted a dotted yellow line, passed two more cars, began talking about the 1984 United States Olympic basketball team he had coached to the gold medal and about Michael Jordan.

"There aren't many things that are a thrill to me," he said. "But that was. Michael is the best that will ever play the game. Bird and Magic are great players. They're just not Michael Jordan."

What about Patrick Ewing?

"I don't think anybody will ever be able to coach him. We were a week into practice for the Olympics when I came off the court and said to my assistants, 'One of you guys go coach that s o b, because I can't.'"

What about Chris Mullin? Like him?

Knight's smile was lighted by the full moon.

"I loved him. He could really handle me. I don't think I ever bothered that s o b. But you ask him how I got on his ass."

Before passing through Medora and then Millport and Kossuth into Salem—where a chamber of commerce dinner and a small town waited for him in a high school gym—Knight gunned the Mercury right past an essential point. Bob Knight gets on your ass.

Play for him, coach for him, hunt with him, cover his team, ride in the car with him. Doesn't matter. Sooner or later, he gets on your ass. The phrase fills up his day. He gets on you, you get on him. At lunch, somebody said the fried chicken tasted pretty good at the Third Base Lounge ("Last Stop on Your Way Home"). Knight said, "Sure it's good. Now. They were using too much batter before. But I got on their ass."

In the morning he called his old friend Bill Parcells, coach of the defending Super Bowl champion New York Giants, who were 1–6 at the time. When Knight was head coach at West Point in the '60s, Parcells was an assistant football coach. Mid-conversation, Knight shouted into the phone, "Now don't you be moping in front of those s o b's. No, you listen to me. I was there before you were [defending a championship]. It's all right to break some goddamned clocks on the floor if that's what it takes. You get some of those good guys like Carson and Marshall you're always telling me about, and you get on their ass."

The approach is not always attractive on the court or off. Bad Bobby, screamer, chair thrower, guy who once stuffed a recalcitrant LSU fan in a garbage can—from the outside, meaning all the places that are not Indiana, it sometimes looks as if it is Knight against the world. Him trying to get on the world's ass, the world trying to get on his.

But he is the emperor of Indiana. His players are the reigning kings of college basket-

He's the only man who was nominated for the Basketball Hall of Fame and beat an extradition rap in the same week.

ball his program is honest and a book about him—John Feinstein's *A Season on the Brink*—sold as if it were being given away with toaster ovens. It outsold *Bull Four* and *The Boys of Summer* and Jim McMahon and anything that had ever come out of sports.

WHY? HELL, I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS MAYBE people are attracted, or whatever, to a no-bullshit guy who tells people to shove it up their ass when he thinks it's appropriate."

Knight hates *A Season on the Brink*. Doesn't think an awful lot of Feinstein, to whom he gave complete access for the 1985–86 Indiana basketball season. "A turd," Knight said delicately. The book became a runaway hit, was on top of the *New York Times* best seller list for more than three months, sold four hundred thousand in hardcover and will have seven hundred thousand more copies printed in paperback. Knight says Feinstein was given three conditions. The word f— was not to be in the book. The book was supposed to focus on the players and the program, not on Knight. And there was to be no mention of Knight's personal life, since his marriage of more than twenty years to Nancy Knight was breaking up at the time.

The book had f— in it, and was dominated by surprise, Bob Knight. Now when you hear Knight use schoolyard insults to describe Feinstein, you wonder how in the world he thought Feinstein could write an honest book without honest language in it. If you give Knight every benefit of the doubt on what he thought the book would or could be (and Feinstein says the only agreement he had with Knight, one with which he complied, was about Knight's private life), you still come up with this: Knight was awfully naive about *A Season on the Brink*.

More than anything else, the book is interesting as a point of reference. For the first time, the world got into Bloomington, Indiana, and spent time with the only man in history who was nominated for the Basketball Hall of Fame and beat an extradition rap the same week. (Knight had a famous altercation with a cop at the 1979 Pan American Games in Puerto Rico and was listed as a fugitive there until last November), the coach who has won three national championships, eight Big 10 championships, Pan Am gold, and Olympic gold, the man some people think is the greatest basketball mind of his time.

"Well, shit," Knight said in the Mercury, closing the book on *A Season*. "Live and learn. All my friends tell me now that I was an ass to let Feinstein in, but how come nobody told me then?

Whether he will admit it or not, here is what rankles Bob Knight the most about Feinstein's book. Knight gave away the keys to his program. He let an outsider in. He relinquished control. Listen.

"I think we have more control over basketball here than any other college basketball program in the country. Insulation. Isolation. Use whatever word you want. But the ingredients to control it are here. Bloomington is a small community. There aren't a lot of news outlets. You pretty much have an idea of what's going on. There's not a lot going on in a town like Bloomington that I don't hear about. There's not much people (alumni, fans) can do for kids I'm not going to know about. So all the things are here. It enables us to run the program the way I think it should be run."

Five years ago, Knight considered leaving Indiana and taking the head job at the University of Arizona.

"I took the Arizona basketball brochure home with me, and I'm sitting there reading through it, and on the inside back cover, all the news outlets are listed. I can tell you today what they were. There were fourteen radio stations in the Tucson area. There were three major network television stations, plus an independent station. There was a morning paper, an evening paper. The two Phoenix papers had outlets in Tucson. There was a student newspaper. And AP and UPI. Twenty-five media outlets! That just ended it. I said, Jesus Christ, I just can't cope with this. You got too many sob's who can make life miserable for you."

In the media capitals of New York and Los Angeles, Knight is someone Out There. It has made him into a combination of myth and legend, no matter what your opinion of his temper, or language skills. There has been no one like him at the coaching level since Vince Lombardi, one of his idols. Even Red Auerbach, another of Knight's heroes, finally became this grandfather, presiding over the Celtics and Boston Garden as if it were Our House. It never would have happened to Lombardi. It won't happen to Knight. Lombardi's mystique grew because he was Out There in Green Bay. Knight is in Bloomington, fifty miles from Indianapolis, a million miles from everywhere else, close to his gym, the Blue River, Jack's Lounge, the Boondocks Gen I Store.

He pulled in front of Salem High School's gym. "Indiana is the ideal setting for me, and not just because of the way these people love their basketball," Knight said. "You probably don't know what tomorrow is, do you?"

"A day I don't have to ride in the car with you?"

"Opening of quail season," he said. "I'm hunting the next three days." Then he walked into the gym to talk Indiana basketball like the pope going to talk the seven sacraments to five hundred Catholics.

They will love him, he knows that. He will probably get on their ass a little, anyway. They'll love that, too. At forty-seven, he may be a bad boy. But he's their bad boy.

THE PEOPLE OF SALEM, INDIANA, SIT AT LONG tables covered by white paper tablecloths. It is the chamber of commerce's annual dinner. The black-and-yellow backboards have been craned up toward the ceiling. The boys and girls of the West Washington Junior-Senior High are standing on a platform, over banners for the Salem Lions and the North Harrison Cougars and the Clarksville Generals, waiting to sing "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" as an opening act.

People in New York and Los Angeles might think that the Midwest just gets in the way, but this is Knight's world. These are his people. When Dr. Gene Hedrick introduces him, he is given a long and rousing standing ovation. Hedrick is a dentist. Knight opens by saying, "For a guy who goes through life telling people to open their mouths, closing his just now as quickly as he did was the damnedest thing I've ever seen."

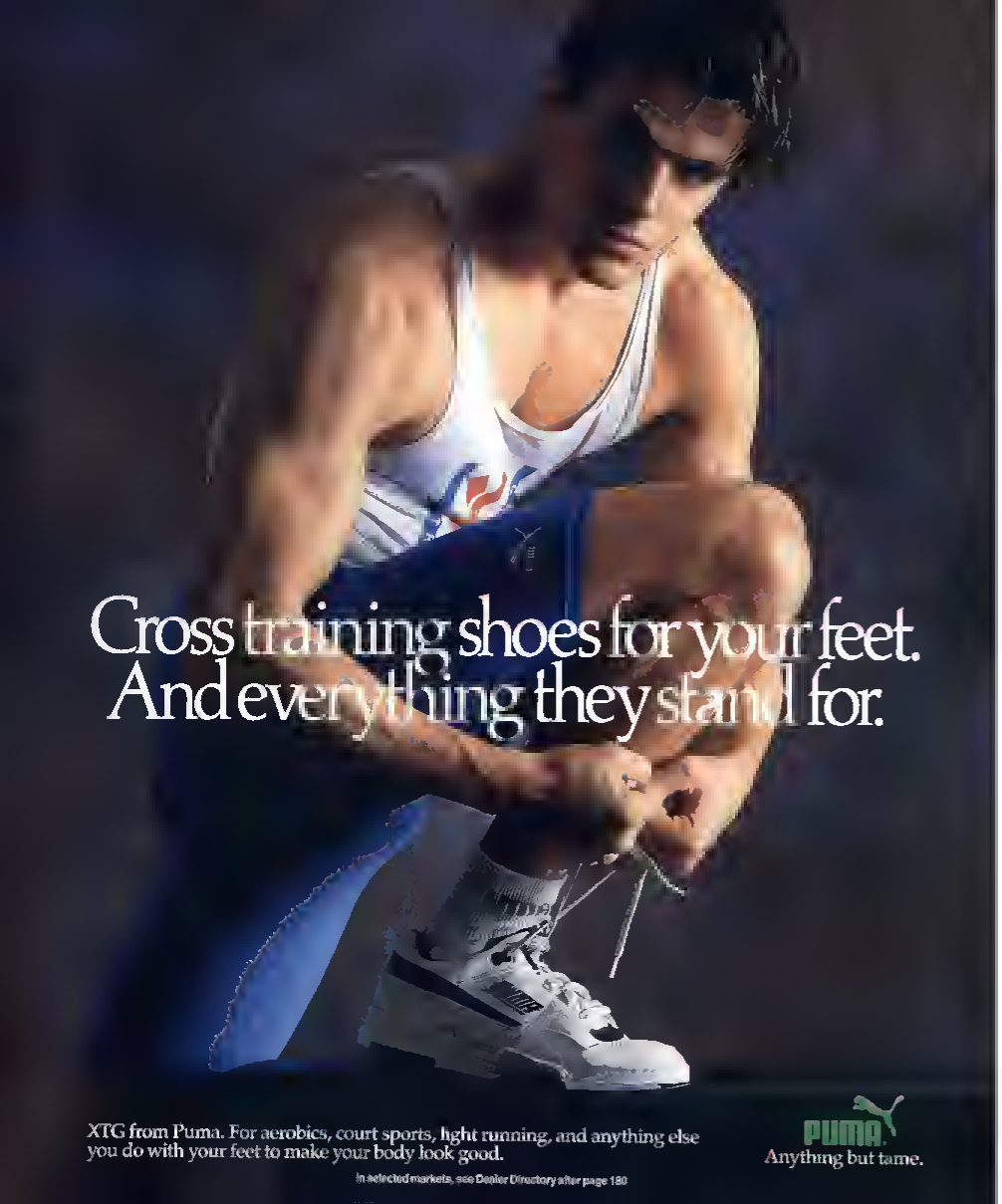
He tells stories about the team, mocking his own temper, the abusive way he deals with players. "So I called Alford over and I said, 'Steve, if it's all right with you, I thought I'd call a time out here.' And Alford looked at me for a minute and said, 'Coach, let me go talk it over with the guys and get back to you.'"

A man in a red argyle sweater asks Knight about Keith Smart, who made the winning shot against Syracuse in the national championship game last March. "Do you expect any ego problems with Keith Smart?"

Knight says, "If there are any problems with Keith Smart, you're going to see his ass on the bench. That's the way we handle ego at Indiana. You see, the bench gives the ass a message, then the ass gives the brain a message, and then the brain will probably get Keith Smart to play a whole helluva lot better."

He finishes by telling them, "We're going to do the same thing this season we try to do





every season put a team on the court that you people can be proud of

Another standing ovation Knight is out the door finally and heading for the parking lot

"YOU KNOW WHAT S LUDICROUS" BOB Knight said

The Mercury rushed back toward Bloomington Knight wanted to get back to The Bar B-Que Train ("Recipes from Across America") before it closed, have a bucket of ribs and some beans and a little coleslaw He was talking about a relationship between him and the press that has not always been something out of a Harlequin romance

Knight said "I ll tell you what really fries my ass When somebody gets on me for the way I look Fat Overweight Well I may be overweight But I'm sure not fat And I guarantee you, I m a better athlete than any f—ing body writing To this day they don t want to play tennis with me They don t want to play me in golf They don t want to f—ing run with me

The car was going back across Lake Monroe Knight was asked "You ve coached for twenty-two years Does it bother you that people might think you re a nut because a guy wrote a book about one?

"Look one of the things that hasn t hurt me at all in my life is negative press I think people see through that I mean if I came off in the papers as the nicest guy in the world, they wouldn t believe that either But I know a lot of people who say Knight just tells the press to stick it up their ass that s what they re upset with him about

"So you re comfortable with your image?

Knight said "I m comfortable with me "

He pulled the Mercury into the parking lot in front of this hole in the wall collegiate place sounding like a college kid himself "Please be open Please, please, please "

There was one couple in the place four people behind the counter They all said "Hi, Coach " The owner said, "You want that California sweet sauce on the side Coach?

Knight said "Damn right " and sat down and sipped on an iced tea It was mentioned that he seemed more relaxed than he had in a very long time " The damn season hasn t started yet " Knight said

The damn season started ten days later with a game against the touring Soviet national team and Bobby Knight quickly got unrelaxed With his Hoosiers trailing 66–43, Knight was assessed three technical fouls and ejected from the game He took his team with him The next day Knight issued an apology which was about as strong as iced tea.

Once in a while, you have to do that sort of thing if I like Bobby Knight you have the whole world on your ass

MIKE LUPICA IS A columnist for the New York Daily News. He writes The Sporting Life monthly for Esquire



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ETHICS

Mark Jacobson

God Knows

OF LATE, RAE—WHO IS NEARLY FIVE and my oldest daughter—has been propounding radically different views on the existence of God. Her former position, which she had maintained for some time, was that God was "the one who made the world and everything in it." This seemed a reasonable enough theological stance. Creation, continuum, eternity: it's only fair that these intrinsically upbeat concepts should come with the four-year-old territory. A couple of weeks ago, however, Rae told me that "God does not exist, and it's dumb to believe it does."

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"No one," she replied brusquely. "I just think it."

The exchange was upsetting to me. I mean, I know evolution is going faster these days, but it was out of hand to think of my sweet daughter going from the innocence of Eden to postmodernist despair in a matter of weeks. My wife said not to get all pent up. Besides, she contended, what was it to me if my daughter believed in God or not. "Do you?" she asked.

"I don't know," I groaned, "it's a big topic. But what does it matter what I believe? We're talking about our daughter's spiritual life here. Who does she think she is with this 'no God' stuff, some five-year-old Albert Camus?"

It was then that I began to get obsessed with Rae's religious training, or lack of it.

This was another big topic, teeming with pain, guilt, and recrimination. Being a parent is rough enough without all the incessant déjà vu. If I was going to consider religious training for my kids, I would have to relive my own.

Hebrew school: what a nightmare. I can't really blame my parents. They (as always) meant well, but the situation did them in. They were halfway between the Old Country and trying to be Americans with the corner house in Flushing. Every boy in the history of the family had been bar mitzvahed, so, of course, I would be too. But it wasn't exactly as if a big show was going to be made of it. There had never been much talk about how we were Jews and what that was all about. It was in this near-vacuum state that three days a week, after eight hours of "regular school," I trudged off to the shul, a Conservative temple, where twenty other suburban boys like me, who had nothing but Elvis on their minds, were confronted by men with beards and numbers on their arms. There were little hats and shawls to wear, and books with letters that looked like crushed insects going backward.



What do you tell your children when you're not really sure yourself?

Shul was like entering a particularly unforgiving sector of the Twilight Zone, what I remember most was the terror. The worst of it was when the rabbi, a Mr. Kops, came into my classroom and began to pace back and forth, the spittle on the sides of his mouth, the strange strings hanging from his ill-fitting pants. How he must have hated us! Little Jewboys who knew nothing of the confines of the world into which they were born, a bunch of *pishers* who, when the Nazis came to sweep us from the baseball diamonds and candy stores, would whine, "but what did we do?" Mr. Kops paced and paced, then he'd wheel on his rubber-soled shoes and point. "You! Read!"

Now some of the kids could actually decipher this alien script, but I never got past the blessing for the wine. When Mr. Kops jabbed his crusty fingernail in my face, only stammering was heard in that mournful room, followed by the rabbi's derisive laughter. In "regular school" I was a middling whiz, but here I was the class dunce. I learned the section of the Torah I had to read for my bar mitzvah by matching the exotic markings on the page to aural contortions on a record. The day after I squeaked through—became "a man"—I went to the shul, placed my Hebrew books on Mr. Kops's desk, and never returned.

Even now I can hear Mr. Kops's tormenting cackle. It seems to say, "You call yourself a Jew?" The answer to this is, truthfully, yes and no. When my wife and I got married it was decided, for any number of hassle-reducing reasons, to do it in a temple. The rabbi, a suave reformist, asked me what "being a Jew" meant to me. I said that, to me, Jews were people in the garment center. Sometimes they told jokes and cut whitefish behind glass counters. Culturally I felt Jewish, but religiously I did

For a parent, it's a gamble mixing your kid up with organized religion. It's against everything you ever said in that Berkeley coffeehouse.

not. I mentioned that I thought my religious "training" forever killed Judaism for me. The rabbi shook his head sadly and said that was really too bad, since it was a "beautiful system of thought" that one might be pleased to pass on to one's children.

I never quite understood the full import of that rabbi's lament until recently. No doubt it would be wonderful to feel that Judaism (or any religion, for that matter) was so perfect a cornerstone for living that its very existence would be reason enough to have children, so as to be able to bestow on your offspring the riches of Belief. It would be fabulous comfort, to feel part of a great chain. As it is, I feel lucky that both of my kids are girls so I never had to face the Hebraic-Freudian freak-out concerning the penile-shrieking issue.

None of this would matter if I were content to go off and live with the Trotskyites in some grim Bronx housing project. Then, when my daughter announced that there was "no such thing as God," I could feel like a proud dad and marvel at how quickly my charge was catching on to the snares of the binary monetary power structure. But that is not the case. Maybe it was reading too many Mircea Eliade books, or simply that I still seek remedy for my anxieties, but as I grow older, I have been seized by an increasing need to contemplate some kind of global imperative.

Much of this thinking has come in self-defense. You see, I've arrived at the conclusion that spirituality is a biological force. That everyone has it. Or at least the capacity for it. How this niche is filled becomes a matter of free will—at least up to the point at which the individual abdicates choice. Then—it is filled anyway—with whatever stimulus happens to be around. This strikes me as a potentially very dangerous condition, a flash point of parental responsibility. That's because right now we've got a default culture going. You default, it takes over. The notion of someone being "empty-headed" doesn't exist anymore. These days, you watch TV, go to the movies, your head gets filled up. It gets filled up with junk, but junk takes up space like anything else, and it tends to have a nasty half-life. I've come to view my relationship with the values of the ambient culture as an adversary one, and, like any well intentioned dad, I seek to protect my children from what I consider to be detrimental. That's why, with increasing urgency, I'm turning to religion. For, if a mythic value system is going to be involuntarily absorbed by a kid of mine, I'd rather it be a 2,500-year-old mythos, the product of the constant working and reworking of the most creative minds of a society, than a tinny narrative worked up during a twenty-minute meeting in a sleek-lined NBC story conference room. My kids are too good to have their imaginations press stamped on a cultural assembly line. I'd rather have them lost in a cloud of unknowing than wondering who shot J.R.

I feel under the gun in this moronic social climate. Maybe it's a lame superstition, but I have a sense about inspiration: the longer you're without it, the harder it is to get hold of. For me it's been a long way around to even the faintest glimmerings of spiritual life. But my perceptions, as puny as they may be, are distinctly adult ones, derived through the force of my intellect. It's not as though I can sit down with Rae and go over the concept of sacred and profane space and expect her to see the light. I can read Saint Augustine forever and I'll still be too self-conscious (not to mention cowardly) to take on the responsibility of answering the Big Questions. Something more visceral, more immediate, more totally unequivocating is called for. I'm afraid. It's a job for the metaphysical professionals.

The other day Rae and I were in Little Italy and walked into a church. It was all there: the brocade robes, the echoey sound of Latin in catacombs, the stained glass. Rae was impressed. I could tell. I was about to warn her to shout out, "Don't let the velveteen con you!" I wanted to tell her that this is how they've been trapping people from time immemorial. But seeing the wonder on Rae's face, how big her eyes got, it shut me up. You can't steal awe from a child. And, in this case, awe is an absolute essential: a mere dad, even one who's seen the world's largest reclining Buddha, does not have access to the kind of vertigo inherent in the flying buttress.

For a parent, especially one with a Mr. Kops in his background, it is a gamble, mixing your kid up with organized religion. It's against everything you ever said, sitting around in a Berkeley coffeehouse. Now, however, I'm just one of the ambivalence-choked crowd making the denominational rounds. It seems as if all my old friends, the self-hating Jews, the lapsed Catholics, the former-fundamentalists-turned-rock-critics, people who thought it would never, ever, be an issue that they were of "different faiths," are investigating religious training. It's right up there with the search for the painless pediatric dentist. A friend says, sheepishly, "Who knows, they could be right." Keep listening, you hear every kind of rationalization. Some paraphrase Luis Bunuel, the famous blasphemer, who said Jesuit educations were the best because they give one not only an organized way to look at the world but also "an organized way to rebel against everything they ever taught you." Others refer to religion for children as "an inoculation"; with no small paradox they say traditional religious training is "a hedge against fanaticism," a way to head off the L. Ron Hubbards of the world. But when it comes down to it, after all our mouthings when it comes to our children, we're not quite ready to let go of religion.

For me, beyond any of that, is the crazy thought that it might be possible that one of my children has a special talent for accepting God, knowing him, loving him. As is clear from reading a book like Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain*, some people are possessed of a hugeness of spirit that enables them to embrace the universe with vastness of faith. If, by some bizarre quirk of DNA, my wife and I managed to produce such a rare being, not allowing that gift to flourish would be a worse parental crime than never giving Beethoven music lessons.

So, with these strange notions in my head, I "shop" for a religion with my oldest daughter. It's a part of Mr. Kops's legacy to me that once you crash out of your assigned sect, you become a free agent, get to play the field. Still, you lead with what you "know." A few days ago we went into a vaguely run-down Lower East Side synagogue. For me, it was the same as always. The same terrible sponge cake, the little hats, half the way into the prayer, an old man hit me on the back with his umbrella and told me I had my tallis on upside down. Rae didn't understand a word but managed to sing along, a bit. Who knows, perhaps she'll take to it. Maybe she'll want to go back next week and the week after. If she does, and she needs my support, which she will, I'll go along. I'll find it within myself to encourage her. It's something parents should do. What a weird way it would be, to return to the fold.

MARK JACOBSON *is finishing his first novel for the Atlantic Monthly Press. He writes monthly on ethics for Esquire.*

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NEW MAN

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At left: For him: flat-front white gabardine trousers with green and white-striped short-sleeved cotton shirt and green water-repellent jacket. For her: pleated green linen walking shorts with cotton-viscose sleeveless tropical-toned madras shirt and green linen blouson jacket.
At right: On top: single-breasted muted-plaid linen blazer with striped cotton T-shirt and reverse-pleat gray linen trousers. On bottom: multi-color madras cotton short-sleeved shirt.
For right: Pleated white gabardine shorts with embroidered white cotton sweatshirt and navy and green-striped polo-neck sweater.

Next page: For him: single-breasted navy viscose blazer with double-pleated white linen trousers and tropical-toned madras cotton-viscose short-sleeved shirt. For her: extra-long navy viscose blazer with navy on white-striped long-sleeved cotton shirt and navy viscose trousers.

See Reader Service Card after page 154





SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION



SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

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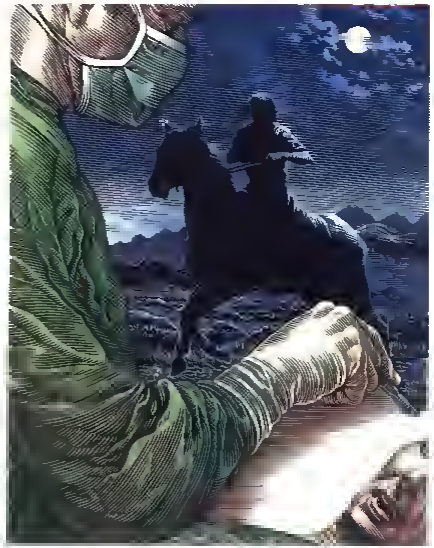
ON THE MOVE WITH NEW MAN!

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SPORTS CLINIC

John Poppy

The Whole Athlete



A spirited approach to life can fuel a passion for sports

THE LOOK IN JOHN EMERY'S EYES was so lively that it gave me a little zap of pleasure, even though he was about to lay a scalpel between the bridge of my nose and the inside corner of my eye.

"Ah, yes," he said, tilting his head this way and that, like an eagle, to study the little basal cell cancer that was part of my dues for a youth in the sun. "Oh, interesting," with a gleam of real excitement, as if this were a commission to restore a Giotto. "The skin is so thin there, right on the bone, we don't have much of it to work with. I'll cut a flap here and tuck it around this way," —he was sketching on a prescription pad— "so we don't change the shape of that corner."

That is the way of a master artist who has done thousands of operations bigger than this trifle since he opened his practice in 1966. John is one of the few plastic surgeons in North America who operates a complete clinic, from office and operating room to overnight recovery ward upstairs. A patient drawn into his durable elation tends to heal well. Within weeks my scar was so fine that I had to search to find it.

There is a difference between one surgeon whose interest in repairing you emerges from a wider interest in the pleasures of being alive and active and another who looks at you coolly as a diagram of parts to be fixed. It's the difference between a healer and a mechanic.

Whether John Emery was born with exceptional vitality as a healer or learned it, there is little doubt about how he maintains it. He keeps moving—in every sense of the word. He flings himself with a whole heart into both his surgical practice and his sports. It's tempting to see the result as a sort of perpetual-energy system in which each side fuels the other.

Let's not make too much of this: no doubt there are superb surgeons who avoid exercise. But John lives all the way at the other end of the spectrum. The connections run clearly enough: a photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh decorating him as top athlete in the Royal Canadian Navy; an Olympic gold medal standing casually on a television set in his bedroom; a strong interest in sports more for individuals than teams (skiing, running, riding, swimming, kayaking, small plane piloting); his judgment and skill in the office.

My first encounter with John was the day he outran me. About ten years ago we both attended a six-day personal development course in the Sierra Nevadas of California. One thing you did there was get up at dawn every day and run a mile, part of it up a hill, as fast as you could. The point was to prove that we weren't stuck with what we'd thought were our limits. Anyway, to some of us, winning the final day's race meant something. I thought I could do it. Emery, the big plastic surgeon who ran marathons, had been slowed all week by a couple of broken ribs he'd gotten somewhere. But that last morning he ran out ahead, sore ribs and all, and proved impossible to catch. Oh, you could see he just loved it.

A few years later he changed course a bit, from long-distance running to a Wild West style of competitive horseback riding. I had been curious about his reasons and only recently got around to asking him. "What's this? Just because you're fifty-six, you haven't given up running, have you? When we met, you were doing marathons and the Ironman Triathlon and so forth. Now you're on horses a lot, competing in Ride & Tie. Is that deliberate cross-training or what?"

He laughed. "Age has nothing to do with it. Neither does cross-training. Besides, I haven't given up running entirely. Everything has its place, and training for marathons started taking too much time away from the family." John and Deborah were married in 1981; their son, John Edward, is four. "Riding is something Debbie and I can do together. Your wife doesn't like to run, you find something else to do. Enthusiastic athlete, not machine fanatic."

My main game in life is plastic surgery, he said, "serving people and being good at it. I don't think you can be good as a surgeon, or maybe anything else, unless you're involved with the other aspects of life. Besides, I'm not that great a spectator."

At home in Canada in the 1950s, John and his brother Victor did a lot of ski racing. Victor

"In riding, I mostly just break ribs. I wouldn't ever let the possibility of getting hurt stop me from enjoying life or sports."

met some Spanish bobsledders in Europe while John was in medical school, came home and said he'd found an exciting new sport, and each of them formed his own team. In 1964 they collaborated on a four-man bob for the Olympics. Victor drove, John was number three man, and their team won the gold medal at Innsbruck.

The next year, John moved to San Francisco, ready to start building a practice, and that's when the serious running began. Did he take up running marathons—he and Victor ran the 1978 Boston in 3:11:30—for the aerobic benefits that Kenneth Cooper started making famous in 1968? Not primarily. "You know when something's out there," he says, "whether it's a mountain you want to climb or an event you want to push yourself to try, it's hard to resist."

There were also results quite practical. When he lived across the Golden Gate from San Francisco, he would commute the seven miles to his office in the city by running.

"It was so great to be able to run across that bridge and look at the views. I'd sit in the hot tub in the clinic for ten minutes or so, and then go straight to the operating room. When I'd sit down to surgery, nothing would faze me. I was relaxed. No difficulty was ever a problem. Everything felt good."

Not that he thought of it at the time, but looking back he believes that "being physically fit, alive and excited about life had a lot to do with the success of my practice. When I met with people to talk about plastic surgery, my guess is that they felt they were with a person who was vibrant, interested in them, and excited about a lot of things.

"Some people fall into the pit of feeling too important about themselves," he said. "They get stuck on their background and training, and get complacent about the energy they put out toward other people, instead of being just another good human being. You can make a good gyroscope for your perspective from sweat, dirt, and competition in which there is usually someone younger, stronger, and faster."

Now that he lives farther out in the country on a fourteen-acre place with stables for the family's horses, he drives to work. "I kind of miss arriving with some exercise." For a moment, he looked wistful. Then he brightened. "Still, when I go out the back door and up into the hills and sweat a bit, alone on foot or with Debbie on a horse, I swear I can feel those endorphins we keep hearing about. Some of the weight of the world drops away."

John likes to have something to work toward, an event to train for. His next big one is the National Ride & Tie in June.

A Ride & Tie team is one horse and two people who take turns riding thirty to forty miles over rugged terrain. The first modern Ride & Tie, sponsored by Levi Strauss, was held in 1971 between Saint Helena and Sonoma in the wine country of northern California. Now there are hundreds of others all over North America and Europe.

One of the partners starts out riding, the other running. It's a mass start with much yahoo and yippee, riders go off first so they won't trample runners. When the rider reaches a point at which he thinks the runner will need a ride, he dismounts, ties the horse, and takes off running ahead. The first runner finds the horse (he hopes—many a racer on foot, including John, has run past his own horse), unties it, mounts up, and catches up to his partner. He might give the horse back at that point, or ride past before getting off and tying the horse in his turn.

The competition requires more than being a good rider or good runner. Alternating between straddling a horse and running a trail can give human legs an awful variety of cramps. Besides, there's strategy, such as smooth turnovers at veterinary checkpoints: a clever rider brings his horse into the vet check while his partner is still out in the hills far enough that by the time the runner arrives, the horse's pulse and respiration and mucous membranes have recovered enough to go on.

John usually runs about fifteen miles and his partner, a strong runner in his twenties, twenty-five. "At the end," he said with a satisfied grin, "everybody is used up, both runners and the horse. Nothing left."

A couple of months later he'll do his other favorite race of the year, the Tevis Cup. In this one, the team is one horse and one human. Two or three hundred usually enter—women and men, some in western riding clothes, others like John in running shoes and shorts, under which he wears panty hose to keep the saddle from chafing.

The Tevis Cup race is a hundred miles through the Sierras at the full moon. It starts around 5:30 in the morning. You have twenty-four hours to complete it. With the moon, you can see at night, unless of course it's cloudy, in the woods it gets pretty dark no matter what. As in the Ride & Tie, there are vet checks along the way. One difference is a couple of mandatory rest periods.

You can ride the whole way if you like, but if you're John's size—six one, 190 pounds—you dismount for steep climbs. His horse, Enique, could probably carry him the whole way, but John gets off and hangs on to Enique's tail. "He does help to pull me up, but I'm not sitting on his back, and it's not as troublesome for him. On the downhill, I take his lead and run ahead. We can run miles and miles downhill with him trotting along behind—faster than most people can ride downhill, in fact, because I'm off and running. It's pretty jarring for a horse if he has your weight on him."

In both races last year, John and teammates finished twelfth. "You know," he said, looking wistful again, "the first person who finishes in the top ten in three events—the National Ride & Tie, the Tevis Cup, and the Western States 100 Mile Endurance Run—wins $12,000. Think what a wonderful coup that would be. I would love to have an excuse to train like that. But you can't have everything you want. To be a whole person, you need balance."

At Deborah's birthday party in November—a grand hoedown under a tent at the Emery stables—we looked up from our guacamole to see John lugging a big heater in one hand and its sharp-handled tank of propane in the other. One hears of piano virtuosos who won't shake hands for fear of injury. Looking at the long, strong fingers that had done such delicate work near my eye, I marveled that he uses them as roughly as people who don't sculpt faces, wielding chain saws in his woods, flinging himself into the rough and tumble of his sports.

The only time he worried was in bobsledding: you can get some crushing injuries there. For the rest of it, he says, "I just stay highly aware. In riding, I mostly just break ribs. I wouldn't ever let the possibility of getting hurt stop me from enjoying life or sports."

In this man we face the old riddle of nature and nurture. Who can say whether a person is born with this lively spirit and finds sport a natural outlet, or the love of sport provides a place for the spirit to grow?

JOHN POPPY is coauthor of The Flame: An Unlikely Painter Finds a Country to Love, *published by Morrow.*

If you're seriously concerned about controlling plaque, when it gets right down to it, who do you believe? Your dentist and hygienist?

Or your television.



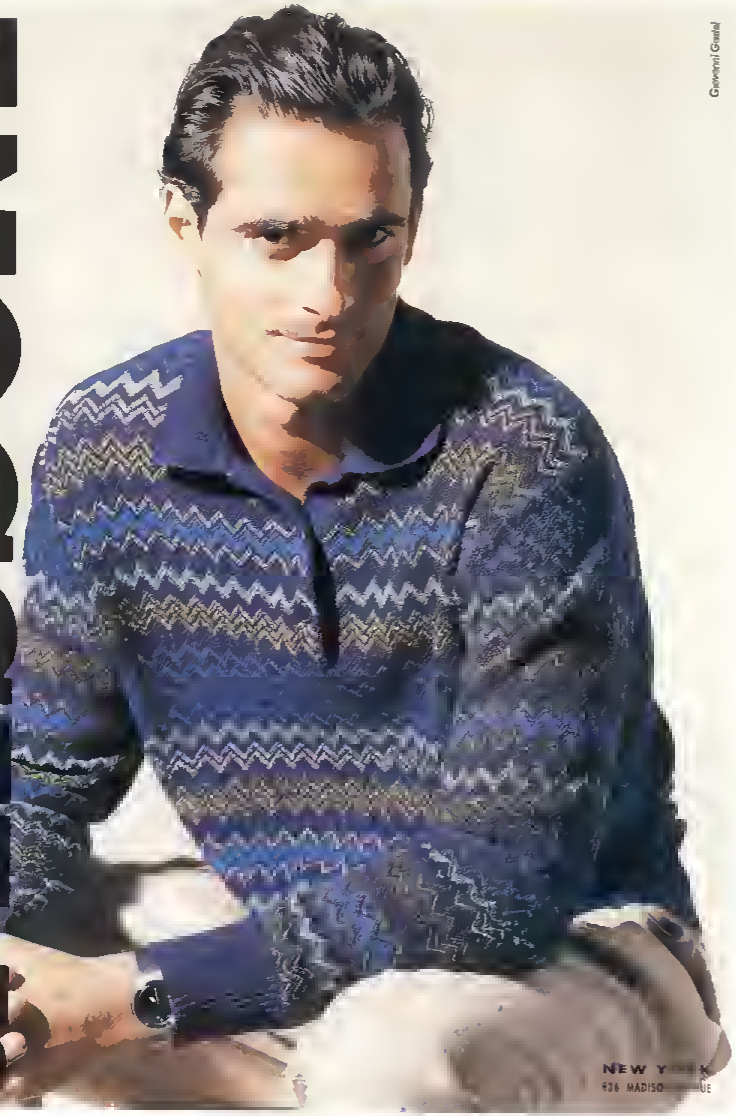
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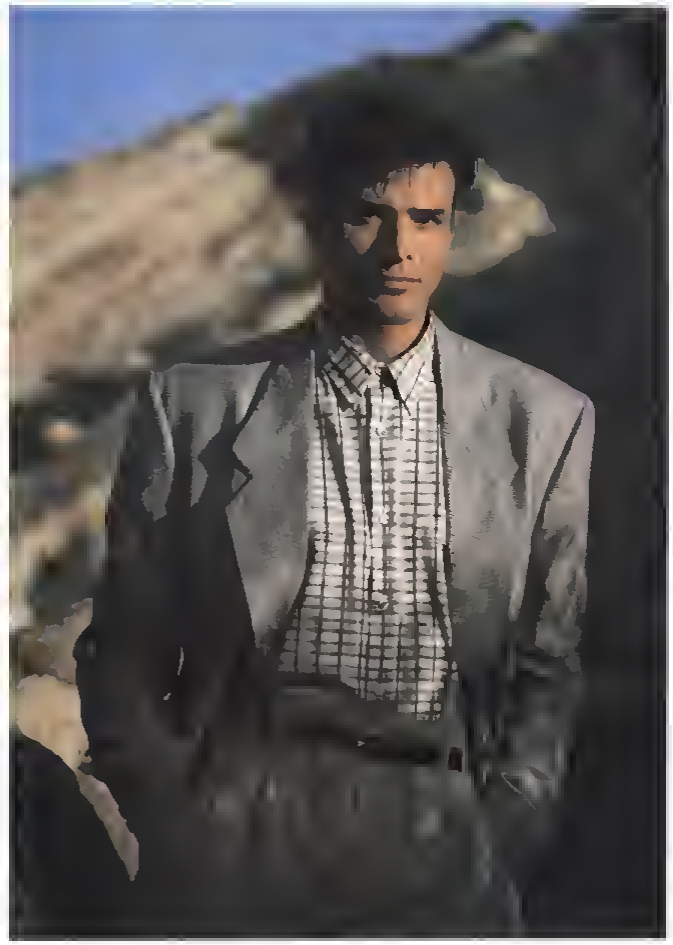
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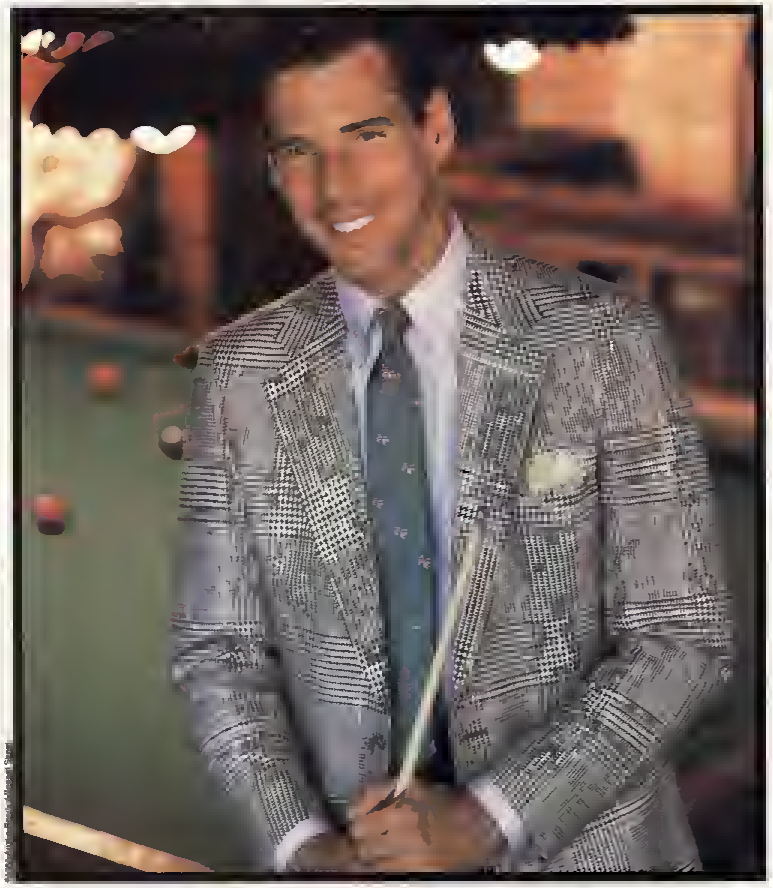
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A Professional's Guide to Financial Matters



PHOTOGRAPH • MARK SELIGER

THE INVESTOR

Signing Off on the Crash

You might believe that precious little luck or foresight adorns the cranial contents of a writer who publishes a column in praise of the market wizardry of money manager George Soros just days after it was reported that Soros had dropped $800 million in last October's equity bust. But unlike Soros, your humble columnist was out and clear of the black hole that opened under the stock market. He was in fact capable of observing the debacle with a thrilling impunity (I was up fivefold when I bailed out, I feel it my duty to report) and just self-satisfied enough to ponder the thought that here was one of those rare days when it was a glorious thing not to be rich.

Most of the sign watchers who called the slide accurately used computers to aid their augurings. A young Shearson Lehman Brothers analyst named Elaine Garzarelli achieved instant gurudom when she called the crash using an incredibly arcane formula that involves the relationship of thirteen different economic indices, monetary figures, and various ratios. But the signs that informed my own uneasiness about the market were far less numerical. The signification of reality and the gleaning of abstractions that inform gut feelings and provide historical lessons are, in the end, among the only things that make this money stuff intellectually and morally stimulating enough to concentrate on at all.

I remember the first pang the best. It came to me early in 1987, when I sat in on a seminar at the Columbia University Business School given by the great W. Edwards Deming. Deming is the eighty-seven-year-old American idolized in Japan as the father of its postwar economic miracle. Much of the now-famous concentration on quality in industrial processes of late—quality circles and the like—comes from Deming. The radical turnaround at Ford Motor Company was mapped out by Deming. This is a man who gets tenured grandaddy to advise corporations—probably the greatest living philosopher of organized production, but at the vaunted Columbia Business School. In a tiny room, Deming was joined by two journalists, a couple of professors, a quality-control manager from General Foods, and only *two* students of business.

"They all want to be financiers," said an embarrassed professor. "All of them. Nobody studies manufacturing anymore."

The only thing they know is the manipulation of assets," Deming observed.

After the seminar I kept thinking of my hometown of Chicago. For all of my youth, the city was about real work—factories, smokestacks, Big Shoulders. But in a matter of a few years, Chicago has become a paper town, a place for options and futures, of scalpers and players. "People don't jingle anymore when they walk," I remember thinking, however weirdly. "Everything's paper—ephemeral, combustible."

Then *The New York Times* Sunday business section ran an article about how hard it is to get by on several hundred thousand dollars per year. The piece was surreal, obscene in its absence of irony. The insertion of five adjectives would have rendered the thing a parody. The fact that somebody wrote it was one thing, but that the *Times* editors didn't see the gilded absurdity of the article was much scarier.

On October 12, 1987, Salomon Brothers announced the layoff of 12 percent of its work force. Hundreds of six-figure salaried manipulators of assets cut loose with big mortgages and no place to go. And only ten days earlier Salomon Brothers' staff seers had contended in a research report that the bull would run hard for many months to come.

The incongruity was shaped like a stop sign, but for most people it didn't compute.

The last flash of light appeared when my cousin by marriage Dianne told me that she'd just pulled the cash from her IRA in order to buy something called a Magellan"—by which this quite bright but financially much less than well-informed investor meant the fully invested astonishingly inflated Magellan Fund managed by Fidelity. Her mom told her to do it.

You know," I said to Dianne, this might sound silly, but history teaches that when the Diannes and their mothers buy into an aging bull stock market, that market is going to crash and burn.

For the investor with a long view, the indications are everywhere.

Then I sold out.

When the cyclone came, young brokers and arbs trained on nothing but the bull market bought the free-falling market all the way down. Soros, the brilliant man himself, reportedly doubled up on his long positions even as they took him down to astonishing losses. Garzarelli, the technician who'd warned that the crash was coming only days before it happened, unconsciously provided the most telling signals about the larger import of the dive. She told a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal* that paramedics had come to her apartment during the week of the crash because she thought she was having a heart attack. Then she went on to say that watching clients lose money was like "having your mother die." And wasn't young Garzarelli indeed having a heart attack. For what was powering the spreadsheet of her heart but the pulse of the market? It was all backward. In equating the death of a mother to the death of a bull market that had at once enriched, whipsawed, and marked the lives of a generation forever. She had inadvertently located the semiological plexus of the crisis.

It turned out that a twenty-three-year-old Londoner who made less than $11,000 a year had managed to pyramid a position worth $1.2 million, all of which he'd lost in the plunge. The pence less kid was being sued by his brokerage firm for the nonexistent one-point-two. The *Journal*, which became almost Proustian as the dust settled, ran a terrifying piece within days of the

crash about a ghoulish gallery of feral financial youth who, in a single day, could see the loss of a significant portion of the world's productive wealth as nothing other than a chance to profit andew. I was told that young women were typically on a campus in Washington, D.C., when they heard of the decline, and all I could think about was that famous photograph from Kent State that depicts a young woman weeping because the National Guard had opened fire—such were the alterations in the iconography of public loss.

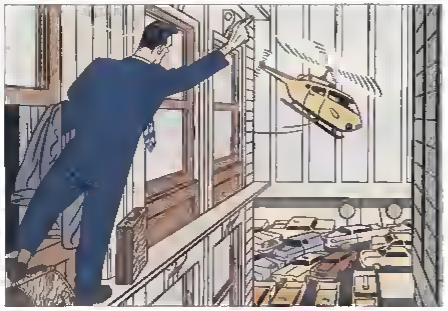
Then the crash had its own shooting in Florida.

Then I saw on the table-of-contents page of a November issue of *Fortune* a tricorne of featured faces that stopped me cold. First was Ronald Reagan, looking characteristically muddled in conversation about the crash. Next was a bespectacled program trader, then inexplicably the CEO of Katy Industries building firth upon post-crash defensive actions, then an apparent twin of the Katy CEO, a former CEO of Pillsbury. Next was an underwear magnate who wants to be President of the United States. And then—at the far end of the row, wrought in black and white—there was another face, the terribly furlorn, scarred, and ravaged face of a "skid row veteran in Los Angeles," who was featured in a story about the plight of the homeless.

Here was the American spectrum so narrowed by Black Monday that the President, the financiers, the managers, and the derelicts all shared the same raw fur the first time in years. It was just like the crash itself—the terminal juncture of bull and bear, the sudden compression of the distance between power and powerlessness, between Hoover and Hooverville. The "spreads," as the trader would have it, had gotten comfortably wide there for quite a while, and now all of a sudden the "margins" had grown so thin and close that everyone could see.

Try to stand back far enough from the marketplace to read the signs every now and again. You might save yourself some money—and you never know what you might see.

—Donald R. Katz



THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

The Tortoise and the Chopper

I want to talk to you about non-automotive ways of getting to the airport, particularly taking a helicopter, which is fast and pricey and kind of glamorous, and that's all I can say about it here if I'm going to have room to get into specifics.

Airport helicopter services now operate in a number of U.S. cities and virtually all of them have fare-free and/or interlining agreements with airlines serving those cities. The fare-free agreements work like this: if you're flying first or business class on an international carrier, you can take the helicopter free, which can be handy if you have to get to another local airport to make a domestic connection. An interline agreement simply means that you can be through ticketed, have your baggage checked through, and maybe even save on the helicopter ticket.

In Los Angeles, for example, LA Helicopter has interline agreements with forty-one count 'em, forty-one airlines. LA Helicopter serves Los Angeles International Airport from Burbank and Long Beach as well as City of Commerce and City of Industry and says it will have new stops in Anaheim and downtown L.A. by the time this sees print. The company also has fare-free deals with several international carriers.

In San Francisco, SFO Helicopter Airlines shuttles back and forth between San Francisco International and Oakland International during the peak morning and evening hours (and is available for charters at other times). The trip takes seven minutes and is very popular; reservations are absolutely necessary.

Houston's a fun place to travel between airports. In true Texas style, to get from Intercontinental Airport to Hobby Field you don't take a helicopter. You take a full-blown 727 in Continental's Houston Proud Express, and you don't expect meal service. The flight takes a whopping fifteen minutes. (If you insist on a helicopter, you want Air Link Airways, which runs from Intercontinental to heliports at downtown Houston, Westchase, and Park Ten.)

New York has two helicopter services. Pan Am's helicopters make the nine-minute trip from East Sixtieth Street to Pan Am's Worldport terminal at JFK. (Newark–Worldport service is also available), which of course makes them convenient chiefly for Pan Am passengers. For everyone else, there's New York Helicopter, operating every half hour, most times from East Thirty-fourth Street to TWA's International Terminal at JFK. For either Pan Am or New York Helicopter—or any of these limited-seating services—book as far ahead as possible. They fill up quickly.

Before we leave Pan Am in New York, let's talk about the Pan Am Water Shuttle, a new ferry service carrying passengers from Manhattan's Pier 11 to the Marine Air Terminal at LaGuardia. That terminal is home to Pan Am's shuttle service to Boston and Washington again because Pan Am is the only major passenger carrier using the terminal, most of the ferry's customers are Pan Am passengers. Boston's very popular Airport Water Shuttle, on the other hand, has a more egalitarian appeal. It runs from Rowes Wharf to Logan International Airport proper at fifteen-minute intervals. That trip takes seven minutes, but veterans say that allowing twenty reduces the risk of stroke.

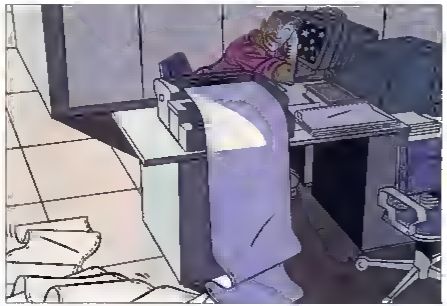
Philadelphia has neither helicopter service nor ferry, but it does have its rapid transit rail link, now carrying as many as 2,400 passengers a day. It operates rush times on the half hour and stops at Market East, Suburban, and Thirtieth Street stations on its way to Philadelphia International Airport.

I wish I could report that Chicago, home of the country's busiest airport, offers some innovative and convenient ways to get there. I can't. The closest Chicago comes to a rail link is a Rapid Transit Authority train that has O'Hare as its terminus. The RTA service operates every ten minutes at peak hours, takes thirty-five minutes from downtown, and costs a dollar. It also, and I quote, scared the pee-out of a traveler who took an 11:00 P.M. train a few years ago and lived to write a letter about it to *Frequent Flyer* magazine.

More towns where there's room for improvement: Atlanta, although the powers that be there swear that the MARTA (Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit) will serve Hartsfield Atlanta International by June of this year; Washington, D.C., where blue and yellow Metrolines serve National Airport, but the best you can do for a trip to Dulles is the bus; Dallas; Miami; and Seattle, where there are no trains, no helicopters, just cars, buses, taxis, and traffic.

—Glenn Eichler

PHOTO: BOB FRAME
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THE STRATEGIST

You Asked for It

Very early on in the world of private enterprise, it became clear to me that I knew very little about anything and had almost no idea what was going to happen next. For a couple of weeks, this threw me. Then my head cleared, and I realized that many of those about me were in the same condition, hurtling forward like blind beavers, armed with nothing more than enthusiasm and sharp teeth. Even the big guys didn't know what was going on—especially in the spongy realm of interpersonal bushwa where heavy business truly comes down. I realized immediately here was an environment in which a guy able to maintain virtually any position with equal authority could thrive. That I am happy to say has always been my business.

Over the years, as Stanley Bing, I've taken a lot of stances and slung a ton of advice. Sometimes I've even faced the consequences. Most of my letters seem to be thinly veiled cries of outrage, primarily from consultants and recently secretaries.

Dear Himmler," one greeted me not long ago. "Some, however, are from what are obviously people of enormous perception and seriosity, people in the know, who take the time to flatter me, pose a question, field a piquant anecdote. These I treasure. Following are some Questions of Unusual Import that have arisen.

Q: I have what are sometimes referred to as "tiny tanks" particularly when I'm nervous or glazed with tedium. At long meetings it's mortifying. I mean, it's one thing to get through a two-hour talk and excuse yourself once. But I get these take-up call every eighteen minutes! Is there a way to exit discreetly? I'm afraid people will think I have no self-control.

A: First, give yourself a break by cutting back on the associated beverages. Then do your best to concentrate, certainly not on the subject at hand but on an agenda of your own devising. To-do lists are better for this purpose than idle doodles. My friend Dworkin observes, "If you're engaged, you're not paying such close attention to the little guy in your bladder screaming for help."

The permanent solution, though, lies in misinformation. My friend Flaster instructs his loyal secretary to pull him out with "an extremely important matter" exactly once every ninety-two minutes. Another buddy simply rises with a grave expression, consults his watch, mutters "whoa," and departs looking harried. The bottom line is: Don't ask. "I once raised my hand at a meeting and said, 'Excuse me, but I have to go to the bathroom,'" recalls Dworkin with a shudder. "I got this withering look of contempt and incomprehension. Now I don't say boo. A real man just gets up and takes care of business."

Q: Our president is guarded by a formidable secretary. How do I neutralize her?

A: Change your attitude. Remember—you he can live without. If *she* departs, he has no idea where he's supposed to eat, drink, and pick up his shirts. "So comes in bright-eyed and bushy-tailed each and every interface," states my pal Charney, master of insincerity. "Mention her haircut, even if you think it makes her look like a brontosaurus. Sure, they see through it, but they appreciate the effort. Then bow to their power. 'So bend low.' Then blast through the tiny patch of daylight your cordiality has cleared in the defensive line. "I no longer make appointments to see Kruger." Charney observes. "I just say, 'Is he in?' and she says, 'Yes, but,' and I say, 'Fine, this won't take a minute,' and I'm in there where I belong." In short, power is almost totally unlike love—the more you give away, the less you have.

Q: I work on the East Coast and find it almost impossible to reach my counterparts out west. Either it's too early to call them or too late to catch them before they head out for lunch. They persist in calling back when I'm either lunching or home sleeping. How can I get around this time warp?

A: I'm convinced this is a ploy people out there use to avoid us. It's no accident that every morning our desks are littered with night messages from California nabobs who "forgot" that we quit at 6:00 P.M. If the problem persists, I've found it's effective to get their home number out at Malibu and call at 9:30 A.M., New York time. When they sputter and mumble into wakefulness, you can apologize something like, "Gee, I'm sorry, Mort, but it's the shank of the day out here. A couple such episodes should eradicate any problems they have understanding when they need to call the serious coast to get in touch.

Q: My boss likes to wait until a crucial moment on a project and then say, "What do you really think?" The trouble is, he thinks he wants to know, but he doesn't not really.

A: Then say two things at once. If the guy has some personal investment in it, I say, "You know, there's a very strong argument for not doing it, and some people make this argument in good faith, but as long as we're aware of this argument I think we should ignore it and burn rubber," says my friend Bernard, second-in-command to a squat and potent field marshal. "That way the guy can never say you didn't express the downside if things screw up later." Producing such responses is an art form as old as lying, and people admire it, even if they don't respect it very much.

Q: I like my job, but it entails a certain amount of stupid stuff that just wastes time. How do I successfully act serious even when I know what's going on around me is a pile of garbage?

A: Gee, I don't know. Vigorous nodding sometimes helps, but that can take you only so far, especially if you're petitioned for comment. Anyone with further ideas on this one is cordially invited to offer them. Seriously.

Q: What's the best way to take a nap on my desk?

A: My friend Rick swears by the IBM Selectric II, which he claims "has a wide chassis and a smooth top that's not too cold to the touch, which I find you can sleep on for a good two hours, even without a blanket or pillow." I personally snooze only during hours that secretaries aren't in the building, say between 1:00 P.M. and 2:30 P.M. And remember—while junior people can often get away with a nap in semipublic, executives are supposed to cop their Zs behind doors. Rank not only has its privileges; it also comes with certain responsibilities.

Perhaps the most harrowing inquiry came just last week from my friend Arnold, slave of advertising. I called on a Friday the thirteenth, just to ask how things were going. In response, the poor boy bleated:

Q: Why does everything happen to me? Did I do something bad in a former life? Am I paying for the sins of my father?

A: Don't be a fool. Buy me a drink.

—**Stanley Bing**



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360234 Stevie Wonder—Characters

357290 George Michael—Faith

354992. Fleetwood Mac—Tango In The Night

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359922. Billy Joel—KOHUEPT (In Concert)

36/3463. Dolly Parton—Rainbow. [Columbia]

362483 Ozzy Soundtrack—Heill Heill Rock n Roll [MCA]

362236. Tony Bennett—Bennett/Berlin [Columbia]

362210 Earth, Wind & Fire—Touch The World [Columbia]

362129 Belinda Carlisle—Heaven On Earth [MCA]

361543. Keane—The Light Of The Spirit. [Geffen]

361229 World's Greatest Overtures—Strauss, Suppe, more. [Digital—Pro Arte]

361147 Rodgers And Hammerstein's Carousel. Barbara Cook. Samuel Ramey. [Digital—MCA Classics]

360974 Squeeze—Babylon And On. [A&M]

360149 Echo & The Bunnymen. [Sire]

360107 Billy Idol—Vital Idol. [Chrysalis]

359976. Badlees—Outside Looking In [Reprise/Sire]

359901 Mick Jagger—Primitive Cool. [Columbia]

358612 Elton John's Greatest Hits, Vol. II 1979-1987 [Geffen]

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359075 Aerosmith—"Permanent Vacation" [Geffen]

359018 Pat Metheny Group—Still Life (Talking). [Geffen]

358937 Handel: Music For The Royal Fireworks—Mehta Manchester Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. [Digital MCA Classics/RPO]

358463 The Art of Alfred Brendel Vol. I [Vanguard]

358507 What That Girl—Orig. Soundtrack [Sire]

358127 Kronos Quartet—White Man Sleeps Tokyo, Ives, Bartok etc [Digital—Nonesuch]

357939 Original Soundtrack—"La Bamba" [Slash/Warner Bros.]

357889 Copland: Billy The Kid, Appalachian Spring; etc —Bernstein NY Phil [Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks]

357871 Tchaikovsky: Waltzes—S. Comissiona and Houston Symphony [Digital Pro Arte]

357640 Wynton Marsalis—Marsalis Standard Time [Columbia]

357467 Sammy Hagar [Geffen]

357350. The Duke Ellington Orchestra—Digital Duke. [Digital—GRP]

357145 Richard Goode Plays Brahms Piano Pieces, Op. 76 & 119/ Fantasies Op. 116. [Digital—Nonesuch]

357087 Grateful Dead—In The Dark. [Arista]

356741 Bach: Preludes And Fugues For Organ Vol. I [Digital—Newport Classic]

356667 Heart—Bad Animals. [Capitol]

356576. John Adams. The Chairman Dances Detroit, San Fran. Sym. [Digital—Nonesuch]

356501 Bernard Haitink—Collaboration. [Warner Bros.]

356267 Suzanne Vega—Solitude Standing. [A&M]

356279 Gloria Estefan And Miami Sound Machine —Let It Loose. [Epic]

355834 David Bowie—Never Let Me Down [EMI America]

355776. Stravinsky: The Firebird (1910 version) Song Of The Nightingale —Boulez New York Phil. [Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks]

355529 Philip Glass—Dance Pieces. [Digital—CBS]

355302 Whitesnake. [Geffen]

355156. Vladimir Horowitz Plays Favorite Chopin [Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks]

355115-395111 Prince—Sign 'O' The Times [Paisley Park]

354985 Billie Holiday—From The Original Decca Masters [Digitally Remastered—MCA]

354851 Mozart: Flute Quartets Rampwech Rampal, Stern Accardo [Digital—CBS Masterworks]

354826 Lisa—Lisa And Cult Jam With Full Force—Spanish Fly. [Columbia]

353946. Bryan Adams—Into The Fire [A&M]

353789 Sly & The Family Stone's Greatest Hits [Epic]

353771 Rolling/Rampal Suite #3 for Flute & Jazz Piano Trio [Digital—CBS]

352534 Heist: The Planets A Dorati, Toronto Symph. [Digital—Angel]

351133 Europe—The Final Countdown. [Epic]

350783-390789 Aretha Franklin—30 Greatest Hits. [Atlantic]

350140 Pretenders—Get Close [Sire]

349985 Johnny Mathis/ Henry Mancini—The Hollywood Musicals [Columbia]

349571 Boston—Third Stage [MCA]

348373 Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 [Choral] Bernstein, NY Phil [Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks]

348987-393982 Linda Ronstadt—Round Midnight [Asylum]

348978 Tina Turner—Break Every Rule [Capitol]

348648 Pachelbel Canon & Other Digital Delights —Toronto Chamber Orch. [Digital—Fontana]

348458 Dvorak: Cello Concerto—Yo-Yo Ma; Menzel, Berlin Ph Iter [Digital—CBS Masterworks]

348316. The Police—Every Breath You Take —The Singles [A&M]

348110 Buddy Holly—From The Original Master Tapes [Digitally Remastered—MCA]

347955. Huey Lewis & The News—Fore! [Chrysalis]

346957 Steve Winwood —Back In The High Life. [Island]

346643. Andreas Vollen weider—Down To The Moon [CBS]

346544. Kenny G —Duotones. [Arista]

346536. The Monkees—Then & Now The Best Of The Monkees [Arista]

344478 Madonna—True Blue. [Sire]

345777 Peter Gabriel—So. [Geffen]

345751 Paul Simon—Graceland. [Warner Bros.]

344721 Lionel Richie—Dancing On the Ceiling. [Motown]

344632. Anita Baker—Rapture. [Elektra]

343582. Van Halen—5150. [Warner Bros.]

343319 Janet Jackson —Control [A&M]

342097 Barbra Streisand—The Broadway Album. [Columbia]

338905. Diana Ross & The Supremes—20 Greatest Hits. [Motown]

336398-398398 Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. I & 2 [Columbia]

336222. Dire Straits—Brothers In Arms. [Warner Bros.]

334291 Whitney Houston. [Arista]

325629 Bruce Spring steen—Born In The U.S.A. [Columbia]

323899 The Best Of The Alan Parsons Project [Arista]

321380 Barbra Stre sand's Greatest Hits Vol II [Columbia]

319998-399908 Motown's 35 #1 Hits From 25 Years [Motown]

315541 Elton John Greatest Hits. [MCA

319088 Michael Jackson —Thriller. [Epic]

318055 Foreigner—Foreigner Records [Atlantic]

317148 Dee Feaelberg—Greatest Hits [Full Moon/Epic]

314997 394999 Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium I [Tamla]

138586. Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits [Columbia]

269605 Loggins & Messina The Best Of Friends [Columbia]

248568 Jim Croce—Photographs And Memories—His Greatest Hits. [Saar]

219477 Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. [Columbia]

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354100 Crowded House [Capitol]

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358358. Joe Cocker—Classics [A&M]

357816-397612. The Best Of The Doors. [Digitally Remastered—Elektra]

357377 The Who—Who's Next [MCA]

353102 Jimi Hendrix.—Are You Experienced? [Reprise]

351957 Yes—Fragile. [Atlantic]

350652. Rolling Stones—Exile On Main St. [Rolling Stones Rec.]

345157 Jethro Tull—Aqueliung. [Chrysalis]

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308048 Creedence Clearwater Revival Featuring John Fogerty Chronicle. 20 greatest hits. [Fantasy]

293597 Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy. [Atlantic]

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291526. Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Brain Salad Surgery. [Atlantic]

291484 Deep Purple—Machine Head [Warner Bros.]

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291021 Supertramp—Breakfast In America. [A&M]

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286914 Fleetwood Mac —Rumours [Warner Bros.]

286740. Linda Ronstadt's Greatest Hits. [Asylum]

279133 Meat Loaf—Bat Out Of Hell. [Epic]

269209 Boston —Boston. [Epic]

260638 Chicago's Greatest Hits [Columbia]

257376 Bruce Spring steen—Born to Run [Columbia]

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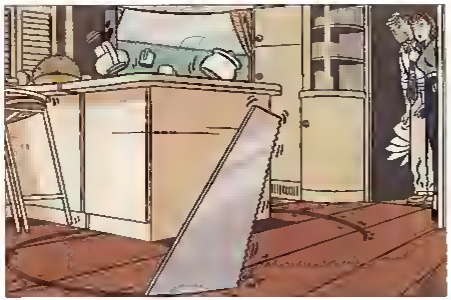
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INSURANCE

Who'll Pay for the Parquet?

Late last fall my wife and I were halfway through a renovation of our co-op with all the problems inherent to such an undertaking, when it occurred to me that we were probably uninsured for the additional work. It's not that I really worried someone would come along and steal the new custom-made kitchen cabinets (originally installed at the wrong height) or pry the Italian tiles off the bathroom floors. But what about a fire? Or what if a burglar were to vandalize our apartment during an attempted robbery? Could I count on the co-op's small-peril all-risk policy for any protection? And what would my own policy cover?

A little research quickly uncovered two important givens:

- As an apartment owner, you should expect the building's policy to cover the current replacement value of the building itself, but not the contents of individual apartments, be they built-ins or movable possessions. (There are occasional exceptions; some condominium associations have policies that provide limited coverage for personal possessions.)
- My homeowner's policy contains a clause limiting coverage for any additions and alterations to 10 percent of my overall coverage. This is standard. In fact, some policies, particularly those for condos, are even more stringent, limiting additions and alterations to a flat $1,000, no matter how much overall insurance you have.

Before my renovation began, I had $32,000 worth of personal-property coverage, which, based on an informal inventory, was itself inadequate. My renovation included about $43,000 for new cabinetry, electrical fixtures, bathroom tiles, and fixtures, plus a new kitchen floor—all items that would fall within the 10-percent limitation for additions and alterations. How could I best protect this investment?

As it turns out, the bottom line is one of ownership. If you own it, you're the one who must insure it. It's a homeowner's duty to make sure he updates the insured value of the home itself, ideally covering it for at least 80 percent of its replacement value. He then automatically receives coverage for personal possessions at 50 percent of the insured value of the home. If this is not sufficient, additional coverage or separate personal-articles floaters can be added.

For co-op and condominium owners, where there may be a question of who owns parquet floors, walls, et cetera, real estate and insurance professionals often advise the purchase of a homeowner's policy from the same company that is insuring the building itself. Then, should there be a claim, the company is less likely to question what is and is not covered, since it is clearly responsible under one policy or the other.

As sensible as this may sound, there are drawbacks. First, commercial real-estate owners tend to change insurance companies more frequently than do individuals. Usually an individual is best off sticking with one company, should you have a claim, it *could* be to your advantage if you've had your policy with a company for a long period. Second, a company that offers good commercial coverage at a competitive price may not sell good individual coverage, and vice versa.

So the best thing you can do is request a copy of your building's insurance policy. Then, working with your agent or broker and using your bill of sale, proprietary lease, if any, and the building's bylaws, determine what property is yours, and insure this property for its correct value. For additions and alterations, extra coverage is best provided by a special rider. Generally this rider will offer the same type of coverage, with the same deductible as your basic policy. According to Chubb, a leading insurer of upper-end apartments and homes, expect to pay between $3 and $5 per year per $1,000 of coverage for an additions and alterations rider.

I'm taking my own advice. I've requested a copy of my building's insurance policy. It will probably show me what I already suspect: that my wife and I are responsible for insuring all the cabinetry and new walls we've built. So I've already requested a quote from my broker for $43,000 worth of additions and alterations coverage at replacement cost, the same as my basic policy. The cost to me? An extra $207 a year.

—Peter D. Lawrence

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

HOW TO CALCULATE LIKE A BROKER (OR JUST SOUND LIKE ONE)

If you wonder why your broker sounds so smart calculating bond yields, present values, and margin requirements over the phone, it's not because he is so smart (the state of the market should tell you that), it's because he uses a business calculator. Now a hit with the investing laity, these machines are offered by Casio, Texas Instruments, Sharp, and others. The leader of the pack, Hewlett-Packard, offers its Business Consultant model ($175) with an alphabetical keyboard. Punch in the formula you want to solve, in words, then substitute the numbers, and the calculator calculates the missing variable.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ORPs

There are not many something-for-nothing deals to be had in the stock market these days. A dividend-reinvestment plan (DRP) is one of the few left. About a thousand companies, GM and AT&T among them, allow their shareholders to buy additional stock more cheaply. The bargain most often takes the form of no brokerage fees, but at last count 187 companies actually discount the price of the additional stock, usually by 3 to 5 percent. All but a handful of these companies allow only reinvested dividends to be used to buy new stock, hence the DRP label. However, many of the companies offering only the no-commission sweetener permit you to spend up to an extra $5,000 per quarter on additional shares. This makes a nice way to invest according to the "dollar-cost averaging" method. By buying a stock at regular intervals regardless of recent market performance, you sidestep the human tendency to buy when the market has risen and to sell when it has dropped, thus, it is hoped, avoiding the tendency to lose your shirt in the market. To find out who is offering what, consult the *Directory of Companies Offering Dividend Reinvestment Plans* (Box 763, Laurel, Maryland 20707).

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THE GOLD CARD



THE ENTREPRENEUR

Taking Care of the Oldsters

Most entrepreneurs can't stop bragging about their past triumphs, but Maurice "Tommy" Thompson is an exception. Any mention of his success visibly upsets him. In 1970, for instance, he bought a self-help cassette company for $72 and it was soon grossing $3.6 million a year. Then he jacked up sales at the famed Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics 1,200 percent. After that it was a floundering child day-care chain called Children's Discovery Centers, which he transformed into the third-largest independent in the country.

"Hey," Thompson finally interrupts, like John Madden. "All I see is a streak of fiscally trivial, socially trendy wins." We are sitting in Thompson's office—a stone cottage on his property in Wilton, Connecticut. Outside, a basset hound named Jessica bays mournfully.

Thompson's frustration isn't as odd as it seems. Twenty-five years ago he graduated from the Harvard Business School, and he's convinced he never lived up to the legacy. Sure he became a rich man, but it was from making embarrassing promises to the public ("You too can read *Jaws* in 41 minutes!").

Now, at the age of fifty, Thompson is suddenly poised to redeem himself. His new business, launched last year, will likely make him the golden boy of a multibillion-dollar industry. The idea behind Senior Service Corporation (SENR on NASDAQ) is, as Thompson puts it, "fiscally superduper." He wants to provide a nationwide version of child day-care service for the elderly. The concept of senior citizens being dropped off each morning by their children to talk, paint, sing, and take their medicine together might strike some Harvard professors as ironic, but the economics are visionary. By the end of the century one out of every eight Americans will be over sixty-five, hardly any of them able to afford annual nursing-home fees of $50,000.

Thompson's first adult day-care center operates in downtown Baltimore. Golden Pond was losing $6,500 a month when he bought in last year and turned it around. This year the center will gross more than $500,000 in sales. Add to that the income from some supplemental businesses Thompson has acquired—two large-print book publishers in Maine and England, and a Yellow Page–like directory for the elderly in Boston—and Senior Service will do a brisk $7 million in sales this year.

"Don't ask me why nursing homes haven't gotten into adult day care yet," says Thompson. "Until now the entire industry has been the domain of church bingo people. They moan that they can't stay open charging old folks $5 an hour. Hell, I made profits charging $2.50 in child care." In fact, Thompson reasons that what worked well for a three-year-old in many cases will work for an eighty-year old. He utilizes the same kind of staff, insurance coverage, lunch programs, and interior design that made Children's Discovery Centers a winner. Children require thirty-five square feet of space a person and rocking horses; the elderly get sixty square feet and La-Z-Boys.

Thompson never could reconcile his impish imagination with the blue-blood, corporate mentality thrust upon him in grad school. He still hates accountants, lawyers, and other bureaucratic roaches," maintaining only a staff of two at his headquarters, his wife and a secretary. A restless man, Thompson hangs on the furniture in his office as if it were a jungle gym and relaxes by shutting the door and marching out his collection of toy soldiers.

His brainstorming sessions are frequent and unpredictable. In the middle of a conversation Thompson will start chewing a pencil and lose himself in thought. "My father brainstormed the same way," says Thompson. "My ex-wife called it doodling, and it drove her crazy. My current wife renamed it 'information servicing' because that's sexier."

Thompson claims his doodles provide the genius for his visionary decisions. Once he took over as CEO of Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics, Thompson was handed a profit-and-loss statement from all the franchises as thick as a telephone book. There was only one spot of black ink in the entire pile, he remembers. "I asked, 'Who's this?' They told me, 'The New York chapter.' The guy who runs it works part-time as a bookkeeper.'" Within 180 days the bookkeeper was the president of Evelyn Wood, helping Thompson orchestrate the company's amazing turnaround.

And what doodle was responsible for the creation of Senior Service? "None," he says. "I needed Senior Service for the same reason a lot of people do—my father started to suffer from Alzheimer's disease. A few years ago he began wandering out in the middle of the night. My mother would find him, and he'd ask, 'Who are you, lady?' Dad used to have such an encyclopedic memory that he knew every stock in the newspaper. We couldn't stick him in a nursing home. We didn't know what to do."

What worked for a three-year-old, Thompson reasons, will work for an eighty-year-old

What Thompson is doing these days is renovating his second adult day center, a 23,000-square-foot building in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He's struck a deal whereby the town repays him dollar for dollar in rent credits, making the property rent-free for more than thirty years. ("Another doodle," says Thompson.) He's also signed an agreement with Holiday Inn to convert part of its Norwalk, Connecticut, hotel into a third center. If that works, Senior Service could take a quantum leap into 1,400 more Holiday Inn locations.

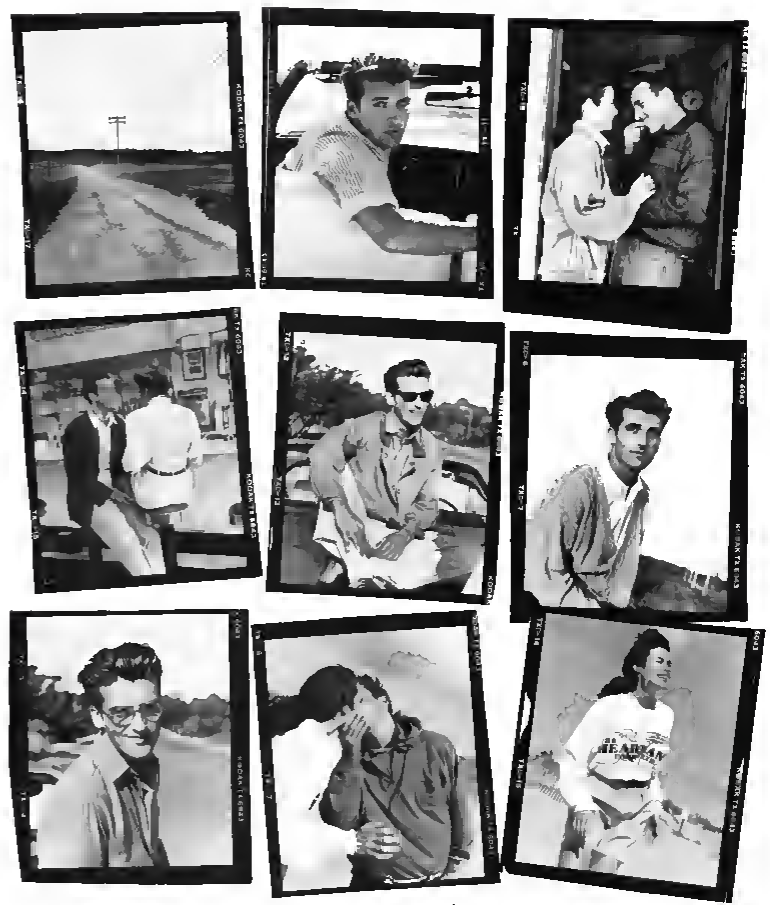
Thompson is going to need more than a few joint ventures, though, if he wants to reach his goal of $100 million a year in sales by 1991. With only a handful of other adult day-care centers in existence, he can't build Senior Service through a series of takeovers—the secret of his rise in child day care. What's more, he faces a wave of competitors in a business that requires little capital or expertise to enter and doesn't yet have even a code of government standards. Almost anyone can enter the field, from hospitals with unused space to corporations with in-house programs geared to their employees' parents.

Tommy Thompson maintains an insouciant attitude toward the competition. In an industry with a $30-billion potential, he contends there is room for everyone. "As long as I'm the first to hit $100 million," he says, "then I'll have to pass the baton to a real CEO anyway. At Harvard I only learned enough to build a company that big, not how to run it."

—Marcus Gill

PHOTOGRAPH • MOLLY FRIEDBERG

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Breaking the Silence

A letter to a black friend

By PETE HAMILL

THOUGH YOU ARE BLACK AND I AM white, we have been friends now for most of our adult lives. All friendships are difficult, but until the last few years, ours endured some of the most terrible strains of the past three decades. Somehow, for all that time, it didn't matter that I was the son of bone poor Irish immigrants and you the descendant of African slaves, we usually saw the world the same way, were enraged by the same atrocities, amused by the same hypocrisies, celebrated together the often paltry evidence of human kindness or generosity.

Yes, the accident of race was always an unavoidable presence in our friendship, after all, I met you in 1955, the year that Emmett Till was murdered in Mississippi for the terrible crime of whistling at a white woman. As the years passed, there was even more awful evidence of man's apparently infinite capacity for stupidity and murder. But for each of us, our racial and cultural differences were a mutual enrichment, uniquely American. The country was an alloy or it was nothing. And between us there was a splendid exchange. Yeats for the blues, Joyce for Charlie Parker, O'Casey for Langston Hughes, both of us claimed Willie Mays. Somehow, we remained optimists. As young men, we had read our Camus, and we believed that it was possible to love our country and justice, too. That simple faith, with its insistence on irony, was at the heart of our friendship.

But America is older now, and so are we, and something has changed between us. Now irony isn't enough. Nor is bebop. Nor Camus. There is no longer any sensible way to avoid a bitter truth: in the past few years, a shadow has fallen on the once sunny fields of our friendship.

PETE HAMILL is a journalist, novelist, and screenwriter who has covered race politics since 1960.

Illustrations by Brad Holland



The heart of the matter is the continued existence and expansion of what has come to be called the Underclass. You know who I mean: that group of about five million black Americans (of a total of thirty million) who are trapped in cycles of welfare dependency, drugs, alcohol, crime, illiteracy, and disease, living in anarchic and murderous isolation in some of the richest cities on the earth. As a reporter, I've covered their miseries for more than a quarter of a century. Moving among them, from the rotting tenements to the penal corridors of public housing to the roach-ridden caves of welfare hotels, I've seen moral and physical squalor that would outrage even Dickens. I've spoken to the damaged children. I've heard the endless tales of woe. I've seen the guns and the knives and the bodies. And in the last decade I've watched this group of American citizens harden and condense, moving even further away from the basic requirements of a human life: work, family, safety, the law.

FOR YEARS I CHOSE TO IGNORE THE existence of a permanent Underclass, dismissing it as the fevered dream of neoconservatives and apostate liberals: there were too many signs of genuine racial progress in this country, and I was certain that what Langston Hughes called "a dream deferred" could not be deferred forever. I believed that because you had convinced me of it. Now we both recognize the existence of the Underclass in all its fierce negative power, but you refuse to look at this ferocious subculture for what it is: the single most dangerous fact of ordinary life in the United States.

Instead, you have retreated defensively into the clichés of glib racialism. Your argument is simple: the black Underclass is the fault of the white man. Not some white men. *All* white men. You cite various examples of a surging white racism: the antihousing violence in liberal Boston; the Bernhard Goetz and Howard Beach cases in liberal New York; a resurgent Klan in some places; continued reports of whites using force to keep blacks from moving into their neighborhoods; white cops too quick to arrest, abuse, or shoot down black suspects; persistent examples of racial steering in middle-class housing; the Al Campanis controversy. Certainly racism continues to be real in the United States: only a fool would deny it.

But I insist on stating that in the course of our lives much has changed. When I was a kid in the Navy, stationed in Pensacola in 1954, the Supreme Court ruled on *Brown v. Board of Education* and banned segregation in the public schools. At the time, if you possessed the Congressional Medal of Honor and were black, you could not swim at the white beaches of Florida. Throughout the South you could not sit in just any seat on just any bus; you could not walk through the front door of any American movie house, sit at any counter in just any American restaurant. There were separate washrooms and drinking fountains for blacks and whites. The White Citizens Councils seemed to own the night. In many places blacks were denied the right to vote through poll taxes, gerrymandering, or terrorism. Blacks could not attend "white" public schools, including white state universities that they helped support with taxes. Blacks and whites could not marry each other in many states and could not even fight each other in boxing rings in others. Radio stations segregated black music. Blacks seldom appeared on television and were cast in movies as domestics or feets-get movin' buffoons of the Stepin Fetchit variety. When I tell this to my children, they find it hard to believe.

This you must admit: your children and mine have grown up in a different United States. And for all its flaws, a better one. De jure segregation is a memory (which is not to say that it doesn't persist in a de facto form in housing and education). For the first time in American history, there is a substantial and expanding black middle class. As I write to you, the leading contender for the Democratic nomination for President is a black man named Jesse Jackson. Bill Cosby stars in and produces the highest rated entertainment show in the country. Oprah Winfrey hosts the most popular talk show. Bryant Gumbel is at the top of the heap on the *Today* show. Eddie Murphy is one of the most successful stars in Hollywood feature films, and Michael Jackson, Lionel Richie, Whitney Houston, and Tina Turner sell millions of records to white fans as well as black. From 1977 to 1982 the number of black businesses increased almost 50 percent, from 230,000 to 340,000. They grossed $12.4 billion in 1982. More important, in 1964 there were 280 black elected public officials in the United States; today there are more than five thousand, over 60 percent of them in the South. The mayors of Los Angeles, Atlanta, New Orleans, Newark, Detroit, Washington, Philadelphia, and Chicago are black. Last year the nomination of Robert Bork to the United States Supreme Court was rejected because of the crucial opposition of white southern senators who were afraid of offending their new black constituents. *True* black power is being achieved.

But this was not accomplished without help. Twenty-five years have passed since James Baldwin shook the nation with *The Fire Next Time*, twenty-three years since Lyndon Johnson called for a War on Poverty, twenty years since the murder of Martin Luther King. Whatever its motives, white America (if it can be called that) was not indifferent. Billions of tax dollars have been spent by federal, state, and local governments to repair the injuries of racism. You might reply that the sum was a pittance in comparison with the gross national product; certainly far more dollars have been poured down the insatiable maw of the defense racket than were spent to reduce poverty. But the fact remains that those billions *were* spent. Few countries in the history of this planet have made such an effort for their most damaged citizens; it doesn't matter if the motives were guilt, fear, or (as you believe) a cynical form of bribery to head off full-scale revolt. What does matter is that the effort was made. And continues.

But we have come to understand one terrible truth: for the black Underclass, life in the United States is infinitely worse. For them King, Malcolm, and the rest have died in vain.

Yes, there is a white underclass and an expanding Hispanic underclass. But the first is relatively contained: the fall into poverty, homelessness, welfare is generally temporary. Hispanics are a separate category, too, for the indexes of their poverty reflect some of the traditional problems of immigrants: the lack of knowledge of the English language, larger family size, a dependence upon agriculture or nonunion industries for jobs.

But most black Americans are not recent arrivals. Blacks speak the American language. Millions of American blacks have long since left behind the bondage of the farm. The old Jim Crow unions are gone (even in the building trades there is a begrudging acceptance of blacks). But in the past decade American cities have witnessed a new phenomenon: newly arrived Koreans, Pakistanis, Cubans, Haitians, Greeks, Vietnamese, Russian Jews, West Indians, even Afghans are moving past American blacks. Japanese Americans—whose parents were thrown into American concentration camps during World War II—are winning disproportionate shares of college scholarships and moving to the top in many professions. And the black Underclass seems incapable of progress.

NEITHER RECITE THE SAD STATISTICS? I must. I realize that such numbers have as much to do with the daily ooze of human lives as a box score has to do with a ball game. But we need to know them. They tell us about our future—mine *and* yours.

Almost 30 percent of *all* black American families are now living below the federal poverty line of $10,989 a year for a family of four (compared with 8 percent of whites). In New York City it is estimated that 60 percent of black youths never finish high school, in a time when

even a high school diploma is barely sufficient to function in the job market. The national infant-mortality rate is 50 percent higher among blacks than among whites: eleven thousand black infants died in 1984, and in New York last year, after the advent of crack, infant death increased by *20 percent*.

The living face even greater hazards. One third of black New Yorkers between the ages of five and nineteen are victims of homicide, and nationally the leading cause of death for black men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-four is murder. Not smallpox. Not tuberculosis. Not influenza. Not one of the ancient plagues of the earth. *Murder.*



To blame the system, or Whitey, or history is to embrace a gigantic self-deception.

LAST YEAR AIDS KILLED MORE BLACK junkies in New York than it did homosexual men, and nationally blacks now account for 24 percent of all AIDS cases (roughly twice the proportion of blacks in the general population). Blacks account for half of the heterosexual AIDS cases. Half the female AIDS victims are black, two of three infants born with AIDS are black. According to the Centers for Disease Control, a black woman is thirteen times more likely to contract AIDS than a white woman. Of the fifty thousand women in New York City who are infected with the AIDS virus (but as yet free of the symptoms of the disease), 80 percent are black or Hispanic. Doctors expect that eventually all will die. AIDS researcher Beny J. Primm said at last year's national convention of the Urban League: "My friends are afraid that they will be called racist if they cite these statistics. But I have said it is better to be called a racist now than to be called a conspirator in a conspiracy of genocide five or ten years from now, when many, many blacks will die because of your silence today." In a speech last year, Dr. Donald R. Hopkins, then deputy director of the CDC, summed it up: "This disease is the fifth horseman of the Apocalypse in our nation's minority communities."

But the extraordinary hazards of black life in the Underclass are not limited to murder and AIDS. Blacks have more heart disease than whites, more cancer, more cirrhosis. Fifty percent of older black women are obese (compared with one third of the whites), and blacks have hypertension and strokes at twice the rate of whites. As you might expect, whites live about six years longer than blacks.

The grim numbers go on and on. In the late 1950s, 30 percent of poor black families were headed by women; today it is more than 70 percent. In 1959 only 15 percent of black births were out of wedlock; by 1982 it was 57 percent (five times the white rate). In 1960, 42 percent of babies born to black teenagers were illegitimate; by 1983 it was 89 percent. From 1970 to 1984 the number of black families headed by women increased 108 percent (it was 63 percent for whites). Of the 27,178 families with children living in projects run by the Chicago Housing Authority, only *8 percent* are headed by a husband and wife.

What goes on here? When you and I were growing up in the slums of New York, this simply didn't happen very often. If a young man got a young woman pregnant, her father, brothers, or uncles would come knocking on his door. Today, in the urban wilderness of the Underclass, too many young black men apparently think nothing of getting women pregnant and then moving on, leaving the children's care, feeding, clothing, and housing in the indifferent hands of the paternalistic state. After all the work done by blacks and whites to destroy the stereotype of the shiftless, irresponsible black man, here come these characters.

"There is, even now, a lot of anger within the black community toward the young black man," said black psychiatrist Alvin F. Poussaint (an adviser to *The Cosby Show*) in a recent issue of *The Black Scholar*. "And increasingly, if he continues to deteriorate in his ability to function well, he is going to be rejected by black women. That is happening already. Even low-income black females perceive the black male as a loser, as trouble, dangerous and violent."

Poussaint believes that some young black males are compensating for feelings of inferiority in the larger society. "Sometimes if you feel impotent in terms of society, you react by stressing your sexual role. That's why many of them will see getting someone pregnant as proof of manhood, rather than having a child and being a responsible father to that child."

SINCE 1981, UNWED MOTHERHOOD HAS replaced marital breakup as the leading cause for welfare eligibility (among blacks *and* whites), but the true cause might be incomprehensible ignorance. In the past few years, I've interviewed black women who can't remember the full names of the fathers of their children and others who can't spell their kids' names. Many of these women seem to learn nothing from the experience of the first illegitimate child. They just have more babies. One result, in the words of the *Chicago Tribune*, is "mothers in their early teens, grandmothers in their late twenties, and great grandmothers in their early forties."

I remember you telling me several times that this was part of the heritage of three centuries of slavery, a theory most frequently offered by black intellectuals and white liberals in response to the 1965 Moynihan Report. In the days before emancipation (say such theorists), black families were purposefully broken apart by the slaveholders, who feared uprisings by men and women who didn't want their children born into slavery. As a result, there has been a psychological fracture in the black family ever since.

But this secular belief in predestination—insisting that human beings are prisoners of history and not its makers—has been refuted by the stirring history of black Americans themselves, from Frederick Douglass to Martin Luther King Jr. and many millions in between. To insist that only black Americans are permanent prisoners of the past, unable to shape their own lives, is itself a form of racism.

Common sense alone tells us that if it had been true, then the trauma would have affected *all* blacks, obviously it hasn't. And the post-slavery history of the black family indicates that this particular consequence of "the peculiar institution" was in fact soon left behind. In his brilliant new book *The Truly Disadvantaged*, black sociologist William Julius Wilson shows that in 1940, the last year of the Great Depression, only 17.9 percent of black American families were headed by women, and the reason was usually that the husbands were dead. Today, the percentage is 43 and rising, but widowhood is no longer the cause. The men are in the wind. This has had an obvious economic effect: of black families earning $25,000 a year, only 8 percent are headed by women; of those earning $4,000 and less, 80 percent are headed by women. And that raises the essential question in refuting the theory: How could slavery have a greater corrosive effect on the black family *today*, almost half a century later, than it had in 1940? The question contains its own answer: it couldn't.

Alas, we have difficulty even now—in the



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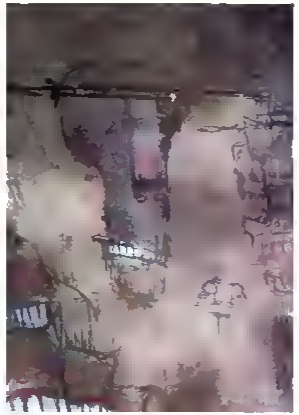
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midst of the catastrophe—discussing such matters. You and I have been asked for a generation to suspend all criticism of the personal behavior of blacks in the Underclass. We would give aid and comfort to racists. Or erode the already uncertain self-image of blacks. To hold blacks responsible for their lives we have been told (most eloquently by William Ryan), is "blaming the victim." Before such arguments liberals fell silent, and the crisis of the Underclass deepened.

At last, the long silence seems to be coming to an end. Both the NAACP and the Urban League have begun to speak about the need to break the trap of welfare dependency. Last year Michael Lomax, chairman of Atlanta's Fulton County Commission, publicly discussed the failure of the black establishment to deal with AIDS among blacks. He saw that failure as part of a larger pattern.

It is a matter of coming to terms, at last, with the fact that there are problems within our community that were not imposed upon us by white society. Intravenous drug use, teenage pregnancy, and sexual promiscuity are behaviors that are pathological in our own community, and we must come to grips with that, to take responsibility.

That last word is the key. You were responsible for your family. I for mine. But if the typical Underclass family is matriarchal, who is responsible? To blame the system or Whitey, or history is to embrace a gigantic self-deception.



What all of us have learned is that fear of the Underclass is about class, not race.

Coming out of this drastic deterioration of the Underclass black families are multiple pathologies. You know the most obvious one: the staggering rate of violent crime. Black Americans are murdering, raping, assaulting, and robbing each other at alarming rates. Blacks make up about 13 percent of our country's population, but 50 percent of all those arrested for murder are black, as are 41 percent of the victims. Black women are three times more likely to be victims of rape than are whites. Yes, too many white cops shoot too many black suspects. Yes, there might be an element of racism involved. But in any given year, white cops don't kill as many blacks as blacks do on some big city weekends.

Again, we must go back to the numbers. According to a Justice Department survey, 46 percent of the nation's prison population is black, by 1984, the rate of imprisonment for blacks was six times that for whites. National mayhem rates are bad enough; they are even worse in large inner-city ghettos. In Chicago in the 1970s, eight of every ten murderers were black, as were seven of every ten victims. 98 percent of black killings were committed by other blacks. In 1984, 61 percent of those arrested for robbery were black, as were 41 percent of those charged with aggravated assault.

I remember talking to you one night last year when you were furious with Benjamin Ward, the black police commissioner of New York City. You were angry with Ward because he had described black on black crime as "our dirty little secret" to a Columbia University forum sponsored by the New York Association of Black Journalists.

We provide the victims, and we provide the perpetrators, Ward said. "We should not be ashamed to say that. We should not try to hide it. We have to speak out about it." Most of the crime in this city is by young blacks under thirty. I think the young black male has always been perceived in this city by whites, and by blacks as well, as being a more dangerous person than a white. And I believe that just as many black women in this room tend to cross the street when they see some of those kinds of people coming down the street as whites do. And I believe blacks are victims. But we're generally the victims of some other black committing crimes against us.

By most accounts, the audience of students hissed Ward's remarks; black nationalists seemed to dismiss him as "a white man's nigger." Or as another Oreo cookie. But he was not hissed a few nights later when he continued the discussion at a meeting of two hundred black ministers in Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, where the Underclass rules the street.

When you go home tonight, Ward said, "if your place is burglarized, it probably would have been one of your neighbors. If you stay here late tonight and then go outside, it might be a young black man that will hurt you." Ward was once the city's corrections commissioner and said, "it broke my heart [to see so many young blacks in jail]. You go to upstate New York, our state prisons, and that's what you see—the fruit of our community serving time behind those walls." Then he added: "I'm sending as many there as I possibly can—seventy thousand perhaps this year for peddling drugs. And I don't regret it one minute. Because *they* are committing the genocide against the blacks, they are ripping off the neighborhoods."

In Bronklyn, before a black audience, Ward's remarks were punctuated by a chorus of "amens." Certainly the statistics supported his words. New York City is 24 percent black, but in 1986, 52.8 percent of all those arrested were black. Blacks accounted for 55.4 percent of the murder and manslaughter arrests (a total of 644), 65.2 percent of the forcible rape arrests (966), 69.3 percent of the robbery arrests (15,944), and 55.7 percent of the arrests for aggravated assault (13,079). After Ward's statement was made public, state director Hazel Dukes of the NAACP said: "What he is saying is real and must be addressed. It makes you think."

Certainly does. These numbers don't tell the full story, of course; they are the statistics of arrests, not convictions. But only a fool would insist that life in big cities is better now than it was thirty years ago. You and I are not old men, but it's hard to explain to our children that in New York when we were young, it was possible on hot summer evenings to sleep in parks or on rooftops or fire escapes. Exhausted by a hard day's work, we slept unmolested to the end of subway lines. Like you, I grew up in a poor neighborhood; my front door was never locked, and neither was yours.

Most city people don't talk about their apprehension anymore. They have simply altered their behavior. In the big cities, blacks and whites live behind iron barricades, locks, bars, gates. When we walk down a street at night, we follow the pattern described by Ward, peering over our shoulders, always alert to danger: if a group of the black young is seen, we cross the street or reverse direction.

What all of us have learned is that the fear of the Underclass is about class, not race. This has much precedent in American history: at various times in our big cities, the middle class often felt threatened by the crime and moral disorder of the Irish, Jewish, and Italian poor. But there are three elements of the current catastrophe that were not present among previous generations: drugs, television, and welfare.

You too have seen the ravages of drugs. Heroin has been with us since the 1950s, in

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FOTO TIZIANO MAGNI - ART DIRECTOR ROBERTO ORLANDI - ART WORK ALAS

New York alone we have 220,000 heroin addicts—the equivalent of eleven army divisions. We had friends who died of overdoses together we mourned Charlie Parker and Fats Navarro and Billie Holiday, we saw others virtually decompose before our eyes, their teeth rotting, arms scarred or abscessed by tracks, stealing from their families, hurrying always from one connection to another. Heroin was one of the first plagues we saw together. But other drugs are everywhere now in the ghettos of the Underclass: pot and pills and most of all these days, crack. Every day, thousands of girls turn tricks to get their share of this superpotent, highly addictive, easily smokable form of cocaine, for their supply, teenagers bash old men on the heads. These stupid kids seem to have no grander ambition than to get high. Crack, we are told, gives them illusions of power; heroin smothers their pain. There seems to be no vision that includes working toward power, or confronting personal pain like men and overcoming it. Instead we hear the steady whining complaint about Whitey and the System and the Man.

"Racial issues get a big reaction in the press," says black congressman Floyd Flake of Queens, New York, "but it's drugs that is bringing us down."

Every day we see young people from a proud, tough race joined in the Fraternity of the Lost, in shooting galleries, abandoned houses, empty lots.

EVERY DAY WE SEE YOUNG PEOPLE from a proud, tough race, nodding out on sidewalks or in public parks, wandering the streets at all hours, frequently homeless, or joined in the numb Fraternity of the Lost in shooting galleries, abandoned houses, empty lots. We should not be surprised. These are kids who have been shaped in whole or in part by welfare or television. That is to say, to the habit of passivity and dependence, where nothing requires work. To read a book, to absorb it, to agree with it or quarrel with it: this takes work. But according to a 1986 Nielsen Media Research survey, blacks watch TV 39 percent more than all other American households. That means they are consuming a steady diet of slick crap, charged with violence, crawling with cheap emotions. The cumulative message of TV is that solutions should be easy. After all, if the Equalizer can confront a crime, overcome villains, come up with a solution in less than an hour, why should anyone have to master trigonometry?

Television is also the favored medium of the illiterate. Older generations of poor Americans learned to read in order to entertain themselves, some never got past dime novels, some discovered the glories of the world's literature and history. The poor no longer must read to be entertained. Television provides entertainment easily and seductively. And while transmitting its grand distractions, the medium inevitably provides models for behavior. In television shows, virtually nobody is ever shown working—except cops. And even in cop shows, the emphasis is on action, not the tedious process of analysis and deduction.

So I'm no longer surprised when black high school students tell me they have never heard of James Baldwin, Richard Wright, Jean Toomer, or Ralph Ellison, to mention only a few extraordinary black writers. They don't know that Alice Walker wrote *The Color Purple*. They have never heard of Romaire Bearden or Max Roach or Dizzy Gillespie or Charlie Parker. They don't even know Aesop's fables or the Old Testament or the tales of the Greek gods. Go to a jazz club and listen to Wynton Marsalis: the audience is white. Young blacks are listening to the puerile doggerel of rap music. I find many white kids equally ignorant these days, but most of them don't have to fight their way out of the Underclass. Hundreds of thousands of black American kids are growing up in complete ignorance of the basic elements of Western culture *and* the culture of black America. Increasingly, they are not even acquiring the tools required to cure the ignorance.

The black high school dropout rate in large cities is approaching 60 percent. Many such kids can't speak a plain American language, never mind aspire to the eloquent mastery of Martin Luther King or Malcolm X. For a while some tried to make this a virtue: they argued that black English was a separate language of enormous strength and value and should even be codified and used in school. Alas, that was just another elaborate rationalization. Obviously, the American language has been enriched by black English and the argot of music and the street. But it will not lead the way to MIT. In a recent article in *Harper's*, Julian Bond remembered: "My little girl brought a note home from school that said, 'Julia be late too often.' What kind of teacher wrote that note? Is he teaching my daughter how to read and write? I'm talking about a public school in Atlanta.

You and I have met such teachers in New York: they exist all over the country now, passing on their own incomplete skills to the young. And the young are leaving. Wilson cites the appalling situation in the Chicago public schools. Of 25,000 black and Hispanic students who enrolled in the ninth grade in 1980, only 9,500 finished four years later; of these, only 2,000 could read at the twelfth grade level. In the predominantly black and Latino New York public-school system, 39.7 percent of all sixth graders failed to meet the standard in reading, and 43.7 percent failed mathematics. By the time these kids get to eighth grade, the failure rate is 60 percent. One third of the city's one million students drop out before graduation (the percentage is much higher among blacks and Hispanics). Those who do graduate are often not much better off. They aren't ready for the real world of the last decade of the twentieth century, and nobody knows this better than the corporations in the city itself.

The New York Telephone Company reports that only 16 percent of the applicants for entry-level jobs are able to pass simple exams in vocabulary and problem solving. When J.C. Penney and Mobil Oil announced they were moving their corporate offices out of New York, they cited the lack of a quality work force as one of their major reasons. More than *half* the freshmen entering City University from public schools fail the writing and math courses. Last summer, four New York banks reserved 250 jobs for high school graduates from disadvantaged backgrounds. They were to be given crash courses in job preparation and had to pass some entry-level tests simple enough for a "bright sixth grader." Only one hundred of these high school graduates could pass the tests, which included such rigorous questions as, "How many quarters are there in seventeen dollars?"

SO IN A TIME WHEN THE OLD BARRIERS to blacks have fallen, when the doors of the establishment have at least partially opened, we are seeing that too many young blacks can't even walk in the door. There was a time when some of us thought that the education problem could be solved by integration: that is no longer possible in most big-city schools because there simply aren't enough white students to integrate with. In New York, white public-school enrollment declined more than 45 percent from 1968 to 1980, in Chicago it was 60 percent, in Detroit 75 percent. Much of this exodus was the result of white flight, which superficially resembles racism, alas, it's more complicated than that.

Again, the issue is class. White parents pull their kids from the public schools, placing them in parochial or private schools (or leaving the city for its suburbs) because they want

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their children to be educated. It's as simple as that. The black middle class does the same thing for the same reason. They don't feel they can educate their children in schools that are violent, drug-ridden, seething with anger, or dominated by the anti-intellectual ethos of the Underclass.

You blame the schools and their administrators. So do I, to some extent. There are too many incompetent teachers, too much flab in the curricula, too slovenly a set of standards for students. But in the end, a school can't educate a human being. An education is not something "given" to somebody like a suit of clothes. You cannot absorb learning passively, as if it were the check arriving every two weeks in the mailbox. You must *work* at an education, generally for your entire life, like anything worth having, you must earn it. You must *take* it. Humble origins are no excuse for surrender. The mother of Camus was illiterate, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

> It would help if you would consider the Underclass ae a Third World country that exists within the borders of a First World nation.

SO I'VE COME TO BELIEVE THAT IF there is to be a solution to the self-perpetuating Underclass, it must come from blacks, specifically from the black middle class. Blacks might have no other choice.

Whites—liberal or otherwise—have not been emotionally committed to the cause of black Americans since the triumph of the civil rights revolution, which culminated in the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Around the same time, white liberals were pushed out of the movement by the Black Power crowd, the ignorant lies of black anti-Semitism drove out other whites, depositing some in the chilly precincts of neoconservatism, the preposterous visions of black separatism convinced others that it was time to take a walk. To equate "black pride" with the hatred of whites was reverse racism; it was dumber politics.

So whites will pay taxes, which in turn will support welfare and rotten schools and second-rate hospitals. Whites will see to it that the police and the firemen and the sanitation men do their work in the ghettos. But it might be a long time before whites will cry again the way they did for Emmett Till or the little girls who died in the Birmingham bombing. Or for Medgar Evers. Or Malcolm. Or King.

So salvation (if it's possible) will be up to the black middle class—for several reasons. One simple reason is that the departure of the black middle class from the ghetto helped intensify and concentrate the Underclass. In one sense, that exodus was itself the most obvious symbol of the triumph of the civil rights movement. For more than a decade, middle-class and working-class blacks have been heading downtown (or uptown, or out of town, depending upon the city), renting better apartments, buying houses or condos, seeking out better and safer schools for their kids, less melodramatic lives for themselves. According to a study by Reynolds Farley and Walter Allen, some 13 percent of black families now have incomes over $25,000; 44 percent of that group own their own homes; 8 percent are headed by a college graduate (compared with 19 percent of whites); 17 percent hold managerial or professional jobs. Middle-class blacks have not yet achieved parity with whites, but in a very important way, they are part of a splendid success story.

But they have left behind the growing catastrophe. You know this to be true. In the bad old days, when you were young, the ghettos were populated by a broad range of black Americans. There were black doctors and lawyers, clergymen, and musicians to be seen—and emulated—by the young. You know that Harlem was never paradise (to mention the most famous black ghetto), it always had its share of unemployment, alcoholism, drug addiction, broken marriages, and welfare. But when you and I were young, the middle class was still there, serving as what William Julius Wilson calls "a social buffer."

The young saw every day that there was great diversity in black life, socially and economically, and plenty of reason for pride. As writer Nicholas Lemann has pointed out, there were healthy role models for the young people who worked, didn't commit crimes, use drugs or aim only to get high on a Saturday night; thousands who were not reduced to welfare (except as temporary relief) and thought of it as a shameful condition. These people didn't wait for the landlord to sweep the stoop or change a light bulb; they didn't have to be dragged in protest to school or a library, they didn't sneer at "dead-end" jobs. Such families wouldn't give racists the satisfaction of seeing them in degraded conditions. They were too proud for that. And too proud to depend upon the kindness of strangers. A true man was someone who housed, clothed, and fed his family. There was no other definition.

And because such people lived in the ghetto, everybody gained. This was the ironic by-product of the racism that created the ghetto in the first place. You remember how you got your first jobs: someone heard they were hiring at American Can, or there was a slot open at the A&P, or the bottling plant needed help. The news came from people you knew on the streets or who lived in the same building, men and women who were working themselves and knew of other jobs. The barbershop was a communications center, or the candy store, or the corner bar, or the church. In addition, there were black people in the ghettos who could inspire the young. This kid stayed in school and studied hard because he wanted to be like that lawyer. We will never know how many kids in Harlem were inspired to play music by the regal sight of Duke Ellington walking on Lenox Avenue or Art Tatum getting out of a new car in front of Minton's. We can't count the number who wanted to speak like Adam Clayton Powell. Or be as hip as Miles Davis or as elegant as Sugar Ray Robinson.

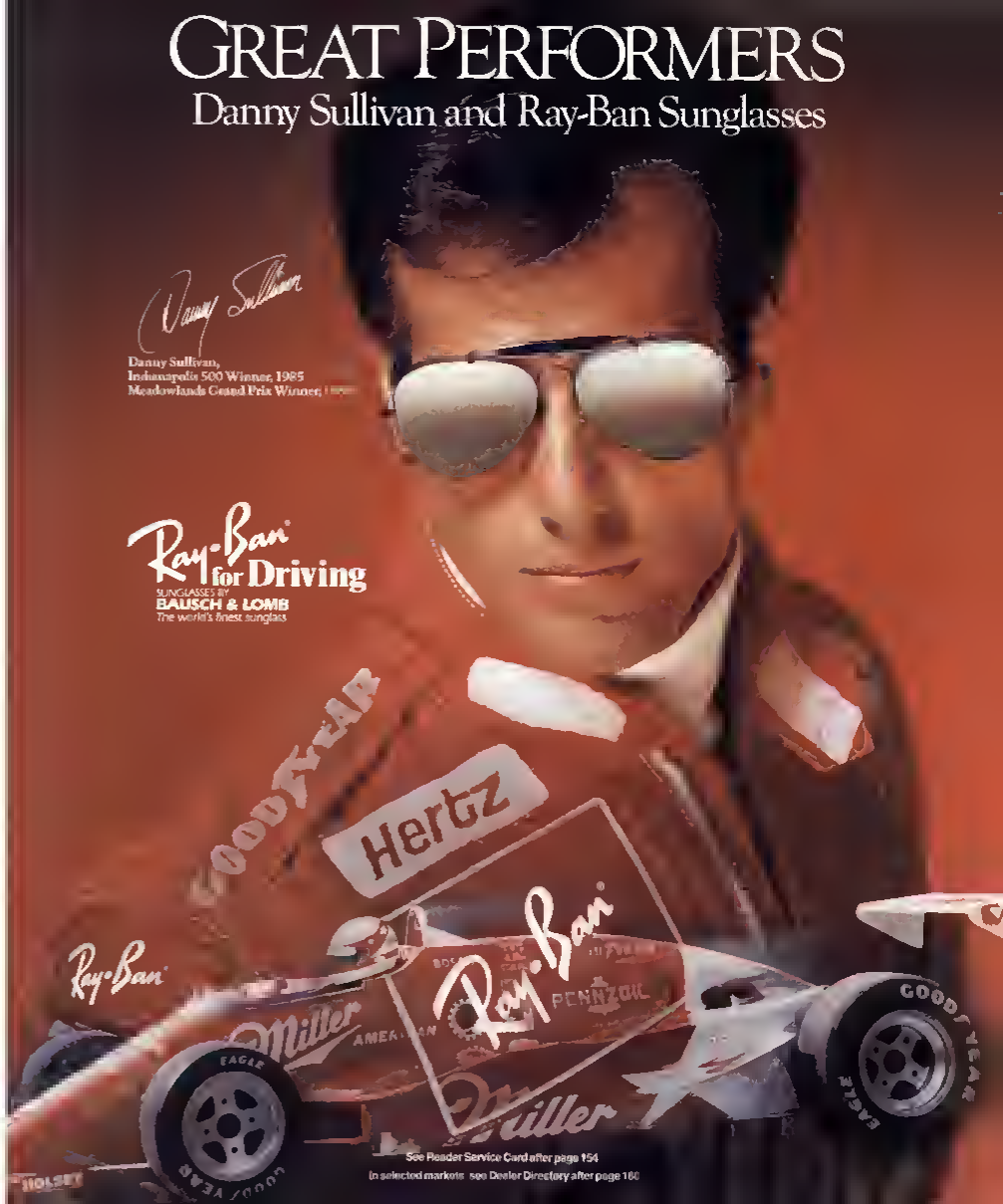
Well, the middle class left the ghetto and that, of course, was their right, perhaps even their obligation. But for the kid in the Underclass, today's role models are a harder sort: crack dealers, pimps, stickup men. In spite of a tentative move toward gentrification in places such as Harlem, bad guys are the only visible symbols of black success. There is no stigma to welfare. Even prison holds no terrors; it functions as part of a puberty rite, the institution where the bad blades and homeboys receive their higher educations on their way to early graves.

You ask the immemorial question, What is to be done?

THERE ARE NO SIMPLE ANSWERS. WE ARE seeing the culmination of fifty years of American history, the consequences of some social policies that succeeded and many that failed. The Underclass has been a long time forming, since about the time that the great black migration to the North began during and after World War II. This was caused by the mechanization that changed the economy of the South, where once a hundred black men toiled in a cotton field, now there was one machine and ten men, and all the others were heading north. But when they arrived in places like New York and Chicago, they soon discovered that there might be jobs at Young & Rubicam, but not any were for men and women who'd spent their lives chopping cotton. By the late 1950s, the jobs that supported my father and other European immigrants began to vanish, too, jobs in small factories, jobs that didn't require much formal education. Soon welfare became the dismal alternative to all those glittering visions of renewal. Soon despair was general.

I would like to see the black middle class re-

GREAT PERFORMERS
Danny Sullivan and Ray-Ban Sunglasses



See Reader Service Card after page 154
In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 160

turn in great waves to the urban ghettos to attack the roots of that despair and to work at the restoration of genuine pride and lost dignity. I am speaking here of you and your friends, of course, along with all those younger than you, the bright young men and women with their M.B.A.'s and BMWs. Obviously, I don't mean that you must move your family back to the ghetto. Or that your friends should do the same. That simply isn't going to happen in the immediate future. But in important ways such a drastic commitment isn't necessary. After all, back in the 1950s it wasn't necessary for the freedom riders to live permanently in the South, either. But just as the sit-ins and freedom rides were directed from the North against the institutions of the segregated South, this campaign would come from the outside, from the suburbs, from downtown and yes, from the South.

For two decades, you have called them brother or sister, said they are family. If you believe these sentiments, you must go to them now.

I WOULD HELP TO CONSIDER THE UNDERclass as a Third World country within the borders of a First World nation. Members of the black middle class are now citizens of that First World country. But if Bob Geldof can help Ethiopia, you and other suburban and downtown blacks can surely help those who've been left behind in the Third World. To begin with, you could mount the most widespread private literacy campaign in the history of this country, drawing on the experiences of Cuba and Nicaragua, utilizing all the skills you have gained in the wider world of business, communications, journalism, marketing. You could force Eddie Murphy to make some TV commercials about the importance of reading, thus redeeming himself for once bragging to Barbara Walters that he never reads (given the nature of the catastrophe in the black Underclass, this was surely the most disgusting single public statement by a black man in the past decade). You could publicly destroy a hundred or so TV sets to symbolize the need for the Underclass to remove itself from the hypnotic glow of the tube and begin functioning again as active participants in life instead of as a passive audience.

You could teach black teenagers about birth control — clearly, graphically, intelligently — and then supply birth control devices to everyone. You could make clear to young black men that they aren't men at all if they abandon their women and children. You could instruct young women that when they make the momentous decision to have a child, they must be prepared to support it for the rest of their days and not leave that awesome task to the state. You could demand through lawsuits, demonstrations, sheer moral force and the use of the media that the police round up the crack dealers and smack peddlers. These vicious bastards should then be tried and jailed, instead of being sent back to the streets where they smirk at the impotence of the law and wink at the unwary young. This would require cooperation with the police and an end to the incessant knee-jerk portrayal of the police as the enemy.

But your main target should be the welfare system. This seems to an outsider the single most degrading and corrupting fact of life in the Underclass, and the goal should be its virtual destruction. Human beings must work. It is as necessary to life as food and drink, sex and rest. You would have to stop the nonsense about "dead-end" jobs. There are no "dead-end" jobs for people who want to make something of their lives. When I was a kid I worked as a messenger, a delivery boy, a bank teller, a lowly assistant in an advertising agency's art department, a sheet-metal worker in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. I didn't make a career of any of those jobs, but they taught me how to work. That is, they taught me how to get up in the morning when I wanted to sleep another few hours. They taught me how to perform tasks that didn't personally interest me. They taught me how to understand the needs of other people and their expectations of me. I say this as a man of the Left, knowing that the dogmatists will accuse me of collaborating with the neocons and other dogmatists of the Right. I can only answer that social justice must be based on work, not welfare. To demand the expansion of the welfare system, instead of its elimination, is to consign the Underclass to permanent darkness.

Where would the jobs come from? Obviously, many of them at the beginning would have to come from the government. There is an extraordinary amount of work to be done in the United States, repairing the collapsing physical infrastructure of streets, bridges, highways. This is work that does not require a high school education. In every major city in those places where the Underclass resides, there are hundreds of abandoned buildings, structurally sound but gutted by fire, they could be reclaimed through the use of sweat equity, converted into condominiums for a resurgent black and Hispanic working class. The current generation might never be able to enter the high-tech world of the modern service industries, but they can work, men and women alike, with the sweat of their backs and the power of their hands to make certain that their children will be able to function in the twenty-first century. The money now being wasted on welfare could be used for the creation of jobs, if that is called "workfare," so be it. You must start somewhere.

THE TIME TO BEGIN IS NOW. WAITING will only worsen the disaster. You cannot, for example, wait for a day-care system to be created; somehow, my mother raised seven kids and worked all her days, my father lost a leg in his twenties and kept on working. They didn't have day-care centers. They didn't take welfare, either. Too busy for self-pity. They had no more advantages than anyone else (my mother arrived as an immigrant the day the stock market crashed in 1929), unless you insist that being white was some immense privilege. If it was, it did them no good. All they knew was that in America they would have to work.

In the best of all possible worlds, of course, the federal government would help fund this immense project, including the building of day-care centers. To say that the richest nation on earth can't afford this is ludicrous. As just one example, they could scrap the idiotic Star Wars program and use that trillion dollars (over ten years) to guarantee full employment, even at the risk of fueling inflation. Jobs are everything. A job for one man could take four people off the dole. Jobs would take more pistols out of the hands of young men than another hundred thousand police. Any sensible citizen knows that the Underclass is a greater threat to our national security than the Russians. The Russians aren't killing people on the streets of our cities. They aren't spreading AIDS. They aren't presiding over the deaths of American infants.

But the War on Poverty taught us that bureaucrats are not very good at repairing holes in the human spirit. That is why the most important part of this must be up to you and to the rest of the black middle class. In the end, out of self-interest, white America will pay the price for domestic tranquility. But there is very little now that whites can do in a direct way for the maimed and hurting citizens of the Underclass. For two decades you have called them brother or sister. You have said they are family. If you believe these sentiments, you must go to them now. They need you more than they need white pity. Or white social workers. Or white cops. They need someone to love them. Soon. If you do not go, neither will anyone else. And then they will surely be doomed. So, in a different way, will all of us. ■

STYLE IS NEVER OUT OF FASHION



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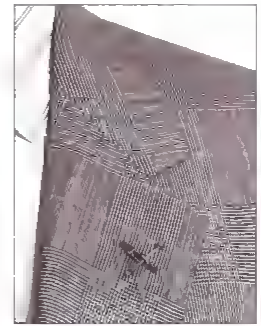
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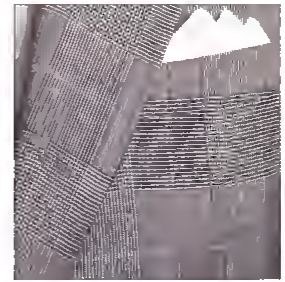
See Reader Service Card after page 154

SEWN IN THE USA

If the style is international and the workmanship superior, guess what? That suit just might be American-made







Two signifiers of top quality handstitching of edges of lapels and breast pocket and a working lapel buttonhole On second rate suits they don't open so why do they call them buttonholes?

DETAIL PHOTOGRAPHS • DAVID HAMSLEY

QUALITY CLOTHES

SHAKESPEARE SAID IT ALL BUY THE best you can afford keep it simple and avoid gimmicks for clothes make the man Sure he put it differently in *Hamlet*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy / But not expressed in fancy rich not gaudy / For the apparel oft proclaims the man

Either way the message is timeless always seek out quality But what constitutes quality in a man's suit? In this Age of International Style when designer labels proliferate in confusing array (Cornelian Correggian and Cantarelli are not the same and Comme des Garçons is not Gallic but Japanese) and when ready made special order made to measure custom-made and bespoke present such subtle distinctions what does a man look for in a good suit these days?

Start with the new international style relaxed formality with a soft chest and slightly extended shoulder subtle suppression easier upper arm and lower button stance It's the order of the day—and with good reason it is both elegant and comfortable

But it is not in Milan or Hong Kong where the finest ready made "international-style" clothes are made but in Chicago New York Rochester and other American cities suits by Oxxford Clothes Hickey-Freeman and Martin Greenfield are the best of the world-class ready mades on the market today

The new European sense of styling says Jack R McDonald president of Oxxford which is recognized in every corner to be the finest ready-made clothing in the world "emanated from the American style which has always been synonymous with comfort and a slightly more relaxed attitude toward dress"

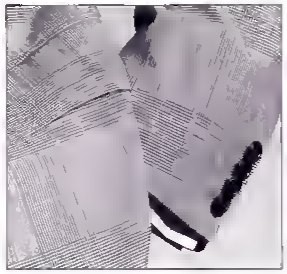
Oxxford contrarily and somewhat anachronistically still does it the hard way each suit is handcut and handsewn

In this age of international style, designer labels proliferate in the racks, and ready-made, special-order, made-to-measure, and bespoke present subtle distinctions



Look closely: the buttonholes are handsewn. Also, the buttons (genuine horn, not plastic) are properly aligned and attached with a neck of thread to hold them away from the fabric

(except for a very few straight seams on which a sewing machine has actually been found to do a better job), every buttonhole is made by hand, every button and belt loop attached by hand. The collar alone contains 1,350 handstitches, each lapel 800. The world's finest fabrics are handbasted to the best Bemberg linings with the finest silk thread. The buttons are real horn; the craftsmanship time consuming and impeccable.



"Oxford suits are miles ahead," says Derrill Osborne, vice president and director of clothes for Neiman Marcus, "but there are other excellent American-made suits as well. Both Hickey-Freeman and Martin Greenfield make top-quality garments that are marvelously comfortable and have more handwork than their European counterparts. Private-label suits are making a comeback because for the customer they indicate individualized styling and quality."

Ready-made clothes were invented here early in the nineteenth century, and by 1900 the ready-tailored suit had become the great leveler in a democratic society. It obscured ethnic origins and class distinctions, reduced noblesse oblige to etiquette and privilege to citizenship.

By the turn of the century, it was probably true that the majority of American men owned a suit—if just one—a condition that lasted until after World War II. The rise of the department store and mail-order business assured availability and good prices. Sears, Roebuck sold thousands of suits every year (mostly blue serge, the first business uniform to cross class and economic borders), and by 1920 Montgomery Ward's famous catalog devoted twenty-five pages to men's and boy's ready-to-wear.

"When I came to this country from Europe as a young tailor just after World War II," says Martin Greenfield, president of the New York firm that bears his name and makes fine private-label clothes for Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus, and designer Alexander Julian, "the technology was staggering. In Europe we never saw anything like the high level of quality ready-made production in the USA. Today there aren't too many quality producers of ready-made clothes left. But the few that are still here are still the best."

That's why a designer such as Alexander Julian, who began having his designs manufactured in this country and then experimented in European-manufactured clothes, brought his operations back to this country. "I find I get the quality and flexibility, the production techniques, and delivery systems I want right here."



We don't get involved in the radical changes in styling that many European firms succumb to," explains Walter J. Hickey, chairman of Hickey-Freeman Company. "They're into very short-lived fashion cycles, while we're more interested in longevity."

And to decide, when you put on a suit, you should almost not be aware of feeling it: it should be that soft and light. The collar should sit lightly on the neck and shoulders, and the lapels roll easily down the front; the lining should be suit-and roomy enough so that when you move it doesn't bind or pull; the armhole should be high enough so that the whole coat doesn't whip around when you move your arm," says Hickey.

If you really want to know what to look for, ask a retailer. Here's a checklist of telling details used by Tony Kunsulis, assistant vice-president of merchandising for Barneys New York. Are the buttons real horn or cheap plastic, and are they sewn on with a neck of thread or smashed right up against the cloth? Is the undercollar nice and thin (look for visible signs of handstitching) or thick like a pad of heavy gauze? Is the interior of the trim seersucker free from loose threads and jagged edges, and with a comfortable split waistband? Is the lining shiny with press marks, which show it's been forced into place rather than simply pleated down the center and around the edges? Are the sleeve buttons attached in a straight line and close set so that they "kiss"? And finally, does the whole garment feel supple, soft, and springy?

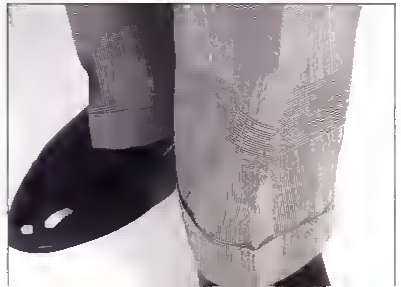
Knowing how to recognize quality will not, alas, cause the sun to shine forever in your backyard. You make the rain, clothes only *proclaim* him. It's just that a great suit makes your job a little easier. ◘

—Bruce Boyer

For store information see pages 185, 186, and 187.



Originally, the ready-tailored suit was the great leveler in a democratic society, reducing noblesse oblige to etiquette and privilege to citizenship.



Take men: photos on better suits are generous enough to let pants drape properly, and the plaid pattern matches exactly down the sides of pants. Inside, all seams should be smooth, finished with no ragged edges.



Suit and shirt by Alexander Julian, tie by Paul Stuart Vintage watch from Time Will Tell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HARRELL



Suit by Hickey Freeman, shirt by Burberrys
tie by Alexander Julian Vintage watch from Time Will Tell, vintage cuff links from Sentimento



Suit by Saks Fifth Avenue,
shirt by Paul Stuart, tie by Bill Blass Vintage watch from Time Will Tell

For more information see pages 186 and 187



Suit by Oxford Clothes shirt by Aquascutum
tie by Paul Stuart, watch by Mark Cross Vintage cuff links from Sentimento

ALL ROBERT REDFORD WANTS TO BE IS PAUL NEWMAN

The kid, revealed

By MIKE BARNICLE

LAST NIGHT IN PROVO HE WAS up until 1:00 A.M. arguing about a highway. Eleven hours and five hundred miles later, he stood in the corridor outside the entrance to the National Jewish Center for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine in Denver. He wore a brown plaid cotton shirt open at the collar, fading Levi's, and a pair of lizard cowboy boots. His blond hair seemed at war with itself as slivers of gray crept into his sideburns.

Just beyond the door to the hospital lobby loitered fourteen reporters from various newspapers and radio stations, as well as a small crowd of people with shopping-center faces that had turned out at this midday press conference like tourists expecting to see, or touch, or maybe even rub up against someone they felt they knew because once—When? Last year? Year before? Wednesday night? Maybe even at home, in bed, on the late movie?—they had seen him up close and personal and now wanted to see him in the flesh. Fame is a bumper sticker that never peels away.

"Governor. Governor Romer," some aide was saying, "you'll go in first."

"Mayor Peña? Did you get that? You'll sit next to Governor Romer. Then you, Bob. Bob! . . . Bob? Where's Bob at?"

Actually, Robert Redford was at a spot twenty feet down the corridor busily looking for the men's room because he had spent a huge slice of the morning sipping three cups of decaffeinated coffee and a bottle of Crystal Geyser sparkling mineral water with just the right touch of lemon.

"I have to tell you something," Colorado congresswoman Pat Schroeder said to Bob Redford, who paid polite attention despite the fact that he had still not found the men's room.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Well . . . this is kind of funny . . . but my kids were such big fans of yours that when they were little they named their rabbit after you."

"Really?" he responded.

"No kidding," she added. "They did. I thought that was so funny. Isn't that funny?"

"Yes. It is," Bob agreed. "When was that?"

"Oh, it was a long time ago. They're in college now."

"What happened to the rabbit?"

"Oh, it died," she answered.

"Really. That's funny," he said. "That's very funny."

"Isn't it?" Pat Schroeder said. "Isn't it funny?"

By now, the aide had reached Redford.

"When do we start?" Redford asked.

"Right now," the guy told him.

"Do I have time to go to the bathroom?"

"Well . . ."

"I'll be right back, then," he said.

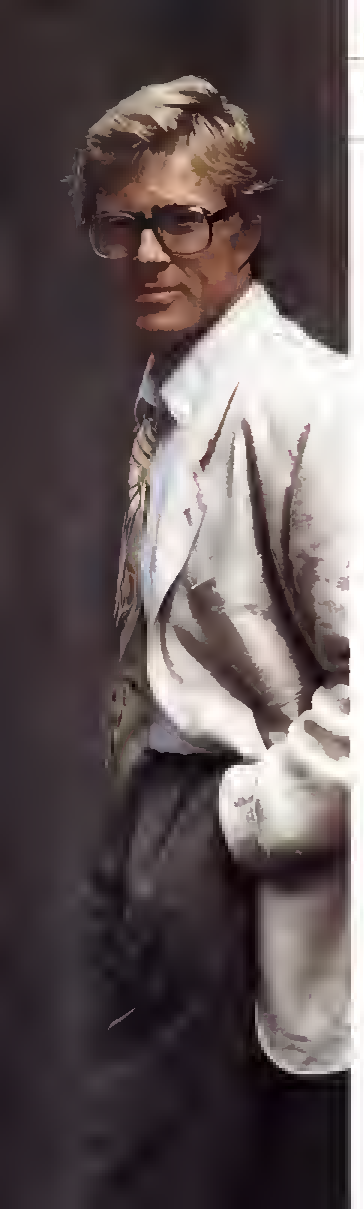
Loping down the hallway, head down, arms tucked close to his sides, he moved in a slow trot, up on his toes, like a center fielder, old athlete aging gracefully, heading back to the dugout between innings. He made eye contact only with the linoleum, careful to avoid the minefield of autograph seekers that always lurks somewhere close. Then, once he was inside the supposed privacy of the rest room, assuming the incredibly vulnerable position of the ages, in front of a basic white Kohler urinal, his eyes focused on the gray tile wall in front of his face. I asked Robert Redford if anyone had ever bothered him while he took a piss in a public toilet.

"Yeah," Redford laughed. "Once I was in

MIKE BARNICLE *is a columnist for* The Boston Globe. *This is his first piece for* Esquire

Photographs by Jean Pagliuso





He has the karma, the duende, the whatever-you-call-it of Brando, Newman, and McQueen.

some airport bathroom and this guy next to me...he looks over and says... 'Hey Redford... When you gonna get your shit together?'"

Moments later, he sat in front of a gaggle of microphones between Schroeder and Denver mayor Federico Peña. Colorado governor Roy Romer was there along with John V. Lindsay, the former mayor of New York, and Stewart Udall, a past Secretary of Interior who had expended a lot of effort on behalf of Redford's own group, the Institute for Resource Management, sponsor of this two-day Clean Air Futures Conference. The issues that had occupied the morning have been at the core of Redford's commitment to the environment during the last twenty years, and he hasn't hesitated to use his name to attract talent and raise money. Naturally, the first question out of the box was directed to him.

"Why did you choose Denver as the site for this conference?" a woman asked.

"Why Denver?" he began. "Well, I went to school here. But really, we're here because the whole problem of clean air raises multiple issues. Transportation. Housing. Land use. These are all things the people of Denver are having to confront."

"Do you think the people of this country are willing to support stronger clean-air measures?" another reporter asked.

"Who's that question for?" the moderator asked.

"For Mr. Redford," he was told.

"Yes. Yes, I do," Robert Redford said. "I think what we see now is that the common will of the people seems to be stronger than the leadership or the will of politicians."

"Do you think all these people would be here today if you weren't here?" a TV guy wanted to know.

"Is that to me?" Redford asked.

"Yes."

"Yeah, I do."

"Are you sure?"

"No, I'm not sure," Redford said.

Redford, at fifty, is a lock, a guarantee, a walk to the teller's window. He is larger than life and more bankable than any bond, stock, or piece of beachfront property that all the people in his business, all those smarmy, well-tanned and worked-out people, pressing iron and doing wrist curls with one-hundred-dollar bills, could ever dream of purchasing. Robert Redford is a star. A huge star. He is a guy who can change your life just by returning your phone calls. Calls from politicians puckering up for a picture, a campaign visit, or—heart be still—a fundraiser with the Golden Wonder, a ballot box version of *Jaws*. Calls from agents, directors, or that particular day's studio head who will do almost anything and certainly give everything just for a nod, maybe a good meeting, or—could God ever be so great?—an actual commitment to make their movie...and thus, make their little ship all the wealthier. And God, how the Spago set hates that fact of life.

This "star thing," this almost cosmically permanent attraction that has blanketed Robert Redford for nearly two decades, has attached itself to perhaps four other people since the War—that's the War, the last good one we fought, the last of history's high jumps that we truly won, the last one that Hollywood truly rooted for and could turn into box office. The karma, the duende, the whatever you want to call it that also married Brando, Monroe, Newman, and McQueen. It is a lightning bolt that causes men in Ames, Iowa, to think as they nestle into a seat halfway down the aisle of some theater, "Hey. That Redford. He acts sort of like me." Or it's the hot flash that makes some housewife in Winchester, Massachusetts, push at the envelope of her dreams and, eyes shut, know that with Redford she'd never have to wonder, never have to worry.

And at fifty, stepping out on the back nine of life, here in Redford over an early winter's weekend, activist, environmentalist, consummate small-talk artist, cowboy charmer with a con-man's eyes, comedian, politician who can float through knots of strangers using a smile and a sentence fragment like some bump-and-run weapons that will assure him safe passage back to the remote privacy of hard-earned individualism. Again and a wave that's his AK-47 Assault rifle, guaranteed to keep 'em happy and at a distance. So here he is, hitting the road from Provo, Utah, to Denver, to Santa Fe, and on to Los Angeles within three days, a candidate whose campaign is tucked tidily within his soul.

ROBERT REDFORD IS STANDING alone, alone in the middle of about three hundred people who circle in the Denver Museum of Natural History at a reception that the mayor is hosting for the granola set. Everyone is eager to have a conversation with Robert Redford about the ozone layer, the troposphere, the bumps on the sun, anything, just to talk.

Above him, the two upper floors of the museum create a glass spiral, and up there spectators lean over the rail, hoping to get one glimpse, or maybe a snapshot, of the top of Robert Redford's famous head of hair.

Who is he? they wonder. Who will he be tonight? Will he be Sundance? Is he The Natu-

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For Redford, a familiar face is a foxhole where he can duck the artillery of the crowd.

ral Gatsby maybe? The fact is that he is the last line on the multiple choice exam. He is, depending on your mood, your imagination. All of the Above.

Later he has trouble with his room key. It's one of those big, long plastic jobs that, when you forget to leave it with the desk clerk, begins to feel as if you've got the state of Rhode Island in your pocket.

His key, this huge thing with 510 stenciled on its face, keeps falling out of his jacket pocket. He puts it in his hand but, and you can almost hear him saying this to himself, how does that look, movie star walking around a hall filled with women, room key in hand. He sticks it in his back pants pocket but says, "I feel like I'm being held up." Finally it falls onto the floor of the museum.

"Jesus," Redford says, picking it up and staring at it. "Okay. Okay. I give up. I'm in room 510."

The hotel where Redford is staying, the Oxford Alexis Hotel, is an imposing old landmark that escaped the wrecker's ball. It is half a block up from Union Station in a section of town slowly being rebuilt, and Redford, standing on the sidewalk in front of the place, looks toward the station and sees earlier, easier times in an old cowboy town.

"You can almost see them getting off the train and heading up the street," he says. "Cowboys in town for the night. Coming into the lobby for a room and a hot bath. A game of cards. And a drunk. You can almost see that."

There is a part of him, a part he wears very comfortably, that seems permanently locked in the past, a past of straight deals and straight shooters, far from inquiring eyes. Part of him retains a sort of wise-guy, high school air. Another part is on horseback. Another is on a motorcycle that takes him to the edge, where contact is difficult and the spirit is remote. And there is also a genuinely funny side.

Inside the hotel, there is a new restaurant called McCormick's. By the time Redford and the people who will work with him at the Institute arrive for dinner, the private dining room is unavailable. There is a party being held there and the doors are open and people with shrimp sauce on their shirts are now staring through the doorway at the face beneath this holdbrown, soft hat. The hat is one part Tom Mix, one part Bulldog Drummond. It is a hat only Robert Redford could wear. And the people are transfixed at the sight of this movie idol standing there. They begin pointing wordlessly, a collection of starving mutes, and mouthing those two words. . . Robert Redford.

"Hi," Redford says, stepping into the doorway. "I'm Bob. I'm your waiter for the night. If there's anything I can get you while I'm up, let me know."

SUNDAY IS GETAWAY DAY. THE Clean Air Conference is history, and Robert Redford, environmentalist, hauls off to Stapleton Airport, where a chartered Lear 24 will take him to Santa Fe. He's in the front seat of an Isuzu Trooper being driven by Terry Minger.

Gary Beer, Sammye Meadows and Jenny Blum are in the backseat. Minger and the others work with, but *for*, Redford and the IRM. An entourage of activists with familiar faces, for Redford, a familiar face is a foxhole where he can duck the artillery of the crowd.

In Santa Fe, George Bush's Cadillac sits on the tarmac at the edge of the small private airfield. It is early Sunday evening, and Bush is scheduled to arrive on Monday for a speech before the Republican Governors Conference.

"That's Bush's car," one of the crew says to Redford as he steps from the Lear.

"What's he doing here?"

"He's not here yet," the guy tells him. "He's coming in tomorrow to speak, but I bet the governors would rather hear you talk."

"I don't think so," Redford says. They're Republicans. They wouldn't like what I had to tell them."

The two maintenance men laugh as Redford heads into the darkness of the parking lot to get his own car, a 1987 Acura, a small two-door six cylinder job. On the drive into Santa Fe, he talks about the place, with the fine eye of a native, pointing out churches and neighborhoods, embroidering the trip across flat stretches of road with bits of Aztec history, explaining the role of the Catholic Church in this corner of the Southwest, pondering the migratory travels that drew people across the country and up into the high desert.

In 1986 he came to Santa Fe to make a movie, *The Milagro Beanfield War*. It is a small story, a good one, of people rebelling against the monied interests of developers eager to turn a piece of the country into a housing development and a Robert Trent Jones golf course.

He liked the place so much that he recently bought 220 acres a few miles outside town, where he plans to build a simple adobe house. The property sits high on a bluff off a main road and runs from the desert floor to the edge of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Here, at sunset, the sky gives new meaning to shades of light, and the horizon stretches out in the distance, so close it seems you can touch it with your hand, so far it ends in another day.

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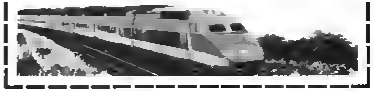
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Once, before giving a woman his autograph, he insisted that she remove a BUSH FOR PRESIDENT button from her jacket. She did. Redford signed.

than you will find at a Wernher von Braun reunion party. It is a town of ultimate cowboys and cowgirls who drive Jeep Wagoneers, British Range Rovers, and Rolls Royces and have arrived here in droves to buy property and find themselves. The natives, those who actually live the land, drive pickup trucks with gun racks and steer clear of the custom boots that take eight months to make and Indian jewelry that can be purchased for the equivalent of a mortgage payment back in the Hamptons.

On Monday, after spending most of the day trying to get muscle in shape for *Milagro*, Redford goes into an art gallery to look at a painting. Steps back. Cocks his head. Keeps looking at it from different angles. Walks away, returns, and finally asks, "Think Lola would like that?"

Lola Redford is his wife. The tabloids gush about a rocky marriage, but Redford freezes at any mention of connubial trouble. "Don't push. It is none of your business."

Back to painting. Years ago, before Redford was Redford, he was intent on becoming an artist. He went to Florence and Paris to study the art. Those days are still within him.

"Do you think you could have made it as an artist?" I ask him outside the gallery.

"Yes," he says right away.

"Really?"

"Yes," he says again. "But you have to define what you mean by 'make it.' Do I think I could have become world renowned? I have no idea. Could I have made it in the sense that I could have made a living and been happy with what I was doing and who I was? Yes."

"But look at what art means. In many cases an artist has to wait a hundred years before somebody decides that he had talent. What do you do in the meantime? Cut off your ear? If I didn't think I could've made it as an artist, I wouldn't be so uneasy about being an actor."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't really know."

While directing *Milagro*, Redford rented a house outside Santa Fe. That's where his bags are this afternoon. That's where he has to go before connecting with the next leg of the journey to Los Angeles.

The road winds through a magnificent landscape decorated on both sides with endless shrubs of chamiza that stand like sentries at the edge of the flat red clay earth and glitter yellow in the pale light of day. At a crossroads there is a general store—the Tesuque Village Market—and inside an Indian woman is working behind the deli counter. She smiles and nods in recognition as he checks the menu for a moment before ordering a chicken tarragon sandwich. To go.

On a counter behind the cash register there are three postcards. One of Elvis Presley and two of Robert Redford. The Redford pictures are like high school graduation shots.

When Redford sees them, he looks as if he has been stricken with flu.

Two of them came all the way from France—the cashier, a pleasant woman, tells him.

"Well, here I am. I came all the way from Provo, Utah," he informs her. "Can we make a deal here? I'll get you some newer pictures if I can buy those from you. You don't have any more like that around, do you?"

"No," she tells him, mulling the offer, pondering it. "How new are the pictures you'll get me anyways?"

"I'll have them taken this afternoon," he says. "Honest. I'll get them to you. I mean, I'd rather come in and sit on the shelf myself for a week instead of having those things out there."

He laughs and leaves. The postcards stay. He starts eating the chicken tarragon sandwich in between third and fourth gear. He eats like a condemned man; mayonnaise going one way, tarragon the other. His shirt looks like a chemical spill.

"My land runs from the road to the mountains," Redford is saying. "There's an arroyo that cuts it in half, and you can ride a horse through it up into the foothills.

"You come out here and look at the sky, the sunsets. You see the energy in the clouds. It's incredible. The light singeing out spots on the hills after thunderstorms, and it's hard to leave to go to someplace like Los Angeles or back east to New York."

At the house, he is informed that air traffic has been halted for an hour because the Vice-President's plane is due in at the airport.

"What time is he coming in?" Redford wants to know.

"Three fifteen," he is told.

"What time is it now?"

"Three o'clock."

"God, wouldn't it be great to get out to the airport and be there when Bush comes in. I'd love to do that and have the media come over and ask me what I think of him. Think they'd do that? That would be great."

"What would you say?"

"That I think he's a jerk."

He was a pretty good baseball player in college, you know?" I tell him.

"Come on, cut it out," he says. "Really?" He couldn't have been. He's too weak.

"Big war hero, too."

"Whu? Bush? Come on."

"Seriously. You can look it up."

"Well, why isn't he talking about that?" Redford asks. "If that stuff's true, then that's what he should be talking about. That says something about him."

When Redford gets to the airport, Bush has already departed for town. His plane, Air Force II, sits on the lonesome runway, washed in the fading light of dusk, a silver, red, blue, and white canister of power, not necessarily of fame.

As Redford removes his bags from the car's trunk, one of the ground crew approaches. "Excuse me, Mr. Redford. The governor of Florida is inside and he wants to know—"

"Yeah," Redford says. "I know what he wants to know."

"If you'd have a picture taken with him?"

"No," Redford says.

"Excuse me?" the kid asks.

"Tell him no," Redford says. Then, almost to himself: "I know what that's all about. The picture goes right up on the wall in the office. Me and my new best friend, Bob."

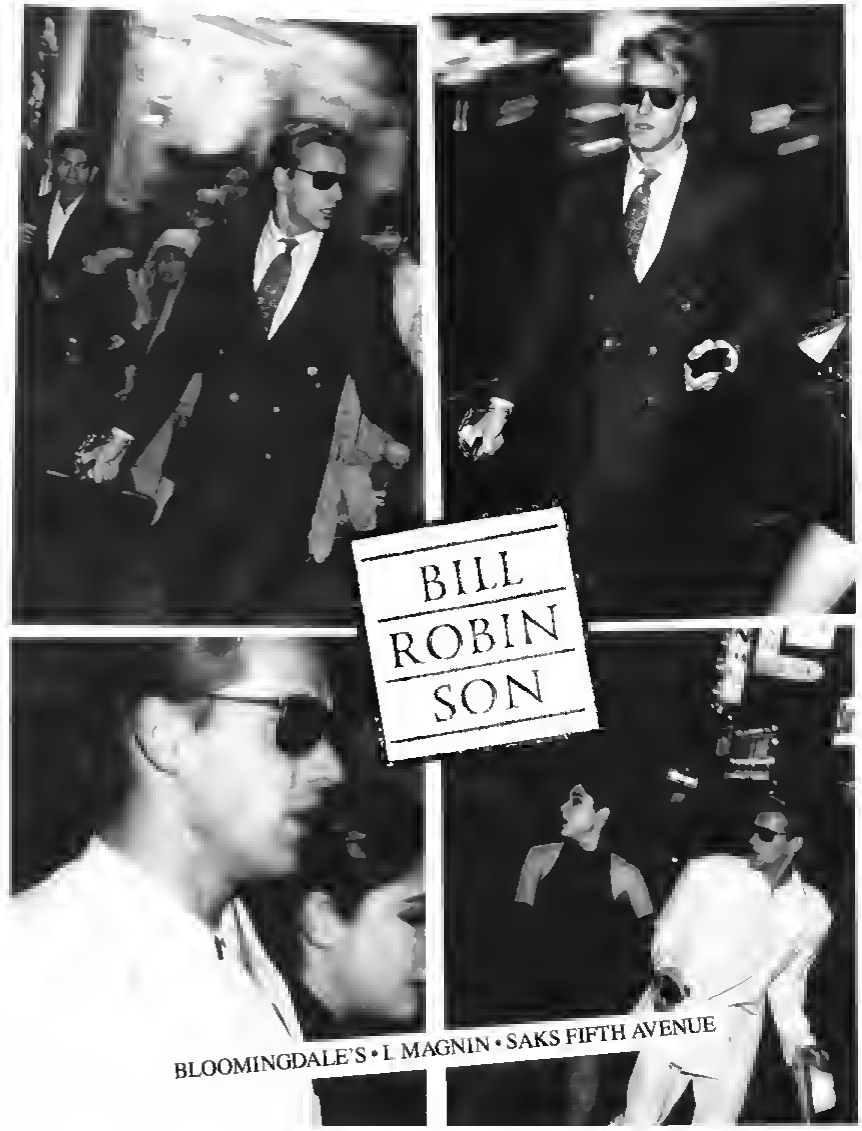
"Look," he says to the ground-crew guy. "I know it's not your fault. You're just doing your job coming out and asking me, but tell him I'm sorry, no."

This autographed picture deal, this pushing with the great, the near-great, and those who only dream of getting next to the great, is something Redford takes seriously. Once, before giving a woman his autograph, he insisted that she remove a BUSH FOR PRESIDENT button from her jacket. She did. And Redford signed. It's part of who he is.

WHO HE IS

Once, in memory too long now to get a genuine grip on, Robert Redford lived on Buffalo Street in Van Nuys, California. He was born August 18, 1937. His mother is dead. His father and brother live in California. And if you retreat into time, to when 1,500 people a day poured into the basin from places such as Oklahoma and Iowa and Kansas, in the months and years after V-J Day, when the aerospace industry was just about to pull everyone in southern California up two or three notches on the economic index, you will...after a bit...find Robert Redford.

He was then what part of him still is today: wise guy, class cutter, more comfortable by himself, alone with a book or a baseball glove. And yet today, years later, years after the fact of fame, during those odd and very occasional moments when he is not busy enough, not pestered enough, not consumed by his art or his politics or his other interests and maybe suffer



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God, here's old Paul Newman. He's incredibly happy and still has that face that looks the way it did when he was twenty. I want to shoot myself."

ng just a little from some fleeting pang of in security or loneliness there have been times when he has driven past fields of his youth, past places where he hit baseballs or merely drifted like a long fly ball beneath some hazy, undefined sun on days when life demanded nothing, absolutely nothing other than that you show up and dress to play the game

"You know," Redford says as the plane bangs against head winds en route to L.A., "when I was growing up the only real hero I ever had was Ted Williams. I used to love Ted Williams. He and Joe DiMaggio were really in my mind, the only great ballplayers.

"As a matter of fact, when I was making *The Natural*, I tried to get hold of him. I kept saying, 'Get Ted for me.' He was the only guy I wanted to talk with about baseball. But nobody could ever get him. Ted was in Nova Scotia fishing. He was off someplace for Sears. Nobody could get him.

"I wanted to make that movie with him. I wanted to make it in Fenway Park and wear Number 9. I wanted to shoot that last scene there, the home run, the lights exploding, me wearing Number 9. God, I would've gotten out of the business after that. That would've been a career for me. I could've called it quits after that.

"I've always loved baseball. It's the only sport. You know, I went to school with Don Drysdale. He played second base and I played first base. He was big and slow and hadn't really started pitching then.

"I go to Europe, I go live in Paris and Florence, and I'm going to be an artist. I don't make it, and I come back to the States and pick up a copy of *Life* magazine and there's a big picture in it of Drysdale fighting with Eddie Mathews of the Braves. I looked at it and said, 'My God, Drysdale made it in the major leagues.' Funny, but I haven't talked with him since we were in high school. Funny, huh?"

WHO HE ALSO IS:

A control freak. Behind those baby-blues, you can see it. It's like reading the fine print on a mortgage application. "I'll sign your autograph. I'll pose for a picture with Aunt Sally, but that does not mean you know me. You are not even getting close. And don't tell me where to go or who I just have to call back. Don't tell me what time to report to the set. Or what to say. Or what to wear. This is my nickel. We dance to my tune or we don't dance at all."

So now he is sitting in this narrow tube, this Lear 24 hurtling across the ridged earth below. Last man to step out for a moment at this height—ten thousand feet—and at this speed—two hundred miles an hour—was D. B. Cooper. Redford has no chute to escape the interview.

A control freak, he is asked a question, a simple question about politics. But he still reaches for a yellow legal pad and takes a pen from his briefcase.

"Okay," Robert Redford says. "Let's figure out what the topics are going to be here. What do you want to talk about?"

"What do *you* want to talk about?"

"Anything but me," he answers.

"That won't work," I say.

"Okay," he says, as he jots notes on the pad. "Let me write down what all these magazine interviews are all about."

Here are the topic headings he comes up with: Movies. Leading ladies. Height. Background. Sundance. Family. Fame.

"Go," he is told.

"What?" he wonders.

"Hit it. You're on."

"Okay," says Robert Redford, piloting the interview now, controlling its direction, speed, and content. "Let's take family first."

"Put down that I love my family. Period. I love them. All of them. That's what I can say. That's all I'll say. Apart from that, it's nobody's business."

"It's tough trying to carve out a private life for yourself and your family. But I'm not going to bullshit anybody and say, 'Hey, boy, this fame thing really sucks.' And who in their right mind would ever say, 'Oh geez, the poor guy. He's famous. What can we do to help?'

"The bad part is that you become an object. And there are three dangerous stages to that. One, people start treating you like an object. Two, you start behaving like an object. And three, you become one. That's terminal.

"You start walking around saying, 'Gee. It's tough to be famous and have all this money.' 'Really?' Redford asks himself.

Redford's face, as he talks, is a stage of emotion. He plays each part. His voice takes the listener up and down a ladder of feeling. He is an actor. And he is in control.

"I like what the movies *should* be," he continues. "That's why I love the Sundance Institute so much. Today, the movie business is run on fear and gossip and ego. Not many people know how to tell a good story anymore. And that's what great movies are all about: good stories, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Now though, if someone makes $10 million selling venetian blinds, next thing you know they've bought a studio. Everybody wants to be in the movies. At Sundance, what we're trying to do is create a cleaner line, a simpler line. Too much of the movie industry is about making and handling money. Not stories.

"Now I know there are people who will read about me talking about this or talking about the environmental thing, and they'll say, 'Who does that aging boy scout think he is?'" Redford says. "Does it make me sound like an aging boy scout?"

"Yes."

"There's more. We invite filmmakers to apply to Sundance, there's a panel that screens and selects forty of them to come in the summer and work on their project with some of the best resource people in the business, and we demand things of them. What do you want that scene to mean? Break it down and talk about it. Defend it. What kind of shot do you want? But they have to have a screenplay to start with. If they don't have that, they don't come. It's got to be a good story.

"There are too many directors whose entire frame of reference is television. And the movies, as a result, look more and more like commercials. All sizzle and quick cuts. Not much reliance on dialogue, and that's what a good actor relies on. Words, sentences. The line. A good actor—the best actors—all have a great ear that helps them say, 'Hey, I can't say that line. It doesn't sound right. It's not the way this guy would talk.' Stuff like that is disappearing."

"TELL ME ABOUT L.A.," I ASK.

"L.A.," he says. "Hollywood. They're not the same. The L.A. I knew as a kid is gone. It's much bigger today, much dirtier, much more sprawling, much more developed.

"Hollywood? Well, I guess I was saved from going Hollywood because I never wanted to go there. I was there. I grew up in the Valley, surrounded by car lots and Victor Mature appliance stores.

"But L.A. today is like a big two-year lease. Everything is two years. Marriages. Friendships. Neighborhoods. People. Studio heads. Restaurants where you can get a quarter-pounder on a patent-leather bun and only pay forty-eight dollars for it because the place is in. For two years, you're hot, it's hot, and then it's gone. It's all a trend. L.A. isn't even the West anymore. In the West, the real West, you can feel the level of cynicism being reduced from what it is back east. People have positive energy in the West. L.A. is where people have moved to. It's where they end up when they have no place else to go.

"I have no life there. I can't stand to stay there. I've been holed up there for months editing *Milagro*, and there have been times



He drives carefully, both hands on the wheel. He hits every red light there is on the way to West L.A. "My life is a yellow light," he mumbles.

when I've flown back to Utah just for the night just to get out of L.A."

WE ARE ONE HOUR OUT OF Van Nuys Airport, and we're on to politics.

"Like the movie business," Redford says. "It's not the way it used to be. Not the way it should be."

"Gary Hart?"

"Poor Gary," he says. "Nobody but himself to blame. He left a lot of people disillusioned. The worst thing that ever happened to Gary Hart was getting into 'The Hollywood Set.' God, here was a kid from Kansas, and now all of a sudden he's a candidate and he's out there in Hollywood going to parties with people falling over him. Gary ended up thinking he was invisible. But he has something to say. He has beliefs. And that's unusual today. I mean, politics today is so much lying, so much deception, so much of it is contrived. A campaign is like a movie with all the imagemakers and everything."

The Republicans act like they're responsible *for* the country, not of the country. Reagan has a Pasadena outlook, not a Beverly Hills outlook. Old money. Keep everybody out. But people like him. I understand that. At least the guy knows who he is. He might be senile but he knows who he is.

God, though. I'd like to see the next President be someone who hasn't just run for office all his life. I'd like it to be somebody who has done other things besides politics, someone who has interests other than just winning votes. A human being, you know."

"Anyone you like?"

"Yeah," he says. "I like Babbitt. I kind of like Paul Simon."

"Dukakis?"

"Too contrived. Just something about him."

"Bush?"

"Told you, weak."

"Dole?"

"Not a bad guy," Redford says. "I understand he's got a real ego problem, though. That's what I'm told."

"Ego? You probably wouldn't understand that."

"That's right," he laughs.

"Leading ladies." The question hangs there like a mean slider.

"Nope," Redford finally says. "No. I'm not going to start talking about people in my business."

"Meryl Streep?"

"Probably the best actress going today," he says. "Technically she is incredible. She knows what she's doing."

"I like Jane, too," he says, meaning Fonda. "She's smart. Good sense of humor. That's it. I'm not going to talk about them. That's enough."

"The media?"

"Now there's something," Redford begins. "The media. I just can't win. I have no right to privacy. Or very little."

"God, you can't win." When we were making *All the President's Men*, Alan Pakula and I were holed up in a room at the Madison Hotel in Washington. We were trying to get the script in shape to shoot, and it was crazy. Reporters were dressing up as room service people to get in the room. *Time* magazine was unbelievable. *Newsweek* was worse."

"So I called Ben Bradlee. *The Washington Post* has something to do with *Newsweek*, right? I mean, they own it. And I tried to get Bradlee to help out, just get them to lay off awhile so we could make a movie. We were just trying to get some work done."

Bradlee says, 'What do you want me to do?' And I told him, 'I didn't want him not to do a story, just pull back a little. Let us work.' He says, 'I'll see what I can do,' and hangs up the phone and orders a three-part Style section piece on us and the movie. He was ultimately just afraid of getting beat on a story."

"So why should I give interviews? Who really cares? It's always shit like 'leading ladies and your family' and 'what size shoe do you wear and how tall are you?'"

"How tall are you?" I ask.

"I'm five feet ten and a half," he answers. "I've been five ten for a long, long time. That's why I'm not pissed about all the stories wondering how tall I am. If I were some midget who had to have ditches dug for the actresses playing opposite me, if I were five two or something, then I would be pissed."

"And friends?"

"If you're lucky, you'll have a few friends who will tell you, 'Hey. That's bullshit,'" Redford points out. "You need that. Especially in this business."

"If I had to," he says, "I'd probably say that Newman's my best friend. He's the greatest. Not much I wouldn't do for him."

"A couple weeks ago, we went out to have dinner with him in Connecticut, and we're driving home, and I'm thinking to myself, 'God, here's old Paul. What is he? Sixty? Sixty one? I don't know. He looks great, feels great, has a lot of money, gives to great causes, he's in love with his wife, he races his cars when he wants to, he makes a movie when he wants to, he's incredibly happy and still has that face that looks the way it did when he was twenty. God, by the time we got home, I wanted to shoot myself."

"I'd love to make one more movie with him. Just one more. The two of us."

THE PLANE LANDS IN THE FILTHY dusk of the L.A. basin, and Redford gets his car. He is late for a screening of *The Milagro Beanfield War*. Because of all the times he has been stopped by the highway patrol for speeding, he now drives in southern California as if he were a permanent resident of St. Petersburg, Florida, carefully, slowly, both hands on the wheel. He hits every red light there is on the way to West L.A.

"My life is a yellow light," he mumbles.

He sits in the back row of room 23 at the Lorimar building. The movie, a rough cut, is up on the screen. He has a small flashlight, and every few minutes he flicks it on in order to make notes for further editing and fine tuning. Notes like, 'Too many car horns sounding.'

After the movie, the lights go up and people approach Robert Redford one by one to murmur approval. Who would ever stand up and say, 'Boy, what a dog!'

But the director has paced the actors through the film like a good baseball manager pulling a team across the long summer of a winning season. It works. And Redford knows it works.

Outside the Lorimar building, Redford settles back into his car alone. No more questions for the Golden Wonder who is about to head up the highway, slowly, for a night's sleep in a town that gives him hives.

UNDERSTAND THIS MUCH ABOUT Robert Redford: any and every attempt to probe, to try and discover some little nuance that might give us a sense of what he truly is, happens to be the third rail of interviewing. You can only get so far and not one step further.

Once, a few years ago, he stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street in Manhattan, waiting for the light. He was on his way to his dentist's office. Two middle-aged women, on the opposite sidewalk, spotted him and were instantly transformed into giggling adolescents. As the traffic stopped, one of the women darted toward him.

"Are you Robert Redford?" she asked breathlessly.

"Only when I'm alone," Robert Redford answered. E

THEN... AND NOW. THE RIGHT SUIT.



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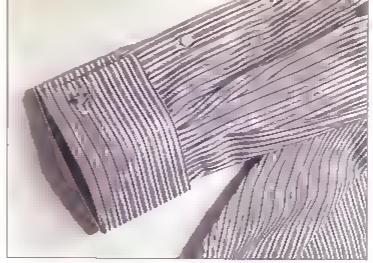
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Ph. HERB RITTS

GIANFRANCO
FERRE

DETAIL PHOTOGRAPHS—DAVID HAMSLEY LOGO DESIGN • MENDAVIONO ARTPATRO



THE LITTLE THINGS

When it comes to separating the good from the truly great, not so-minor details make the difference in shirts, ties, and shoes

QUALITY CLOTHES

IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THE shirt, as we know it today, has been around since A.D. 400, one would think that by now manufacturers would have worked out all the kinks. Sadly, it is not thus. There are good shirts and there are well less than good shirts. And the differences can be staggering.

The easy care of wash-and-wear not withstanding, no one seriously disputes that the most desirable dress shirt is made of all cotton and not from just any boll. The highest quality dress shirts are made of long-staple Egyptian cotton—fine, silky fibers that go into Sea Island cotton. Dress shirts made of this cool, satiny cloth fetch upward of a hundred dollars and may be found only in the collections of the priciest shirtmakers—Ralph Lauren, Joseph Abboud, and Ike Behar, to name a few.

Top quality dress shirts feature single needle tailoring, a sewing technique as time-consuming as it is expensive, whose benefits include durability, comfort (it allows for clean, unobtrusive seams), and style (a single line of stitching is less obtrusive in patterned fabrics). Another technique for adding strength is split yoke detailing, whereby the yoke, rather than being in one long piece, is cut in two and sewn up the middle.

If your eyesight is good, an easy way to recognize a quality dress shirt is by counting stitches. Count the number of stitches visible in a one inch line on a shirt's placket. A finely made dress shirt has fourteen or more stitches to the inch; a shirt of lesser quality measures eleven or fewer.

Other fine points to look for in a fine dress shirt include a collar that matches up evenly when buttoned at the throat, mother-of-pearl buttons that are cross-stitched for strength, French cuffs, and long tails.

Always scan a shirt before buying for stray threads, loose or unraveled stitching, and uneven seams; all giveaways that the shirt is poorly made.

Fit is a matter of preference. A fitted shirt, such as the lines favored by European designers, is not necessarily inferior in quality to one that is full cut like Brooks Brothers' classic oxford button down. But a hallmark of all quality dress shirts, particularly those custom tailored on London's Savile Row, is the right "blousiness" that tells the wearer that the shirt's maker didn't skimp on the fabric. Or the tradition.

Quality lookout: a top grade dress shirt has at least fourteen stitches per inch; collar points that meet perfectly at the neck; and a button placket sleeve.



THE QUEST FOR QUALITY IN neckties has had its share of noble practitioners over the years, from Byron, Balzac, and Beau Brummell to the Duke of Windsor. Each of these notables prided himself on having an unerring eye in spotting the well-made—and well tied—cravat.

The best ties, to put it simply, are hand made. They are easy to recognize by the single slip stitch of silk thread that attaches the tie fabric to the interlining.

ter inch of tie fabric, should be seen between the tipping and the tie edge.

Better neckwear is handpressed, by steam, so that edges are softly rolled rather than hard or severe as with machine-made neckwear. At the ends of both the wide and narrow ends, double "bar tacks" of silk anchor each end. Better neckwear features a handsewn "keeper" or loop label that conveniently houses the narrow end of the tie.

The mark of a better tie is lining that is compatible weight for weight with that of

The quest for quality in neckties has had its share of noble practitioners, from Byron, Balzac, and Beau Brummell to the Duke of Windsor

This construction gives the tie more resiliency and enables it to knot better. Look for the thread just under the seam fold on the back of the tie's wider end.

Generally, the fabric, tipping, and interlining are cut and sewn on the bias, a process that uses a generous amount of fabric but allows for the best possible drape and least chance for unraveling. Turn the tie over and inspect the handsewn seam in back. On a quality necktie it is straight and even. At the bottom of the wide end, a "full margin," or one-quar

the tie fabric, to allow for the proper drape. A heavy lining, used with a lightweight silk such as crepe de chine, for example, would inhibit the tie's ability to drape and tie correctly.

"Better tiemakers understand these subtleties," says Barbara Blank, vice-president of J. S. Blank & Co., one of the few remaining manufacturers of handmade neckwear in New York. "Quality neckwear is all about draping. If it doesn't hang and tie properly, then what good is it?"

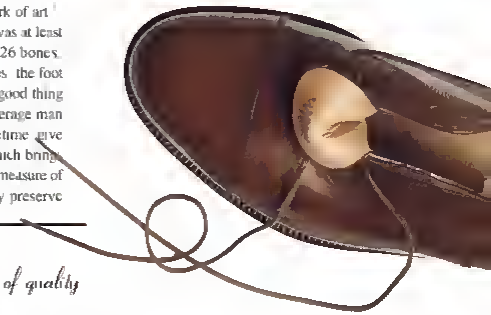


Tie signs: a great tie has a handstitched back with a bar tack to hold it together, plus a handsewn loop to keep the narrow end from flopping in the wind



Tie by J. Press/Hanan Shoe by Florsheim Antiques

A MASTERPIECE OF ENGINEERING," Leonardo da Vinci once wrote of the human foot, "and a work of art." The old master was at least half right: with 26 bones, 107 ligaments, and 19 muscles, the foot is amazingly durable. And a good thing that it is, too, because the average man walks 115,000 miles in his lifetime, give or take the odd marathon. Which brings us to shoes, and why the first measure of their quality is how well they preserve



The average man walks 115,000 miles in his lifetime, which is why the first measure of quality shoes is how well they preserve your feet

your own matched pair of engineering masterpieces.

The best shoes have uppers made of skin taken from young goats: a fine grain leather that is at once lightweight and soft to the hand. Linings should also be made of leather since it offers the best cushion and is the slowest conductor of heat, retaining warmth in winter, repelling it in summer. Don't be afraid to flex the shoe; fine grain leather should bend freely.

For comfort and durability, choose hand- or bench-made welting, as opposed to machine stitching or nailing.



Happy feet: quality shoes have leather lining, heels that look like a leather layer cake sitting on a rubber top lift, and smooth, even, close stitching throughout

Dating back to the fifteenth century, welt construction refers to a one-quarter-inch leather strip tightly sandwiched and handsewn to the upper, insole, and outer sole. The best shoes feature a "full" welt construction, extending completely around the shoe.

In a shoe's heel, look for layers of leather, offering the best possible strength and cushion.

A top-quality shoe has smooth, even, and close stitching throughout to ensure the most comfortable fit. Seams should be smooth and match perfectly; any sign of glue is a dead giveaway of poor construction. Rough spots or raised seams could cause discomfort.

Finally, when it comes to the last of a shoe, beware of the straight and narrow, the tip-off that a last is poorly made and machine molded. Quality dress shoes have a noticeable curve in the last, similar to the natural curves in a man's foot, which provides the feet with the greatest amount of comfort. Now you're ready to think about style. ■ **—Ron DiGennaro**





Starting clockwise at noon.

Striped gray cotton dress shirt ($60) by Giorgio Armani
White cotton dress shirt with blue stripes ($75), by Kenneth Gordon White cotton dress shirt with black stripes ($120) by Luca Stripped cotton dress shirt ($85), by Burberrys Stripped cotton dress shirt ($85) by Aquascutum
Left: *White cotton dress shirt with gray stripes ($45) by Bill Robinson*
For store information see pages 185, 186, and 187

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND MEIER





Starting clockwise at six

Square-and-circle-pattern silk tie ($45) and striped silk tie ($40) by Alexander Julian Houndstooth silk tie ($30), by Savoy Diagonal-striped silk tie ($50), by Burberrys Circle-pattern silk tie ($28.50) by Bill Robinson

Left. *Square-pattern silk tie ($45) by Paul Stuart*



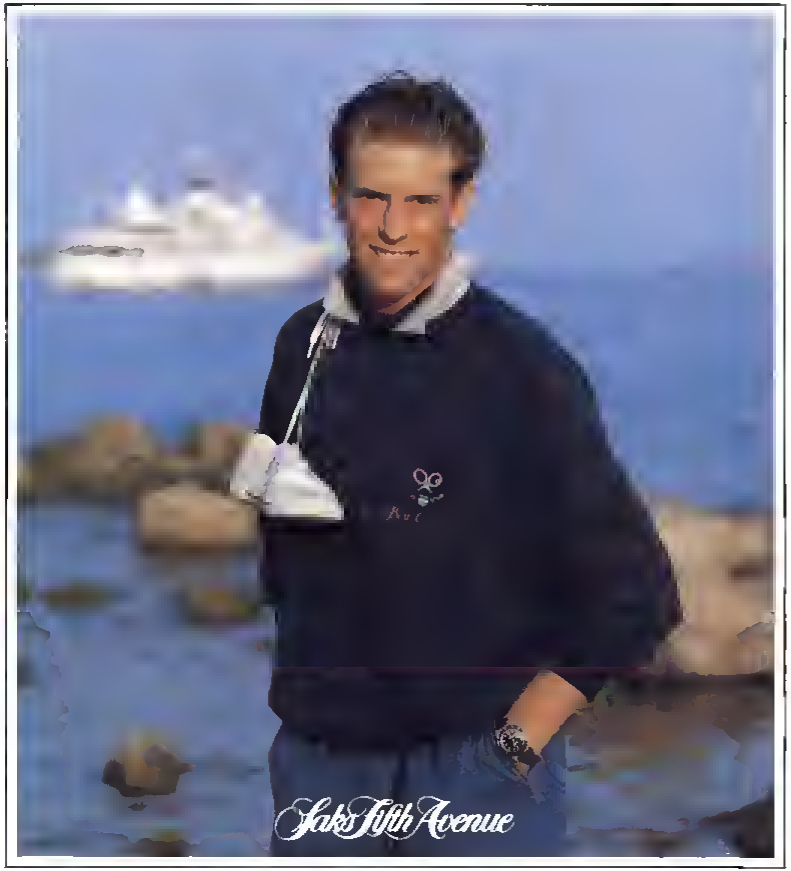


Starting clockwise at six

Black calf lace-up shoe with plain toe ($160), by Johnston & Murphy. Brown lizard lace-up shoe ($725), by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. Antique chestnut double-buckle monk-strap shoe ($275) by To Boot New York. Brown crocodile cap-toe lace-up shoe ($720), by Ralph Lauren Footwear. Black leather shoe with side buckle ($185), by Salvatore Ferragamo.

Left: *Brown leather lace-up shoe ($300), by Manolo Blahnik.*

Steve A. Anwright



Spring 1988 Best Company
Designed by Olmes Carretti

Best Company

A SHOWCASE OF MANLY DELIGHTS



Sure, a quick shower will get your body clean. But sometimes that isn't really the point, is it?

WOMEN SHOP, MEN BUY. *THEY* CAN spend hours at it, often without spending a penny, *we* hip-bam in and out of stores quicker than Magic Johnson hits the open man. It was so before the women's movement reared its pretty head, it remained so at the apex of liberationary fervor; it is so today, in the middle years of our Thermidorean epoch.

And so it will likely be for many tomorrows—except, that is, for men who manage to find their way to No. 9 Via Montenapoleone in Milano. Those fortunate souls, bank on it, will there be transformed, against all training and instinct, into insatiable shoppers. For that is the address of G. Lorenzi, arguably the most fascinating store for men in the world.

Founded in 1929 as a modest knife sharpening and cutlery workshop, G. Lorenzi has been run since 1964 by two of the founder's sons, Aldo and Franco (Papa Giovanni retired to his mountain home in northern Italy, where

Photographs by Fabrizio Gianni

he still lives) The family store has, in the last two decades, expanded from knives and scissors to its current exceptional collection of smoker's accessories, travel gear, bathroom stuff, and the like, a mother lode of men's tools and toys.

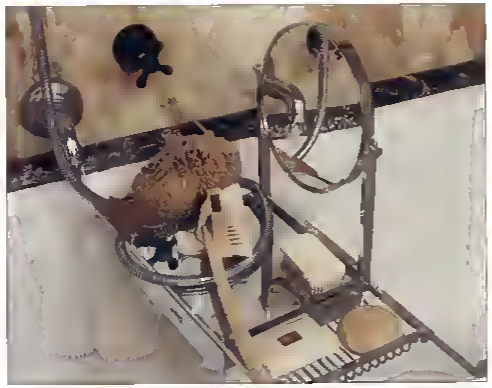
Oh, sure, you can still buy a knife at G. Lorenzi, take your pick from the five hundred or so models in stock. But you can also choose from two hundred hairbrushes, 150 cigar boxes, more than a thousand pipes, sixty or so styles of flasks, and, well, you get the picture.

But in the end it is quality, not quantity, that makes you want to spend serious time in G. Lorenzi. Many items are handmade, one of a kind. Others are manufactured in limited series with extraordinary levels of craftsmanship (a single travel kit, for example, is the handiwork of seventeen different artisans). Materials are of the highest caliber, from the filigreed silver on a pair of nail scissors to the single piece of ebony from Gabon that Aldo Lorenzi had fashioned into ten brushes.

Except when they are on the road searching for raw materials and artisan masters capable of working to their standards, Aldo and Franco are in the store talking and listening to their cosmopolitan clientele, translating notions into concepts and concepts into objects of peerless quality. This is no small matter in a world where designers measure success in the number of ways they can license their names and logos for mass reproduction on miscellaneous merchandise utterly extraneous to their expertise.

A third brother, Ugo, operates two other stores, but there is only one G. Lorenzi, with no plans for an outlet in Trump Tower or Rodeo Drive, now or forever. There is no catalog, because Aldo and Franco never commission enough of a single item even to consider mass marketing it. There is no evidence, anywhere in the store, of compromise in materials or craftsmanship.

And there is, consequently, no conceivable way that a man who appreciates quality, even a man who ranks shopping on a par with root canal, will ever pop into G. Lorenzi, make a quick purchase, and pop right out again without lingering, if not to buy, at least to admire. ◘



Yes, we have all come a long way since toy boats. And though bathtub peripherals cost a bit more now, at least they are utilitarian luxuries.



A woman is only a woman, while a good cigar is a smoke—particularly when kept fresh in a G. Lorenzi humidor.



Tools alone do not a master craftsman make. But wielding these fine precision instruments at the top of the morning is guaranteed to give you a head start on the rest of the day. After that, you're on your own.



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VIVA VIEIRA!

Good news travels fast, and this is what it looks like



For additional credits see page 187





THE ALL NEW 1988 VIEIRA IS HERE. Thank goodness it's exactly like the all new 1987 Vieira. Vee-*air* ah!

Luxurious appointments, high performance, five year/50,000-mile warranty—oh, but comparing a woman to a car Would Be Wrong. And essentially rather pointless. Meredith Vieira is not a car but every inch a serious journalist whom millions watch weekly on the CBS omnibus *West 57th*, prime time flagship of New Wave news.

Even among network wonderwomen such as Diane Sawyer, Maria Shriver and Kathleen Sullivan, Vieira seems exceptionally wonderful. In the pursuit of a story, she's tough; she's firm, but she doesn't feel the need to punch anybody's lights out unless it's absolutely necessary.

One of the four founding foundlings of *West 57th*'s elite corps of newstrackers, Vieira has looks, talent, compassion, smarts, energy, looks (did we say looks?), and a breathtaking absence of pretentiousness. Around CBS she is known as more trouper than kvetch, on the *air* ah she projects both authority and vulnerability.

"She's an angel sent from heaven," says Andrew Lack, executive producer. "Well, she *was* born in Providence." She's as close to a saint as you can get in broadcast journalism. It drives you crazy!"

Under contract to *West 57th* through April 1989, Vieira has a horizontal hold on her future. If not married to the company, she is married to a fellow CBS newser, Richard Cohen, senior political producer for CBS News and once among *West 57th*'s churlish detractors. But he's come around. He's seen the lite.

Meredith has guest-anchored *The CBS Morning News* (well, yes, who hasn't?), covered the 1980 Republican Convention for the New York CBS-owned station from which the network plucked her, and, on *West 57th*, questioned trade meat packers, starving Ethiopians, snarly anti-abortionists (she posed as a woman seeking an abortion at a "clinic" that was a front for pro-life nuts), and elusive Cuban commies.

Vieira also has this terrific voice—warm and coaxing and so compelling that it inspires those she interviews to fess up and those who are watching at home to clutch their throw pillows in rapt obeisance. Hanging on her every word is easy as pie, a piece of cake, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine.

"She's the sort of correspondent for whom you wish nothing but the best," exults Howard Stringer, CBS News president. "If she's the shape of things to come, then we're in very good shape, indeed. Oh, I really do babble. But I'm so delighted with her. I'd like to clone her."

"Enough already. Lack!" barks Lack at himself—but he can't stop. "Look, I wouldn't do this show without her! I can't imagine doing this show without her! It would be such a loss!"

We have established she is beautiful, have we not?

"There is no question she looms large on the fantasy date list of nearly every man I know," says Lack. "At least in my crowd you are no longer intimidated by the attractive woman who happens to be smarter than any of the attractive men on the floor."

"She's a wonderful role model for every modern woman you could think of," Stringer says admiringly.

They're both babbling now. We're all babbling now. Meredith Vieira reduces one to babble. Baby, baby, gimme some news!

—**Tom Shales**

Photographs by Michael O'Neill

The Private War of Ollie and Jim

They shared the brotherhood of the Academy, the horror of the battlefield, and the courage of coming home. When was it, then, that Oliver North and James Webb became such different men?

By Robert Timberg





ILLUSTRATION • TOM WOODRUFF

I think Barbara, that in a year's time a curious and haunting factor that will come out in this episode is the Vietnam War."—Robert C. McFarlane to Barbara Walters, March 1987

Jim Webb has a problem. The problem is Ollie North, his Naval Academy classmate. It is March 1967 and North stands between Webb and the 147-pound brigade boxing championship he has coveted for three years. Boxing has a mystical hold on Webb. He is, and he has done nothing since to cause anyone to doubt it, a warrior, the scion of warriors, an American samurai for whom the ultimate test is combat. He started boxing at eight or nine in England, where his father, a U.S. Air Force officer, was attached to the RAF. At fourteen he began fighting under the lights at tournaments—Junior Golves Golden Gloves—and boxing smokers throughout the Midwest. By the time he hit the Academy, he had fought thirty, maybe forty times. "Nothing builds courage like boxing," he tells his roommate, John McKee. "In the ring, you're on your own, just you and the other guy," he tells his younger brother, Gary.

This time, though, the other guy limps and wears a knee brace, the result of a car accident late in his plebe year. Forget the Academy, the doctors told North when they shipped him home to recuperate, you may never walk again. But North rolled back in the following summer, starting over as a freshman in Webb's class. Now two years and two knee operations later, he's fought his way into the finals.

Webb is pretty sure he can beat North, though he's not too thrilled about taking on somebody who sometimes collapses to the deck of Bancroft Hall, the huge midshipman dormitory, his legs simply giving way beneath him. Then the word starts going around that North's only chance to get past the Marines' physical evaluation board is to beat Webb, who is the embodiment of the Marine Corps–bound midshipman. Guys even tell Webb that North has a steel plate in his head, which, as it happens, is not true, but who the

Robert Timberg *is the White House correspondent for* The Baltimore Sun. *He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy and was a Marine infantry officer in Vietnam.*

hell knows with North. Somebody even says, Jimmy, you hit Ollie in the head, you're gonna kill him. Webb also notices something new and disturbing at boxing practice. Coach Emerson Smith, who usually drills the whole team and leaves individual instruction to his assistants, is in the ring, working with North on techniques to use against southpaws like Webb.

One day before the fight, the coach finishes with North and climbs through the ropes. Webb is standing there, hands on his hips, glaring. "What about me, Coach?" he says. "What are you going to teach me about Ollie?" Smith puts his arm around Webb. "Jimmy, this is just a protective measure," he says. "I'm just trying to get the bout even."

On fight night, two thousand midshipmen are in a lather. The fighters wear the Navy colors, Webb in blue, North in gold. The bell rings, North throws Webb off balance with a swarming attack that, thanks to Coach Smith, is not without its sophistication. Webb is good enough that he can hold North off, land some blows, but his heart is not in it. When it is over, though, no one knows who won. Then the announcement. First round, North by a point. Second round, even. Third round, North by a point. The winner, Oliver North.

The next day, Webb confronts Coach Smith. "He jumped on me," the coach says. "He lambasted me. I walked off. He was probably the only midshipman I had words with in twenty-seven years of coaching."

The story of the fight comes back to haunt Webb when the Iran-contra affair breaks nearly twenty years later. Associates put out the word that Webb resents being linked with North. He tells Coach Smith he's pissed off that the press keeps throwing the match in his face. "I don't think it's because they mentioned Oliver," the coach says. "I think that what aggravates him is that he lost the bout. And it should. He should have won easily."

As I leave his house in Annapolis, the coach, now retired, shouts after me. "Don't write anything that will hurt Oliver and don't write anything that will get Jimmy mad." The coach is a warm man. Ollie is warm. Webb, the coach implies, is not all that warm even though he likes to think of him as one of his boys. The inescapable conclusion is that Jim Webb takes himself too damned seriously. But so does Ollie North.

Then again, serious things happened to Jim Webb and Ollie North.

IT IS TWENTY YEARS SINCE THEIR FIGHT, AND Ollie North has done it to Jim Webb again, this time riding out of the West Wing to supplant him as the most famous member of the Naval Academy class of 1968. That happened November 25, 1986, when Ed Meese walked into the White House pressroom and fingered North as the mastermind of what quickly became known as the Iran-contra affair. At the time, Webb was about to step down after three years as Assistant Secretary of Defense for reserve affairs, an important if not terribly visible Pentagon post. Like North, Webb was a highly decorated Marine infantry officer in Vietnam. But Webb's fame rested on his writing, not his government service. His first novel, *Fields of Fire*, a widely acclaimed best seller published in 1978, was an unapologetic tale of a Marine rifle platoon in Vietnam during a few bloody months in 1969. He had since written two more well received novels, been twice nominated for the Pulitzer Prize, and won an Emmy reporting from Beirut for *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*. Tom Wolfe has called him one of the four or five most important young American writers. Along the way, he had become the kick ass troubadour for a generation of combat veterans for whom reconciliation will invariably be a concept proclaimed by others, always prematurely.



FIELDS OF FIRE
"Vietnam changed Jim a great deal," said an old Academy roommate. "He had some terrible experiences in combat."

In the wake of the Meese announcement, as reporters scrambled to flesh out Ollie North, old Annapolis classmates were contacted. Some would talk. Others, usually those closest to North, would not. One who would not was Jim Webb, though he could hardly be called close. Webb, a man whose relentless integrity and rigid adherence to principle at times border on the self righteous, was said to be annoyed by North's propensity for exaggeration.

A few weeks after Ollie North became a household name, Jim Webb's retirement plans were shelved when President Reagan named him Secretary of the Navy. Suddenly he was at a critical juncture in the embattled North's chain of command. In military parlance, he was now the reviewing authority for whatever the Navy might have in store for North. "Anything that happens to Ollie comes to my desk," Webb sourly told acquaintances. The coolness, it seemed, was mutual. A Marine friend remembers that when he mentioned to North back in 1983 that Jim Webb had just been sworn in as Assistant Secretary of Defense, North had abruptly changed the subject.

As it happened, my background was similar to Webb's and North's—Naval Academy, the Marine Corps, Vietnam—and in those early days of Iran-contra, I picked up a familiar and troubling aroma. Others saw greed, naked ambition, abuse of authority, a breathtaking disdain for Congress and the federal bureaucracy. I saw those things, too, but what I smelled was cordite, burning shitters, the disinfectant odor of hospitals. And somehow, it seemed, the Academy was mixed up in this North's immediate superiors, National Security Advisers Bud McFarlane and John Poindexter, were Annapolis men, McFarlane a Marine as well. As the bizarre tale unfolded and blossomed into the gravest constitutional crisis in a decade, I kept picking up echoes of Vietnam and an ever more insistent refrain—Ollie, Bud, and John. I remember thinking that Iran-contra was at least in part the bill for Vietnam finally coming due. Although Webb had absolutely no role in Iran-contra, I put him in the mix because it occurred to me that the anger and bitterness that infuse his novels might help explain North and the others I searched his books for clues. I found a piece of the puzzle in *Fields of Fire*. At one point, the Webb like platoon commander, Robert E. Lee Hodges Jr., pinned down in a rice paddy, reacts bitterly to orders from those he sees as living a pampered life in the rear.

"Fuck 'em. Just fuck 'em," he says. "Fuck everybody who doesn't come out here and do this."

Webb and North are not friends. They had a rivalry back at Annapolis, and their careers have touched at various points since then. There are vast differences in personality, but there are some remarkably similar strains as well. In a way, though neither would be comfortable with this characterization, they are secret sharers, men whose experiences at Annapolis, in Vietnam and its aftermath, illuminate a generation, or rather a segment of a generation—those who went—that today is seating itself at the table of national political power alongside their old tormentors, the battle scarred veterans of the antiwar movement.



Milt Copulos, a friend of Webb's who spent three and a half years in the hospital and received last rites seven times as a result of his Vietnam service, put it this way. "There's a wall ten miles high and fifty miles thick between those of us who went and those who didn't, and that wall is never going to come down."

SOMEONE ONCE DESCRIBED THE NAVAL ACADEMY as the only place in the world where they take away the basic rights of man and give them back to you one by one as privileges. But it is also something more, a place of pride and honor that over its 142 year history has turned out some of the nation's finest and most heroic combat leaders, among them James Henry Webb Jr. and Oliver Laurence North.

The imprecise process of molding leaders starts in early summer with the arrival of the incoming class and the beginning of that anachronism known as plebe year. Its purpose is to weed out freshmen who are not up to the rigors of military life. The plebe system is messy, often sophomoric at times vulnerable to abuse. Some good men quit; nearly everyone considers it at least once. The price is high, your youth at times it seems your soul for a slogan—Duty, honor, country.

The plebe's bible is a pocket-size handbook called *Reef Points*. It contains nearly three hundred pages of naval lore that new midshipmen are expected to master. If an upperclassman asks a plebe how long he's been in the Navy, for example, it is not a conversational gambit and allows for only a single rapid fire response. "All me bluminin' life, sir! Me mother was a mermuid, me father was King Neptune. I was born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep. Seaweed and barnacles are me clothes. Every tooth in me head is a marlinspike, the hair on me head is hemp. Every bone in me body is a spar, and when I spits I spits tar! I'se hard. I is, I am, I are!" That question, and others of equal intellectual pugnacity, are normally asked at meals, which plebes in North and Webb's day ate braced up on the forward two inches of their chairs.



THE LOST WAR
North's ardor to supply the contras was tooted in his frustrations with our erratic policies in Vietnam.

Just about the time they cut off your hair—in other words within an hour or so of reporting to Bancroft Hall—you get an inspirational pamphlet called "A Message to Garcia." As I remember the story, President McKinley in 1898 dispatched a young naval lieutenant named Rowan to deliver a message to a Cuban general named Garcia. The next thing McKinley heard was that Garcia had gotten the message. Rowan hadn't bothered McKinley with questions about how to do it or as I recall, even asked who Garcia was. If the details are hazy, the theme isn't. You don't whine and haw and talk the job to death. You just do it and report back when it's done. This credo—echoed in Oliver North's declaration at the contra hearings that he would salute smartly and do whatever was asked of him—formed the basis of the academy's plebe curriculum.

Hazing was just beginning to be cut back when Webb and North started at the Academy, but it would be several more years before the practice would be as severely restricted as it is today. Jim Webb had a tough plebe year. At one evening meal, he managed to piss off four seniors who ordered him back to their room. There they took turns paddling him with a cricket bat, a prohibited practice. Each time a blow landed, Webb would holler either "Beat Army!" or "Harder, sir!" Does it hurt, Webb?" "No, sir!" Things started to get messy. Even the firsties knew they had gone too far, but no one would back down. "All you have to do is say it hurts," one of them said. "Harder, sir!" yelled Webb. Finally one broke the paddle on Webb's ass. "Get out of here, Webb," he said. "Ay, ay, sir!" Webb shouted, racing from the room. Back in his own room, Webb ran into the closet so his roommates couldn't see him, pulled a laundry bag over his head, and cried for fifteen minutes. Looking back, he said he took great strength from the experience. He had been tested and had survived. He displayed no bitterness, but he rattled off the names of the four firsties without a moment's hesitation, as if he were reading from a list.

Earlier, during summer training, Webb was being run by a second classman headed for the Marine Corps. A couple of hours before, Webb was to take on a brasher nicknamed "Louie, Louie," the second classman asked Webb if he was going to win. "Yes, sir," Webb replied. "Bet your ass?" the second classman said, meaning if Webb was wrong, the second classman could "take his ass," that is, whack it with the large, heavy ashtray issued to all midshipmen. "Yes, sir!" Webb replied. "Okay, Webb, your ass against mine," said the second classman. "Louie, Louie" broke Webb's jaw, but Webb rallied and won the fight. The second classman was waiting for Webb in his room. "I'll give you a choice, Webb," he said. "My ass or my spoon." Spooning, or shaking hands with a plebe, meant that an upperclassman not only would never have a plebe again, but that he would be his friend, often his protector. At that point in plebe year, spooning was unheard of and much to be desired. The second classman extended his hand. "What'll it be, Webb, my ass or my spoon?" he asked. "I want your ass, sir!" replied Webb, reaching for the atlas.

OLLIE NORTH WANTED TO BE A MARINE FROM the day he entered the Academy, so everyone sort of understands the story of his medical records. Classmate Rich Petrino recalled in an op ed piece that late one night he came upon North, who said he had been sanitizing his medical file so that his knee problems wouldn't hamper his chances of getting into the Marines. North defenders were angered by Petrino's piece. At the same time, a number of those I talked to believed he had done it or something like it. No one exactly condemned him for it either, but several pointed to the incident as an example both of North's unpredictability and his determination. John Sinclair, one of North's room

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mates, recalled something a friend said on graduation day, 1968. "Ollie's going to be in the news twenty years from now. He's either going to do something great or he's going to fall on his nose."

Sinclair remembers just how bad Ollie North's knees were. "I can't tell you the moxie, the guts, the pain he endured," he said. As Seventh Company commander, a limping North would march his troops through the twice weekly midshipmen parades. But just before the parade grounds, somewhere between "Company, left turn. HUH!" and the "Company, right turn. HUH!" that would take him in front of the senior Academy officers who would have a say in whether he could get into the Marine Corps, North would grit his teeth and the limp would disappear.

As North and Webb struggled through military rites of passage at Annapolis, events that would define a generation were encroaching on their world. The Class of 1968 entered the Academy in late June 1964, when for many Americans Vietnam was still a speck on the horizon. The Gulf of Tonkin incident, LBJ's pretext for starting the massive U.S. buildup in Vietnam, occurred in August of plebe summer. In the winter of senior year, the Tet offensive took place. Widely interpreted at the time as a major American defeat, it marked the beginning of the end of the American involvement in Southeast Asia. But the protracted fade to black took another seven years.

During the four years '68 was at the Academy, the social fabric of the nation was ripped to shreds and rewoven in a way that North and Webb barely recognized. Watts burned during the summer of 1965. In April 1968, Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated, and more American cities went up in flames. A few months later, as Annapolis was ablaze with the glitter of June Week, Robert Kennedy was gunned down in Los Angeles. Lyndon Johnson announced in March that he would not seek re-election, the victim/perpetrator of a discredited war that North and Webb were just then getting ready to fight. Then there was the music. No one had heard of the Beatles in June 1963, when North entered the Academy the first time. A year later, when Webb arrived, they just wanted to hold our hand. By 1968, *Sgt. Pepper* a year behind them, they wanted to do it in the road.

The Board went up in the stately marble rotunda of Bancroft Hall during the Class of 1968's plebe year. I saw it a few years later when I stopped back at the Academy. From a distance it was just a freestanding bulletin board with pictures of midshipmen on it. At first I thought it was the football team.

All of a sudden, Vietnam jumped out at us," said Kendell Pease, a North/Webb classmate. "Maybe not the first three or four pictures, but suddenly there was someone you knew. The Board was always there. It was the shadow in the woods, the fog that crept over the Academy until it blanketed everybody." Pease remembers that the pictures were senior photos from the *Lucky Bag*, the Academy yearbook. "It wasn't like somebody you hadn't seen in two or three years, who maybe had grown a moustache or something, or aged a bit. It was the picture of him the last time you saw him. And he was dead."



TAKING CHARGE Webb has built a career on challenging the conventional wisdom.



IN THE SHADOWS North was and is a book soldier, give him the job, he does it.

ON APRIL 20, 1969, WEBB WON A BRONZE STAR in the rice paddies of the An Hoa Basin south west of Da Nang. Two days later, on April 22, North won a Bronze Star a couple of hundred miles to the north near the DMZ. The following month, May, both Webb and North won Silver Stars. If you're keeping count, Webb went on to win another Bronze Star and the Navy Cross, second only to the Congressional Medal of Honor among the nation's awards for gallantry in combat. Each was seriously wounded, both returned to action, Webb wound up with two Purple Hearts, North one. No one questions their courage.

Father Jake LaBoon remembers that "everybody knew who Ollie North and Jim Webb were, even when they were just second lieutenants. In the Third Marine Division, the word was that Ollie was the best platoon commander. In the First Marine Division, it was that Jim was the best. They all talked about them, they talked about both of them."

A battle-weary veteran of six months in combat, Lance Corporal Mac McDowell was hanging out with some other Marines when a chopper landed on Henderson Hill in the An Hoa Basin and Webb came charging off with a bunch of other replacements. "Get a look at the teeny-bopper lieutenant," Mac said to his buddies. Later that day, Lieutenant Webb called his new platoon together, told them he didn't like being there any more than they did, but that they were going to have to make the best of it. "Now this is the way it's going to be," he said. "Anything you say to me I will believe. If you tell me the sky is brown, I will believe it." Webb paused. "If I ever find out you lied to me, you're dead meat."

Mac McGarvey was Webb's radio operator for about two months. During that time, Webb's platoon had fifty-six men killed or wounded, as the grisly alchemy of war turned replacements into statistics overnight. One night, Webb and McGarvey talked about a lot of things, including faith in God and how they'd react if they were seriously wounded. "Could you handle it?" Webb asked. "Yeah," said McGarvey. The next day on patrol, someone tripped a booby trap and McGarvey's right arm was sheared off by shrapnel. As the corpsman worked on McGarvey, Webb kneeled over him, tears etching streaks in the twenty three-year-old lieutenant's dirt-encrusted face. "The snake had reared its head, struck, and for a split second Jim was human, he was not a warrior," said McGarvey. "I said, 'knock that shit off, sir, it's just an arm.'" Webb, for reasons that must have made sense at the time, wrapped McGarvey's severed arm in a T-shirt and placed it on the poncho with him as the Medevac chopper prepared to lift off. "Maybe he thought they could put it back on," said McGarvey, mystified to this day. "I remember trying to pick it up. I held on to it all the time I was on the chopper, hoping it was a nightmare."

Dale Wilson was due to rotate in eleven days when he became a statistic. Like so many of Webb's men, Wilson was the victim of a booby trap, apparently a 500- or 750-pound American bomb recycled by the VC. "I thought I'd been hit by napalm because there was smoke coming off me," Wilson said. "The sun was in my eyes, so I tried to cover my eyes with my right hand, and my hand fell off in my face." He came out of his morphine stupor about 7:00 that night. "I realized I had lost more than I thought," he said. He meant his right arm and both legs.

Webb's medals attest to his courage and composure in combat. He is cited time and again for racing across fire-swept terrain, rallying his men, capturing VC single-handedly and pulling wounded troops to safety. In one instance, he sustained fragmentation wounds



PHOTOGRAPHS • (TOP) HAROLD J. GETMAN (BOTTOM) PAOLO KOCH/GAMMA LIAISON
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when he pushed Mac McDowell away from a grenade, then used his own body to shield him from the explosion.

According to the citation for his Silver Star, Oliver North's company was participating in an operation called Virginia Ridge in the hills near the DMZ when it came under withering machine-gun fire. The lead platoon was cut to pieces by the initial burst of fire. Reacting quickly, North maneuvered his platoon through the bloodied ranks and led it into assault after assault, repeatedly exposing himself to hostile fire. "He was hollering and raising hell at us," said Ernie Tuten, one of North's machine gunners. "Every time we did what he told us, the damn fire coming at us would decrease. You know when a guy knows what he's doing. It took eight or ten hours to take that damn hill, and he was in control the whole damn time. It was an unbelievable thing. We knew Oliver North wasn't trying to cover his sweet little ass. He put his ass on the line just like the rest of us, and that's what we respected most about him. And all lieutenants are not like that."

North's ardor to supply the contras years later during periods when Congress restricted American aid had its roots in Vietnam, especially in a piece of heaven called Mutter's Ridge. "The supply situation was atrocious," said Don Moore, a fellow platoon commander. "We were stripping the bodies of our wounded and dead to get canteens, to get boots and ponchos. In a fire fight, you'd hear 'Corpsman! Corpsman!' then, 'Dibs on the canteen, dibs on the boots.' When you're talking about Ollie North and the contras, you're talking about Ollie North and Mutter's Ridge. He knew what it was like not to have beans, boots, Band-Aids, and bullets."

Ernie Tuten, North's old machine gunner, remembers coming home in 1970. He had just turned twenty-one, and many friends had beaten him back, one way or another. His outfit landed in San Diego and marched off the ship into what he called "a hippie convention." The Marines were called murderers and baby killers and pelted with rotten tomatoes, not an uncommon experience, but it was new to Tuten. "I couldn't believe it," he said. "We wanted to lock and load, but they wouldn't let us. I thought they were a low-life bunch of scumbags." Jim Webb, speaking at the Air Force Academy a few years ago, said that in 1977, after another Annapolis man, Jimmy Carter, granted amnesty to draft evaders, he turned into a Republican. "What Carter did was elevate the whole group to the level of moral purists," he later told me. "I felt it was a terrible signal to send to those who served." But Webb voiced ungrudging respect for those who went to jail for their beliefs. "I have a strong appreciation for people who act out of conscience," he said. He added, 'Thoreau went to prison, not to Canada.'"

According to Don Moore, Ollie North had a word for the protesters—*traitors*. North's Marines, Ernie Tuten said, referred to Congress as Them. "We knew the Marine Corps wasn't in charge of that bullshit over there," he said. Testifying before Congress in July, North said, "The war wasn't lost on the battlefield. It was lost right here, in this city." Later



DUTY BOUND Webb being sworn in as Secretary of the Navy last year



FESSING UP Ollie North attempts to explain his zeal to the masses

the same day, Don Moore said, "I feel like he's taken his battle right to the source."

BY 1970 WEBB AND NORTH WERE BACK FROM Vietnam and, on paper at least, seemed interchangeable parts. But even before Vietnam, differences between them began to emerge that would be magnified in the years ahead. For one thing, North always seemed to have a mentor. At the Academy, Coach Smith was one. "If the coach told Ollie to jab, jab, jab, he'd be jabbing still today," said an Annapolis friend. A second was Bill Corson, a Marine colonel at the Academy who in 1968 published a book, *The Betrayal*, that pointedly questioned the way the United States was fighting the war in Vietnam. "Corson was a father figure to North," said a Marine officer who knows both men well. Then there was Bud McFarlane, his boss at the White House. When North testified, McFarlane's old lieutenant colonel's oak leaves gleamed from his shoulders. Finally, there was Bill Casey, the old CIA chief who moved under a cover of mumbles, the thinking man's Casey Stengel, as he was once described to me.

Webb never had a father figure, though he had one hell of an old man. As kids, Webb, his brother, and two sisters would stand at attention by their beds on Saturday mornings, awaiting the arrival of their father, a crusty Air Force colonel who went to night school for twenty-six years and finally got his college diploma. "Ready for inspection, sir!" the kids would shout as he entered. Webb speaks of his father with affection and a certain awe. His father opposed his boxing, joining the Marine Corps, attending law school, and later, becoming a writer. "He brags that he's responsible for my success because at every single decision point in my life he's given me advice that I have ignored," laughs Webb. But he says, he passed on more than bad advice. "I have my dad's ability to run through a wall. He taught me a lot about leadership. He taught me how to fight."

Webb, unlike North, also seems to have built a career on challenging authority and the conventional wisdom. He does so in the manner of a man so supremely self-assured that he doesn't think twice about questioning things that seem wrong to him. "Jim was not a book soldier," said Mike Wiley, Webb's company commander in Vietnam. "He was a natural combat leader who was not bound by doctrine. He never hesitated to question an order, to say maybe there's a better way."

As a captain working in the Secretary of the Navy's office after Vietnam, Webb published an article that boldly questioned the traditional amphibious mission of the Marine Corps, its statutory reason for being, and called instead for its redesignation as a force in readiness, prepared to move at a moment's notice to any of the world's trouble spots. As he knew it would, the article sent shock waves through the Marine establishment, always paranoid about being abolished and having its mission flawed or not assumed by the Army. In 1979, just as the Naval Academy was reaping some favorable post-Vietnam publicity for its seemingly smooth transition to coeducation, Webb's most controversial article, "Women Can't Fight," appeared in *The Washingtonian* magazine. He maintained that a muddle-headed Congress, in ordering the Naval Academy and the other service schools to admit women, had diluted their mission, which he saw first and foremost as turning out combat leaders, a role for which he insisted women were monumentally ill-suited. Despite numerous midshipman requests for him to speak at the Naval Academy, the article led to his being informally banned from his alma mater. Of course, if that

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article hadn't done it. his Annapolis based second novel, which portrayed midshipmen as lusty, often profane young men and some officers as petty martinets, would have. *A Sense of Honor* was promptly banned from the Academy bookstore.

No one I spoke to, including several people who do not particularly like him, seriously questioned Webb's judgment (though quite a few disagree with his position on women at Annapolis). Many people, including some friends, worry about North's. One Academy classmate remembers North earnestly insisting that the Soviets were anguished over the United States' involvement in Vietnam because the Americans were going to come out of the war with a combat-hardened army. I remember thinking this is the craziest fucking thing I've ever heard," the classmate said.

Years later, a colleague on the National Security Council staff had this to say about North: " Ollie is one of those people who will speak to you with equal energy and conviction and will have a plan mapped out in any area. Some of his ideas and plans will be based on a great deal of knowledge and will be really smart things to do. Others will be based on no knowledge and will be really dumb things to do. But you won't be able to tell the difference by listening to him because they will both sound the same. And unless you had your own knowledge of the area, you'd be convinced by him. . . . He knew Central America pretty well. He didn't know shit about Iran."

Don Moore recalled from Vietnam days North's uncanny ability to focus on his assigned mission to the exclusion of everything else. "You know, *wh a a a sh*, we're not talking tunnel vision, we're talking needlepoint vision," he was boresighted," Moore said. A Marine who served on Okinawa under North recalled that he blended his dedication to duty with stunning attention to detail. "If you took a piss, Ollie North would critique you on how you held your dick," he said.

Milt Copulos put it all together: "If I were a hostage in Beirut, I'd want Ollie to come after me, but I'd want Jim to plan the operation."

JIM WEBB AND OLLIE NORTH SAW THE AMERICAN retreat from Vietnam not solely in terms of lost comrades but as the betrayal of an ally as well. In *A Country Such as This*, one of Webb's major characters, a former POW named Red Leszczynski, says to his wife of the withdrawal, "No, I'll *never* get used to it. It's the most deplorable thing this country has ever done. Our country did this, Sophie!"

Watching television footage of the pullout, the humiliated Leszczynski had the same emotions as Webb, then and now. "There was a weakness in his country, in its leaders, or may be its system, that had botched this thing badly, called on citizens to sacrifice and then rebuked their efforts, fading again and again in the clutch. He felt a pulse of fear and for a moment thought he would contact his son and warn him to leave the military, to flee from these cowards and madmen who would ask him to bleed and then whisper that he should be ashamed of his scars." Webb says. "That's about as close as I can come to how I felt."

A Marine officer who has been close to



NEXT CHAPTER "Nothing I've ever done gives me more pleasure than writing."



AT EASE Oliver North on the troubled home front

North for years said of his reaction to the American pullout, "He was bitter, real fucking bitter. He said we won the war and they gave it away."

Updating North at the Iran-contra hearings, Bud McFarlane said, "I think for him, when it became a matter of association with the contra movement, that it was again a circumstance in which we had made a commitment to people that he could see we were just about to break, and that the bottom-line consequence of that would be the death of a lot of people—contras—and that he couldn't be party to that."

For Arizona senator John McCain, Annapolis '58, the survivor of five and a half brutal years in a North Vietnamese prison, there remains a crucial distinction between Webb and North, both of whom he knows. "Despite Webb's condescension toward elected officials, he doesn't have contempt," said McCain. " I think Ollie has contempt."

NOT LONG AFTER NORTH RETURNED FROM overseas, he went back to Vietnam at his own expense to help one of his old troopers, Randy Herrod, defend himself against charges of premeditated murder of sixteen Vietnamese civilians, including several women and children. It was the Marine Corps' version of the My Lai massacre, and according to Herrod and his civilian lawyers, North's efforts were not likely to endear him to his superiors, because there was heavy pressure from the top brass in Washington for a conviction. " Ollie took his career in his hands when he came over," said Herrod. Said Harry Palmer Jr., a Herrod lawyer. "They had already convicted two of three and one guy was the leader of the patrol. North was there as a character witness, and at the trial he put on the kind of performance that the nation would see seventeen years later. Head up, feet flat on the floor, hands on his knees, he was," said Palmer, "two right angles." North told the court how Herrod had saved his life and how he had put him in for a Silver Star. The prosecutor "was like a bear cub playing with his you know what," said Denzil Garrison, another Herrod attorney. Thanks in large measure to North's testimony, Herrod was found innocent. "We walked the patrol leader," said Garrison, seemingly still amazed by the result.

Webb had little sympathy either for Herrod or for North's impassioned defense, but in 1972 he was drawn into the same case. At that time a staff member in the Secretary of the Navy's office, he was struck by the story of a young Marine named Sam Green. Green had been sentenced to fifteen five-year prison terms as an aider and abettor in the Herrod patrol, and to Webb it was a case of incredible injustice. Herrod, the patrol leader and a veteran of many months in-country, had gotten off. Green, an eighteen-year-old with eleven days in Vietnam at the time of the shootings, had been convicted. Upon his retirement, Webb entered Georgetown Law School and teamed with a seventy-five-year-old real estate lawyer from Cleveland, Green's hometown, to try to win a new trial for Green in a civilian court. The judge denied the motion, saying he could not find grave constitutional error in the court-martial. But he later wrote privately to the Secretary of the Navy suggesting that perhaps a new trial would serve the interests of justice. The Secretary, according to Webb, responded with a form letter. About two weeks later, Green blew his head off. A year after that, Webb got Green's dishonorable discharge upgraded to a general discharge, providing some small solace for the family.

The Sam Green story only hints at Webb's commitment to Vietnam veterans, whose cause he has championed as congressional

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staffer, senior Reagan administration official journalist, author, and private citizen On a personal level, he has never strayed very far from the men who served with him in Vietnam Ask Dale Wilson Wilson, who survived the loss of three limbs, graduated from college, has a wife, two kids and a house he designed himself, got a call from Webb one day in 1977, saying he had shaken loose the Silver Star he had put Wilson in for eight years earlier Not long after on Dale Wilson Day in Statesville North Carolina Webb showed up with several members of the old platoon a three star general from the Pentagon and the Marine Corps band from Camp Lejeune

JIM WEBB WAS NEVER WHAT YOU'D CALL HAPpy-go-lucky, but friends from Annapolis remember a youthful Tom Sawyer–like quality that would sometimes break through in those days Whatever it was, it did not make it through the war "Vietnam changed Jim a great deal," said Glenn Buggs, an Academy roommate who went into the Navy "I remember talking to him after Vietnam and telling my wife he had had some terrible experiences in combat and it had changed him in a way I'd never understand" Says Webb, "I was probably older when I was twenty-four than I am right now." Friends say his first marriage was a casualty of the war, too "Jim came back and Barbara didn't recognize him," said an old and close friend JoAnn his wife today was an Army nurse who served in Vietnam Both her parents were World War II Marines her father a veteran of Iwo Jima

Webb entered Georgetown Law School in 1972, after he was forced to retire from the Marine Corps at twenty six He fought retirement but his final option was a limited-duty billet He turned it down "I could not continue as a full player as a line officer," he says "Everything I've ever done has been 100 percent" He still carries fragments of shrapnel in his head back kidney left arm and left leg, which sometimes stiffens on him, forcing him to walk with a limp much like North's

Years later, when I asked why he started writing Webb mentioned an Auden poem "In Memory of W B Yeats," and singled out the line that reads "Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry" Georgetown was Webb's Dublin Rejected by the Marine Corps, the institution that he planned to build his life around he suddenly saw himself as the Invisible Man as the war was debated and condemned around him by what he saw as a pampered unbloodied elite "When I was in the military" he said, "it never occurred to me that this was not an experience being shared by all""

The schism came to a head in his final exam in Criminal Law The professor a member of the antiwar clique at the law school who knew Webb's background often set up situations in which he would use students' names The first question on the exam was about search and seizure It involved a Marine sergeant named Webb who tries to ship home some jade in the dead bodies of two Marines from his platoon Webb would later say—though he would not discuss the incident with me—that he felt like he had been shot as he read the question All those broken bodies and nights in the rain, for



BEARING WITNESS "The first duty," said Webb "is to remember."



BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY His assigned mission became his sole focus.

what? To be laughed at?" said Webb, according to the associate who related the story Immobilized for a full fifteen minutes he considered walking out of the exam but stayed and finished it Afterward he confronted the professor fixing him with a look that Mac McDowell says can crack a rock "I just want you to know it wasn't funny," he told him "I went over to Vietnam with sixty-seven lieutenants, twenty-two died and it wasn't funny" That night, he went through three of the bleakest hours of his life Even today, he won't talk about it, and he has never written about it But he said, "I decided then and there never to take any shit on that again," meaning his Vietnam service At about that time, he also started to write

Looking back on Georgetown from the vantage point of a dozen years, Webb expressed little fondness for it but seemed to view it as a valuable experience in its way akin to plebe year at the Academy "I'm a combative person I know I am, and the greatest thing about law school was I learned to fight with my brain," he said "I clarified something to myself No matter how much you want to live in the white man's world, you either live by what you believe in or you die"

What are you? I asked Webb He has four children and at the time the three youngest, all under six, were climbing all over him "I'm a warrior," he replied "There's nothing I've ever done that gives me more pleasure than writing There's nothing I've ever done that is more natural to me than leading and making decisions"

LIKE MUCH OF THE REST OF THE COUNTRY North's old classmates clustered around their television sets in July for his six days of testimony before the congressional Iran-contra committees Several of them mentioned a brief exchange between North and House counsel John Nields that you could have easily missed if your ears weren't tuned to the night pitch Nields, his longish hair drifting along his collar, referred North to a document

"That is a chronology that bears the date and time, November 17, 1986 two thousand—which I take is 8 P M," said Nields

"Twenty hundred," corrected North

"I'm sorry twenty hundred," said Nields

"Military time," deadpanned North

Some of North's friends said they laughed like hell that it was as if Ollie had tipped the table and Nields's carefully prepared case had slid crashing to the floor like so many elegant place settings It hadn't, of course What they heard was a generation cracking along a fault line that first appeared in American society some two decades earlier and has haunted it ever since

FOR WEEKS I ROAMED THE COUNTRY SEARCHING for the real Jim Webb and Ollie North After some initial hesitation, Webb talked to me, but not about North because of the complicated bureaucratic situation I wasn't able to talk to North, who at the time was keeping his head down as he awaited the outcome of the special prosecutor's investigation There were other frustrations as there always are in trying to understand human complexity Late in the game, though a fundamental distinction dawned on me I decided that Jim Webb had a sharply defined silhouette The more I probed, the more fascinating things I would find but they would always fit neatly behind that silhouette Ollie North, I decided unhappily, would always be a moving target a shimmering silhouette with tongues of flames occasionally flaring out to surprise and bewilder me If I continued the quest I realized I would become a kind of quaint madman passing from person to person, my trousers rolled, growing smaller and smaller almost there, never quite I asked Jake LaBoon, the priest who knew both North and Webb well, to describe the differences for me "Jim is a much deeper thinker," he said "I think he doesn't show his emotions as easily as Ollie does I wouldn't say he is unemotional, but Jim is very reserved" And Ollie? "Ollie," he said pausing, smiling "Ollie is champagne"

I explained my frustrations to North's friend Tom Hayes who said "You can't pin him down He's like mercury Try to put your finger on him and he squirts somewhere else" Will I ever get a fix on him? I think you're gonna get no closer" he replied

The fact is, there were little things about Webb that bothered me, too His self-assurance is formidable possibly rendering him less capable of even short forays into uncertainty such as he made at Georgetown years ago and which, however painful led to such explosive personal and creative growth At one point he said to me, "It's not easy being Jim Webb's brother and it's not going to be easy being Jim Webb's son" He's right about that but people who talk about themselves in the third person make me uneasy as if they are playing themselves back to themselves

I finally decided that it didn't matter In trying to make all the diverse elements of North's and Webb's personalities fit neatly together, I had ignored their essence They were what they were highly motivated, courageous soldiers among the best of their generation's young military leaders But within that elite circle Webb was better, more suited for high command by virtue of his superior judgment and analytic ability North eventually might have developed that but at the time of Iran-contra he was still taking the message to Garcia He was John LeCarré's "honourable schoolboy," Jerry Westerby, telling the introspective, doubt-wracked Smiley, "Sport you point me and I'll march Okay? You're the owl not me Tell me the shots, I'll play them"

North has been called a zealot, and I think that's true But he was not in the final analysis an ideological zealot he was a zealot about the mission, whatever it was Unlike Webb it was not in his nature to question the mission any more than it was to tell anyone he was in over his head, which he most assuredly was A couple of things occurred to me as I tried to figure out why I thought Webb fit into all of this Carlton Sherwood, a Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter friend of Webb's, told me that Webb had learned something from Vietnam that Ollie hadn't—that no nation can fight a war while the government and the public are arguing the moral rightness of that war He also said that Webb had not wanted to take the job as Navy Secretary but felt an obligation to "walk the point one last time" He's on watch, Sherwood said "For those who served and died with him" Webb said something like that in a Memorial Day speech last year at Arlington National Cemetery The first duty is to remember" he said "Those of us who have seen war's ugliness know that a battlefield does not honor its dead It devours them without ceremony Nor does a battlefield honor heroes It mocks their sacrifice with continuing misery and terror It is for those who survived to remember sacrifice, and to honor our heroes" People told me that Webb can be mean and vindictive as well as overbearing and self-important "No one is as good as what's written about Jim," said a classmate who knows him well "but he's almost that good" For all Webb's accomplishments, though, what stood out most for me was how he, more than anyone I'd heard of, had embraced the cardinal precept of the Marine Corps and taken care of his men, not just in Vietnam but for nearly two decades after "I would place my life or my family's life in his hands," said Mac McGarvey "Our relationship is a little deeper than blood What I wish for Ollie North is that his old rival had been posted at the White House when he was there Whether Webb liked it or not, he would have then felt duty-bound to watch North—and watch out for him

JIM WEBB TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AS SECREtary of the Navy on April 10, but there was a ceremonial swearing-in at Annapolis three weeks later Twenty-three members of Webb's old platoon were there In his speech, he asked them to stand Those who could did

"While the rest of our country debated the war or ignored it, these twenty three men picked up twenty-seven Purple Hearts" he said

"We owe them a lot more than our thanks, but I thank them for their service He performed his first official act at the reception that followed as he interrupted the seemingly endless receiving line to pin a Bronze Star on a flabbergasted Mac McDowell, the man whose life he had once saved Webb had put McDowell in for the medal eighteen years earlier Like Dale Wilson's Silver Star it had been swallowed up by the bureaucracy

Webb invited the entire Class of 1968 to the ceremony and some two hundred classmates came, from all across the country His staff worried that North would show up and turn the day into a media circus One day Webb got a formal letter from North, who was still two months from delivering his gripping, in-your-face congressional testimony "Dear Mr Secretary," it began North congratulated Webb but said he would not be coming Given his current circumstances, he said, his presence would only be a distraction Webb responded with a handwritten note that said, in effect, you're a classmate screw everybody else, Semper Fi—Jim North stayed home E

PHOTOGRAPHS • (TOP) HAROLD J. GERWEIN (BOTTOM) UPI / BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



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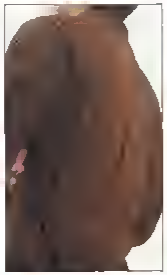
QUALITY CLOTHES

QUALITY IN CLOTHING IS MORE THAN a matter of cost. After all, big bucks can buy a whole lot of bad taste, and pricey junk always seems to find a following, at least for a few minutes. Remember the Nehru jacket? Quality is something else. Quality has to do with timelessness, as in a classic suede jacket that never goes out of style, with feel, as in a cashmere cardigan so luxurious to the touch that you find yourself wearing it every day, with durability and elegance in unlikely combination, as in a crocodile belt that looks terrific and lasts forever. Sometimes quality has to do with theater, as in the silk ascot you put on when you're feeling like Cary Grant; with comfort, as in a black linen robe just for the beach, or with versatility, as in a vest that can be worn by itself over a shirt or under a sport coat or suit jacket. And always it has to do with using your wardrobe imaginatively, matching up elements in surprising but effective ways, knowing in your gut when something is just right for you. ◘

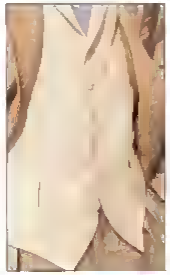
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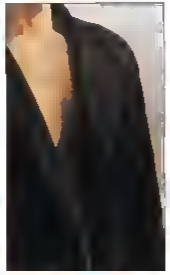
The cashmere cardigan



The suede jacket



The vest



The linen robe



The ascot and belt

Actor Michael Delliferma wears a cable knit cashmere cardigan ($675) by Mala Tricot over a cashmere polo shirt ($265) by Alan Paine and linen trousers ($84) by Robert Leighton for British Khaki. His sunglasses ($145) and hers ($140) by L.A. Eyeworks. Her clothes by Nancy Heller.

For store information see pages 185 186 and 187

HAIR & MAKEUP: BARRY MARKEZ/JIMMY GUI, LA. WOMAN'S IV. 5 · SET PALLISTER/CLAUDIA LA. PRODUCTION/ERMINATION ASSISTANCE: ♦ STUDIO INC. LA.



Suede sport jacket ($1 550) by Joseph Abboud worn over cotton denim shirt ($45) by Ruff Hewn and cotton jeans ($32) by Levi Strauss & Co

Actor Jay Hedrick wears cotton denim shirt ($45) by Ruff Hewn and cotton jeans ($32) by Levi Strauss & Co and trainers ($65) all by Polo by Ralph Lauren



Actor Gregory Webb wears a linen robe ($300) by Under Construction with linen shorts ($66) by Basco. Her bathing suit by Norma Kamali

Cotton and silk polo shirt ($265) worn with wool trousers ($265) and silk ascot ($60) all by Cecilia Metheney. Longines 1950s watch on lizard strap ($685) from Time Will Tell. Crocodile belt ($385) by Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Sunglasses ($77) by L.A Eyeworks



A CUT ABOVE

Sitting in a barber's chair need not present a gamble hereafter, the anatomy of a great haircut

A GOOD HAIRCUT HAS A LOT IN common with the best custom tailoring. No tricky lines or complications. Nothing that calls undue attention to its oddness or eccentricity. Just a subtle presentation of your better features, a cut shaped to suit your bone structure and the texture and growth pattern of your hair.

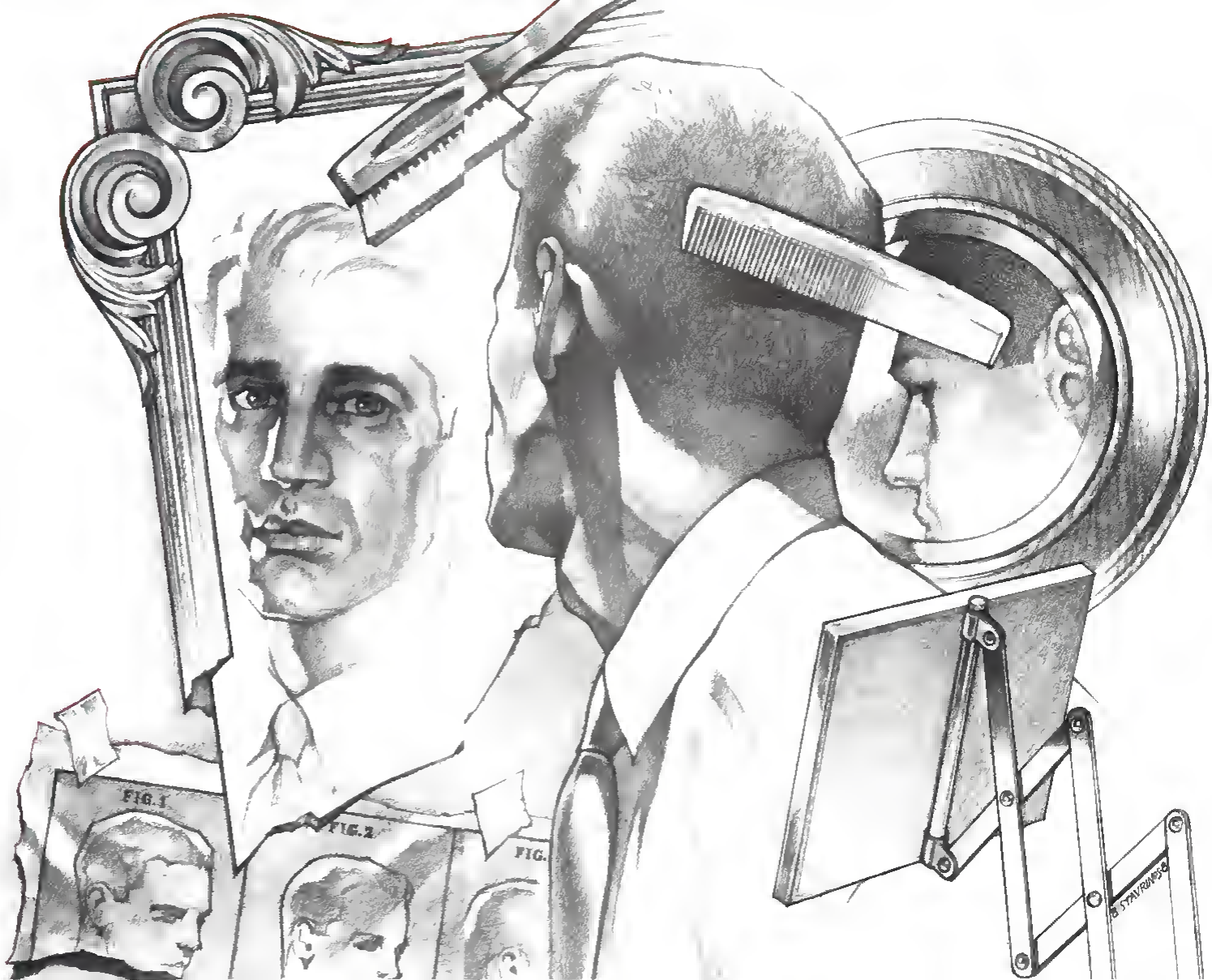
The kind of cut you get, for instance, when you climb into a chair at Gio Hernandez's barbershop in New York's Pierre hotel, whose clientele includes Lee Iacocca, Frank Gifford, Al Pacino, and Baron Guy de Rothschild.

Look first at the back of the neck, Gio says, to determine whether a man's haircut is the work of a master barber or a moonlighting hairdresser. "Women's hairdressers aren't usually trained to handle the hairline at the neck, so they take the easy way out: they make a definite line across the neck, with fairly long hair above the line. It's not a masculine look. Having the hair tapered down is the sign of a good barber, a good haircut."

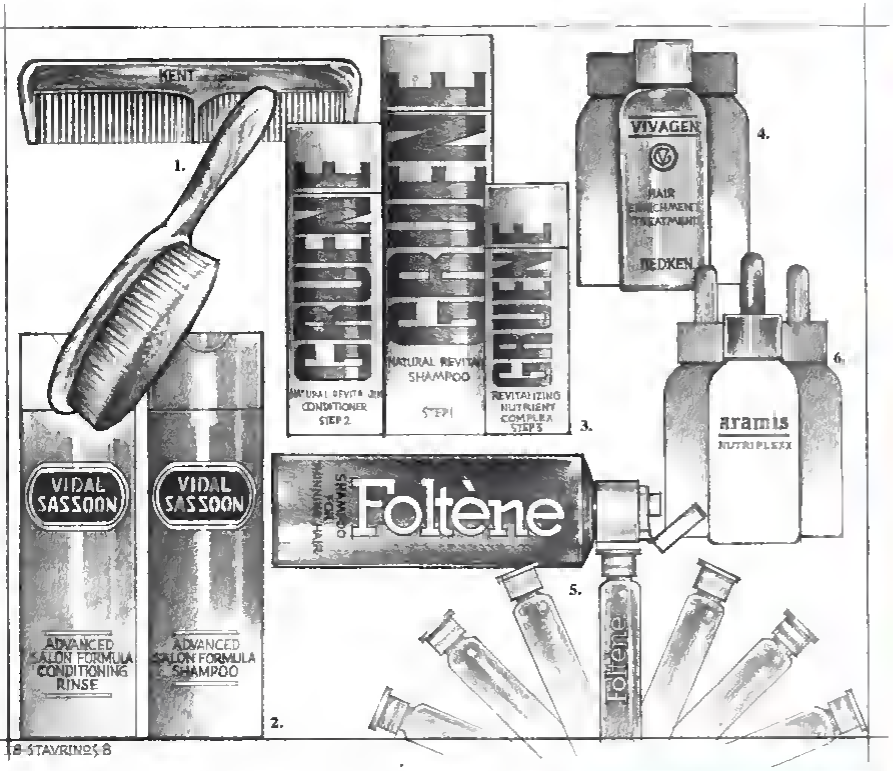
Other tips: Thick hair holds a shape better and can be worn a little longer; a high part makes a wide face look longer. You should see your barber often enough (about every three weeks) so that your hair never looks newly shorn or shaggy.

Keep your feet on the ground when telling a new barber what you want. If you hop right into the chair it will be harder for him to get a clear mental image of your height and carriage and of the way you dress and move. The head, after all, is only a part of the total picture.

Above all, be specific. Show your barber-



ILLUSTRATIONS • GEORGE STAVRINOS



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to-be what *you* mean by "short." Bring pictures, if you can manage it without feeling foolish. Gio says this kind of input from new clients is welcome and timesaving, because men tend to have a hard time describing what they want.

You don't want to spend a lot of time with your hair, so insist on a cut that doesn't require a blow-dryer or a spray to look good. Gio maintains that a top-quality haircut falls naturally into place after being washed and toweled dry. Comb your hair while it's still just damp, and you're ready to face the world.

Once you have a terrific haircut, Gio says, the best way to keep it in shape is with daily shampooing. Dirty hair is covered with a coating of dried perspiration salts, oil, and airborne pollutants—not to mention dirt—that weighs down the hair, flattens it to the scalp, and makes a man look older. Clean hair springs up from the scalp and looks healthier and younger. Next question.

The American Medical Association reports that 38 percent of us experience thinning hair by age forty-five. But nearer 100 percent worry about it, which explains the plethora of new treatments on the market that promise to make a man's hair look thicker, fuller, and healthier. And so they may, although none claims to return dead follicles to life, grow new hair, or even prevent hair loss. Unless you are looking for a miracle, you may well be pleased with the help they give in keeping your hair in shiny, manageable condition.

But remember: the costliest shampoos and most magical potions will all be for naught if you trust your hair to just anybody standing behind an empty chair with a pair of scissors in his hand. Maybe there's a good reason why that chair is empty. —**Camille Duhe**

1 ***Kent natural bristle brush, wide-tooth comb*** *Best—and best looking—tools for hair*

2 ***Vidal Sassoon Shampoos and Conditioning Rinses*** *The silicone technology permits conditioning benefits without weighing down the hair*

3. ***Gruene Natural Revitalizing Shampoo Conditioner and Nutrient Complex*** *Formulas contain D-Panthenol, a vitamin B complex factor; Polysorbate 80, a cleansing agent for the scalp and natural herbs*

4. ***Vivagen Hair Enrichment Treatment*** *A new Redken product that aims to bind free calcium preventing mineral deposits and thus prolonging the life cycle of the hair*

5 ***Foltène European Supplement and Shampoo for Thinning Hair*** *These contain complex carbohydrates said to penetrate the hair shaft for improved strength and shine*

6 ***Aramis Nutriplexx*** *A nutrient complex and shampoo that helps increase circulation*





TREASURE

Answered prayers are harmless by comparison

By JOHN SAYLES

THE OLD MAN HAD kept the pumps running on the day of the funeral. Ross remembered hearing them on the breeze, distantly, sweating under the jacket and tie they'd bought for his confirmation, his mother in the casket swinging slightly as the groundsman winched it down and the sound, drifting through the palmettos—*ka-whump, ka-whump, ka-whump*—like the island had a heartbeat. That was the second time Digger had pulled his gang off the job.

"*She's not my wife, she's yours,*" *said Digger to the Old Man.* "*but there are things that demand respect.*"

The Old Man had brought in a gang of Cubans off the key and kept the pumps running. That time it was two months before Digger came back.

The pumps were shut off now. It was eerie, being in the house without their sound, without the vibration coming up through the floor, and as much as Ross had hated them it was worse being here in the dead quiet.

"It's the fucking Bermuda Triangle down there," Sunny had complained while Ross was packing. "Every time you come back you can't sleep for a week." Sunny had come down a few times when they first married and then washed her hands of the whole thing.

Ross found the Old Man in the kitchen, in front of a game show on the little TV next to the sink. People were leaping up and down as colored lights flashed behind dollar signs.

"No fucking dignity," muttered the Old Man.

A host shouted out a list of jackpot prizes.

"They think it's free money. Tell 'em who was king of Poland in the First War and they give you a condo and a Pontiac." The Old Man scowled. "Ain't nothin free in this world."

A mother and daughter, still hopping, both hugged the host.

"No fucking dignity."

Ross jerked his head slightly toward the pit outside.

"So what's the story?" He hadn't expected a big welcome. The Old Man had put the J&B under the sink to pretend he was just drinking beer.

"Digger's boy pulled out yesterday after noon. They shut down and took a walk. He knows I can't field a new crew unless I go through the Partnership, and he knows I can't do that without losing the shaky ones. Got me by the short ones."

"Did he say why?"

"Just to screw me. Punk."

"Come on. Mike doesn't do anything Digger doesn't tell him to do."

"He married that colored girl."

"I mean on the job." Ross went to the refrigerator. There was beer, the remains of a take-out chicken, a cucumber growing fuzz.

"He says he wants to renegotiate. Punk."

The smell of the muck from the pit had taken over the house long ago. It had settled into the woodwork, the rugs, what was left of the furniture. When the pumps were running, there seemed to be an excuse for it.

"So you want me to talk to Mike?"

"Tell him I'll bury the old bastard if he doesn't come around."

"I'm not going to do this unless you're willing to negotiate. You have to be willing to give up some ground."

"Negotiate my ass." The Old Man's eyes didn't look good; they'd lost their focus. On the TV a systems analyst from Santa Rosa tried to name the original astronauts.

"I don't see why Simkin isn't handling this," said Ross.

"You call Simkin on the phone, his meter starts ticking. You call Simkin on the phone, he has to tell the Partnership."

Ross took a beer from the refrigerator. A registered nurse tried to name the five most valuable metals.

"Make still over by the pier?"

Platinum, uranium—

"Over there breeding like a damn rabbit."

JOHN SAYLES's *movie* Eight Men Out, *a story of the Chicago Black Sox scandal of 1919, is due out this summer.*



The Old Man scowled. "Tell him to keep his mouth shut around town."

"About what?"

Silver and gold—

The Old Man looked directly at Ross for the first time. "He'll know about what."

"If I don't know anything, how the hell am I supposed to patch things up?"

Jackpot question—

"He's been saying there's nothing down there." The Old Man looked back to the TV. "That there never was."

The registered nurse named the capital of Arkansas. Dollar signs exploded in red, white, and blue.

THEY HAD TURNED THE TREASURE CHEST INTO A Stuckey's and seemed to be doing good business. Ross saw their signs just off the causeway and when he drove past the parking lot was full. Digger had built the Chest after Annie, and poured money into it for a year till the creditors drove him back to the pit. In that year the Old Man had used a series of journeymen drillers, mostly heavy boozers who lasted until there was another setback, a cave-in or a flood, and he'd send them packing. Digger wasn't able to admit that neither he nor Joann could cook much, and after a while the local business was as sparse as the causeway trade. Digger always overbought, unwilling to believe that the next night wouldn't pick up from the last. Fish went bad.

"The pay's the same," said the Old Man the day Digger stepped back on his porch. "We've lost five feet."

The Digger grinned like he'd never been gone.

"Five feet ain't shit," he said. "I smell pay dirt."

MIKE'S FRONT LAWN WAS FILLED WITH THINGS. Electrical things, sports things, car things, kid things. A volleyball net, a Lawn-Boy, a water bike up on sawhorses with its guts hanging down. Flamingos, the stone-cast ones, not the plastic. Two broken trampolines. Mike was in the garage working on an outboard.

"Thing won't start for shit," he said, rubbing grease from his knuckles with a rag. He jerked his head toward the cooler that sat under the tool bench. "Beer?"

Ross shook his head. "I've been by the Old Man's. I don't need any more to drink."

Mike almost smiled. "You always were a pussy in the morning, Teach."

"Where are the kids?"

"Out." Mike shrugged. "Wherever kids go."

They sat for a moment, Mike rubbing his knuckles, Ross staring at a grease spot on the floor. They hadn't really been friends for a long while.

"How long you down for, Teach?"

The nickname made Ross uneasy. Mike was the only one who still called him that, and there was an edge to the way he said it. "Couple days. It depends."

Mike nodded. "Yeah, I suppose it does."

Ross got up and looked at the things in the yard. Compared with the Old Man's place it was alive: things breeding more things, junk procreating. Digger's family, his goods and property had swelled as the Old Man's had been whittled away.

"Like an hourglass," Mother used to sigh. "All that is ours will sift down and be theirs."

"Like a damn tick," the Old Man would grumble. "Fat with our blood."

Digger had always been on contract for straight pay, no percentage of the strike if there was one. That was the deal. Even when the Old Man had gone through everything his father had made in the Boom, had been forced

> TELL HIM I'LL BURY THE OLD BASTARD IF HE DOESN'T COME AROUND," THE OLD MAN SAID. HIS EYES HAD LOST FOCUS.

to go out and sell shares to the Partnership, he hadn't let Digger in. Digger's family grew, his goods and property multiplied, but he still worked for the Old Man's wages.

Erlinda came across the lawn and gave Ross a hug.

"I see your car," she said, smiling up at him, "I think maybe you bring the family down." Mike had met Erlinda when he was with the Navy in Guam. She had a pretty smile with lots of gold-capped teeth on the top left. "How you been?"

"Okay. I came down to see about this big strike."

Mike snorted. "Job action."

"Whatever it is, the water's coming up over there and the Old Man looks like hell."

Mike shrugged and went back to examining the outboard. Erlinda shook her head. "Is that why you come down?"

"Yeah. This time, that's why I came down."

"You all crazy. I go home, people never believe this shit." She went over behind Mike and put her hands on his shoulders. "You be nice to each other."

Mike fiddled with the choke, lost in thought. Ross looked away across the lawn.

"Your father's digging for gold," Sunny would tell the kids whenever Ross spaced out at home, whenever he got that dark, distant look. The kids would nod, thinking they knew what she meant.

Mike fiddled with the choke. "Digger's down from St. Pete," he said finally. "You go talk to him. Teach."

Mike had always been Jean Lafitte and Ross had always been Captain Teach and Annie had always been the Governor's daughter whom they took turns kidnapping. She would give a brief fight, then convert to pirate ways and go digging for treasure with them. Sometimes Mike would tie the ropes too tight and make her cry, but she was his sister and he was allowed. Ross would untie her before it was time and get caught by Mike. Then there would be the water punishment.

"If I say I'll go talk to him will you go start the pumps? It's half full already."

Mike turned to face him. "What does that matter? There's nothing down there, man."

"So what? You get paid."

Mike glared. Erlinda's hands tensed on his back, as if ready to hold him down. He spoke softly. "What are you teaching now— is it history?"

"Economics."

"Okay. If you went into class one day and there's nobody sitting there and they say they'll still pay you but from now on you give your lectures to the walls—"

"That's how it seems sometimes—"

"Fuck how it seems. There's nobody in there, right? Zip. And you're still pulling in that check, but you got to keep talking, keep teaching. What do you do? Would you go in and talk to nobody every day for fifteen years?"

Ross caught Erlinda's look. She was waiting for the answer too.

"Maybe there's something down there."

"Then *you* work the fucking dredges."

They sat in silence for a long minute. Mike went to get a beer from the cooler. Ross wished that Mike would just say fuck it, let's go fishing. His stomach was starting to do weird stuff like it always did when he came down.

"Digger's over at the Ramada with Mom," said Mike. "He told me nothing moves till the Old Man comes around."

"But what does he *want*?"

"You think he'd tell me?" There was real hurt in Mike's voice. "I'm just the man with the shovel."



Instant-on radar:
How it works. How to defend yourself.

Instant-on radar—sometimes called "pulse" radar—has been around for years. But it's being used more frequently now as radar operators try to defeat detectors. Here's how it works.

First thing a first

Ordinary radar and instant-on radar use exactly the same type of radar beams. In fact, most radar guns can operate either way. It's just a matter of which buttons the operator pushes.

How ordinary radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, the radar gun is aimed at traffic and it continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. The effective range for the radar to "see" your speed is less than a half mile for most cars, longer for trucks.

How radar detectors work

A radar detector is a radio receiver tuned to radar frequency. A high performance radar detector is sensitive enough to pick up the radar waves before you drive within speed-measuring range. It's as simple as that.

How instant-on radar works

The instant-on radar trap is set up just like an ordinary radar trap. The only difference is that the gun doesn't transmit until the operator pushes a button. So there is no radar signal for a radar detector to find.

Then when you're within speed measuring range, the operator triggers the beam. Hence the term "instant-on." The radar reads your speed within a fraction of a second, too quickly for a human to respond.

Your only hope

Because instant-on radar is faster than your reflexes, your only defense is to identify it before you are within its range. You must detect it when the operator zaps the traffic ahead of you. For this, your detector must reach out for distant radar signals.



The Kustom Signals HR-8 and KR-11, two of the many radar units that can be operated in an instant-on or "pulse" mode.

You're looking for weak radar that lasts only a few seconds. Finding even one such "pulse" is cause for alert. Finding a series of them, each stronger than the previous one, indicates you're approaching an instant-on radar trap that's picking off traffic ahead.

Same old strategy

Identifying instant-on radar before you come in range is the only defense today, just as it was when we first introduced Escort. That's why an warning system, used on both Escort and Passport, tells you both the strength of the signal and the length of it. You need to know both to defend yourself.

Nothing but the truth

Our warning system indicates signal strength two ways: by a meter for a visual check, by a variable rate beeper if you prefer to listen. The length of the signal is indicated by the duration of the alert. Knowing signal strength and signal length of every radar encounter is the only way to find instant-on radar before it finds you.

Escort and Passport are the most effective radar warning instruments available. But don't take our word for it.

In 1987 *Car and Driver*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Roundel* each published independent tests of radar detectors. And each gave us the highest ratings. Call toll-free and we'll send reprints of the complete tests, not just excerpts or quotes.

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DOING IT WRONG

When you understand that instant-on radar is nothing more than ordinary radar being turned on and off, the threat loses its mystery. Defense comes down to detecting the radar before it's strong enough to find you.

Baloney breakthrough. Yet one detector maker has added a feature it calls "Pulse Protection" to one of its models. Here's what it does:

When this unit detects the sudden presence of a high-strength signal a "P" appears on its display and it sounds a special alarm. This is your "Pulse Protection."

The fine print. Unfortunately, the sudden presence of a high-strength signal describes an instant-on encounter when you're within range. True protection from instant-on depends on responding to weak signals, but "Pulse Protection" doesn't respond to weak signals.

The maker says this feature "tells you when you're being shot at." And that's the problem. When you're being shot at, it's too late.

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A RETIRED SHRIMPER NAMED Croves had found the man with the shovel in 1910. The site was on his property and his dog had been digging there. A Professor Burnside had come down all the way from Tallahassee to look at the skeleton. Croves had the sense not to move the bones much, and there was something about the clay at that level that had kept them intact. The hands had been held or bound behind the back; the skull shattered with a pistol ball. Nearby was a fragment of an iron shovel. There was a gold coin, minted in Potosí, with teeth marks in it. They matched the teeth left in the skull.

Croves brought in an old shipmate and digging started. They used a hand-winch system: one man in the pit filling buckets and the other on top cranking them up. The professor had found an interruption in the coral a few feet from the skeleton: a square section that had been dug and repacked. It went straight down. In autumn of '12, Croves and the shipmate got into a drunken argument and Croves split the man's head open with a tuna gaff. He buried the man in the pit, but after a week got drunk again and dug him back up. The county sheriff found him at 1:00 in the morning, wobbling down the middle of the road toward the pier, pushing his bloated shipmate in a wheelbarrow. He had planned a burial at sea.

Croves died from pneumonia with the criminally insane the next year. The land went into litigation that didn't end till the Old Man's father, whom they called the Colonel though he'd never been in the service, bought a quarter of the island from the state during the Boom.

The pit stood idle for a couple of years, just a local legend, a place to joke about with the Yankees who stopped on their way through the keys. Croves and the shipmate had come to water just before their fight, fourteen feet down.

Somehow the Colonel smelled the Crash and got out of land just in time. He bought a few horses, built a hotel in Tampa. He was buried alive playing poker in Hollywood-by-the-Sea in '26. The hurricane warnings went out but the Colonel and Duffy Shoup and two turf accountants from Miami went into Duffy's wine cellar to play it out.

"Let it blow," the Colonel had joked, "as long as it doesn't take us while I'm ahead."

The house collapsed on top of them and it was three days' digging through the mud to find the oodles. It was impossible to tell who had been winning.

The Old Man was twenty when he took over the fortune. His main idea was to build a hotel on the island. He had failed at real estate and failed at a stable and failed with a glass-bottom boat attraction, but he had only dented the Colonel's estate. He was looking for something substantial to sink his money into. He'd hired Digger to do the foundation work, taking a chance on a young guy who seemed hungry enough to bring in the lowest bid.

They were out pacing off the site when Digger pointed out the pit. The Old Man remembered it vaguely from his father's stories and thought maybe they could incorporate some kind of wishing well into the hotel lobby. Local legend, pirate's treasure, the whole bit. The winch arm was still there and Digger had some rope in his car. The Old Man, partly to show his employee that he wasn't a shined-shoes type of guy, decided he wanted to go down in the pit.

If Digger had had more rope they probably wouldn't have found it. The rope ran out with the Old Man hanging four feet above the rainwater that had collected at the bottom, next to an irregularity in the wall of the pit. He kicked with the heel of his boot. Something hard began to take shape. A piece of wood, a cross brace. Croves and his shipmate had dug right past it, just as whoever had killed the man with the shovel wanted them to. The pit went down straight for eight feet and then tunneled away horizontally.

The hotel never happened. Anybody who took the trouble to dig such an elaborate hiding place had something valuable to hide. The University people identified the first crossbeam they dug out as Spanish oak, taken off a ship. Markings on the next one led them to guess it was off the *Delfín*, a galleon that left Potosí loaded with bullion and had been lost to either storms or pirates. The Old Man hired Digger to build a house by the site.

THEY'D PUT UP THE RAMADA just off the causeway about a year back. Digger was in his chair by the pool reading a James Michener paperback that had gotten wet and now fluffed out like a sponge. He'd lost too much weight.

"He sends the Professor," he grumbled as Ross crossed the terrace to poolside. "He sends the Doctor."

"Hi, Digger." They didn't shake hands.

"What are you now? Doctor of Money?"

"Economics."

"The old bastard won't come down from his throne in person. He sends the Doctor of Economics."

"I was just over to see Mike."

"Yeah."

"The kids weren't there, but—"

"They spend all their time outside. Suntans all year round." Digger always talked about their tans. He had never accepted that they'd come out roughly the same shade as Erlinda.

"So how's Joann?"

"She's off looking at Annie. Is this a social call?"

Ross tried to smile. "Your beef is with him, not me."

"You're wrong, son. This is families. This is the Hatfields and McCoys we're talkin'."

"It doesn't have to be that way, Dig."

"The hell it doesn't." Digger plopped the book down and pushed the turn button so his



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chair swiveled to face Ross. "Water coming up over there?"

"You know it is."

Digger nodded. The muscles in his neck hung like strings. As a boy Ross had climbed him, Mike scaling one side and Ross the other, with Annie already perched on his shoulders. He could drive a nail into a two-by-four with one whack, either hand, and pull small trees out of the ground by their roots. He'd make a muscle stand out in his arm and all three of them would take turns punching it with their puny fists. His voice sounded like it was rumbling up from a deep well.

"This shit has gone on long enough," he said to Ross. "Tell him I want partners or he can dig it out with his fingers."

It was what Ross had expected. "There's other contractors."

"None that knows what Mike does. And the Old Man can't put on a new crew without going to the Partnership. He does that and the whole thing caves in."

For Econ 101 Ross always started with Marx. It was the most elemental, and it made clear his contention that there was no pure economics, no numbers immune to the workings of culture and politics. The primitive was replaced by the feudal, the feudal by the entrepreneurial, the entrepreneurial by the corporate, and all the while a consciousness was growing among the underclass, a pit ready to yawn open at Capital's feet.

"And the worker will own the workplace," said Ross.

"Halvesies," said the Digger. "I don't want the whole thing, kid, just an even split. After what I've put into that ground—"

"Dig, you've always been paid. Mike's got our couch in his fucking *living* room—"

"He bought it at Kelsey's—"

"After the Old Man hocked it to make payroll that last time. The guy is practically sitting on the linoleum over there, what more do you want?"

"He still owns his share. He still holds the deed. I want half." Digger's good hand tightened on the arm of his chair.

"Half of nothing is nothing, Dig."

The Digger's face drained. It was the wrong thing to say. "What about the coin?"

"The man with the shovel had it in his teeth."

The one we found.

"That was a long time ago. If there ever was anything down there, they came back and got it." Ross shrugged. "And somebody dropped a coin. People drop things."

Digger watched a little girl dog-paddle across the shallow end of the pool. "I still want half."

"Digger, there's nothing down there. What's the point?"

The little girl gasped as she grabbed onto the edge of the tile.

"I sunk my life into that fucking pit. That's the point." Digger worked his buttons and buzzed away on his chair. Children screamed from the water.

ROSS DROVE UP TO CORAL GABLES IN THE LATE afternoon. Mrs. Dorfman lived in a huge Spanish-style house that always had dozens of lizards clinging to the outside walls. Something about the angle of the sun. Ross found her in the back dealing with potato bugs.

"This organic spray," she sighed, "it just isn't as effective."

"Nuke 'em."

Mrs. Dorfman smiled. She was one of those women, he thought, who hadn't been attractive till late middle age. A face waiting to be sixty.

"To what do I owe the visit?"

Ross shrugged. "My father said you were in town."

"You mean there's trouble at the site." She liked to make it sound scientific, archaeological. She had traced the path of the *Delfin* through university libraries and museums, through historians and divers and treasure clubs until she came to the Old Man's pit. She was the main investor in the Partnership and she had brought most of the others in.

"When isn't there trouble at the dig?"

Another cave-in?"

Ross shook his head. "Labor dispute."

She frowned. "Those men." She was including more than just Digger and the Old Man. "Come on inside. I'll get you something to drink."

The walls inside were covered with reproductions of old navigators' charts, educated guesses at what the New World might be. There were some coins and musket pieces in glass cases, ships' lanterns hung from the ceiling beams. There was a large case by the fireplace, empty but for the one coin the Old Man had found, waiting for the rest of the treasure. The Old Man had given the coin to Mrs. Dorfman to seal the bargain when the Partnership was formed.

Mrs. Dorfman handed Ross a dripping cold glass of iced tea and sat with some difficulty in a deep chair across from him.

"My knees swell up," she said. "This weather."

He noticed her fingers then, twisting into arthritic claws. She seemed to be in pain.

"The water's coming up, I suppose?"

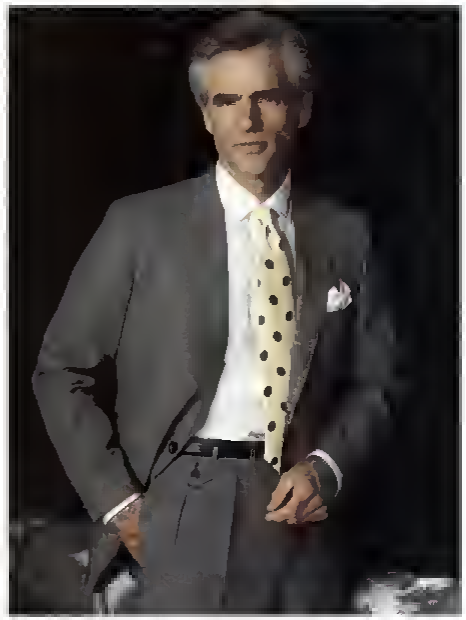
Ross nodded.

"We lose so much ground whenever this happens."

There were some pictures over the fireplace, photos of her in Egypt with her parents when she was a girl. Homely, serious, a little middle-aged woman of twelve in a pith helmet a size too big for her head, staring owl-eyed at the camera. Her parents were slightly out of focus in the background, and every time Ross came back they seemed to have faded more from the picture. But the little girl was as sharp as ever, her look at once expectant and ready



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for disappointment.

"I suppose it doesn't really make any difference," she said.

"Why not?"

She put her glass down. "Why does a man bury a treasure? He doesn't trust his crew. He rows to shore with a few men and tells them where to dig. Two entrances, a false one and a proper one. The false one is easy to find, but dug at low tide and angled so that if you go past a certain point and the tide comes in—"

"It fills up." Ross had heard the theory a dozen times.

"So if someone from the crew beats the captain back to the island and searches it," she continued, "they find the false entrance, the pit fills with water and they give up. If they're smart."

"And the man with the shovel?"

"The captain didn't trust him."

"Or maybe the man with the shovel is the captain." Ross smiled at his thought. "Maybe after they dug the hole the men decided the hell with this, bumped the captain off and took the treasure. A labor dispute."

Mrs. Dorfman wasn't smiling. "Either way we've wasted our time."

"What about the coin, though? The Old Man found it after he'd dug past the flooding point."

Mrs. Dorfman rose slowly and crossed to the case that held the coin. "It came out in the sluice. There's no way of telling what level it washed from. People drop things."

Mrs. Dorfman had bought the house in Coral Gables to be near the pit. When she was back in Maine she called once a week to see how the dredging was coming along. "It's not the treasure," she had always said before. "I just want to know what happened. Who dug the hole. Why. I just want to know."

"Digger wants half of my father's share," said Ross. "Either that or Mike stays out."

Mrs. Dorfman shook her head. "Why come to me?"

"You have to approve it. All members of the Partnership have to approve any change in share status."

"Your father doesn't have much left to give half of."

"How much?"

"Eight percent."

The last Ross knew of, he'd owned a third. "What happened?"

"He was sick. The drinking, not eating well—there were hospital bills. He had to sell shares."

"Did Digger offer to buy?"

"For twice what your father got for them. Some sort of mutual fund." Mrs. Dorfman made a face. "They don't care about treasure. Just dollars and cents."

There was a shifting blush of gold on the old woman's cheek as she looked down into the case. Something about the angle of the sun. There was a cross stamped on one side of the coin. On the other side was a strange design, like a one-winged bird.

"Do what you can," said Mrs. Dorfman. Her attention seemed to have drifted, as if Ross had already driven away. "If he won't give it up—well. There are things we'll never know."

THE OLD MAN WAS DRIFTING BEHIND SCOTCH when Ross got back to the house.

"She wanted me to pull out," he shouted as Ross came in. "To give up. Said she was going to leave me."

It was the famous story of the coin again. The TV had regressed to black and white, playing a *Honeymooners* episode.

"'It's a dream,' she'd tell me, 'a dream that will bury us all.'"

> THE HANDS HAD BEEN HELD OR BOUND BEHIND THE BACK, THE SKULL SHATTERED WITH A PISTOL BALL. NEARBY WAS A COIN.

The Old Man paced from the kitchen to the living room and back, talking to the walls. He had started before Ross stepped in, past needing an audience.

"It was a bright morning. The night before she'd said, 'This is it, James, I'm taking the boy.'"

Ross opened the beer. When he got this way the Old Man always referred to him as "the boy," as if the little boy of those days had drowned and been buried and Ross the adult was some new, strange person.

"There was a rattle in the sluice. Soto. It was Soto in his first year on the crew. he ran over with it. Grinning like a little boy with that big gold tooth up front that he had."

The Old Man was smiling now, a hazy, far off smile.

"Mary was on the porch with the boy." He was almost whispering, rapt. "And he runs up and opens his fist and there it is. He gives it a bit of polish on his shirt and there it was like the day it was minted, gleaming like that big gold tooth in his grin." The Old Man was oblivious to the TV, oblivious to Ross sitting at the kitchen table. He paced, trying to make it come back.

"It killed her," said Ross.

"She stayed," said the Old Man. "She saw it wasn't only a dream."

"She died in a year," said Ross, from the damp. From the pit. Her lungs.

"Like the day it was minted," said the Old Man. "Gleaming."

ROSS SAT ON THE FORK OF A BACKHOE PARKED at the edge of the pit. Swarms of night bugs zipped around the yellow antivandal lights over the dredgers. The edge of the pit was only a few yards from the house now, opening like a mouth, wider every year. A pole marked where the original hole had been. Now they were excavating the whole stratum, quarrying for treasure. The pit would swallow the house in a year. Ross heard water sounds from the base of the centering. It was coming up. Like blood into a wound, seeping. Healing what had been cut into. He remembered the last time he'd sat here with the pumps not running, after Annie. That long ago.

Giant moth shadows, thrown from the yellow lights, flapped across the surface of the pit. Ross imagined the pirate. He looked different from when Ross imagined him as a boy, no more Fairbanks grin, no more parrot on the shoulder. Ross saw a tired man with a three-day growth of beard. People were after him, people wanted to hang him. His men were simple killers. He was walking into a small clearing in the palms followed by two men carrying a chest. One was a sailor, a runaway slave with big crooked teeth and huge arms. A man you could climb. The other was the pirate's son.

They dig for a long time, the sailor and the son, while the pirate watches, forehead knotted, lost in thought, occasionally listening toward the beach for the threatening splash of an oar. The men come out of the hole. They hoist the treasure up on ropes. It sways slightly, like a coffin poised to touch down into a grave. They begin to lower it, hand over hand, then the pirate decides and tells them to stop. They put the chest on the dirt next to the hole, puzzled. The sailor is the pirate's friend, the one man of all the crew he trusts to bring this far.

"This is yours," the pirate says to his son, tapping the chest with the toe of his boot. He opens the chest and takes two coins from it, new coins, fresh from the mint at Potosí. The son feels sick in his stomach. A breeze rustles the palm fronds overhead. His father drops one of the coins into the hole.

"This is for those who come after me," he

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says

There is a pistol in the old pirate's hand, the hammer pulled back, straining a cold ball of metal aching in the chamber. The old pirate hands the other coin to the sailor, his friend.

"Put it in your mouth," he says.

The sailor puts the coin between his big, crooked teeth. The pirate has him kneel with his forehead touching dirt. He gives the son a piece of rope.

"This is yours," he says. "This is what you have to do."

The son ties the hands of the sailor, his father's friend, behind his back. He has climbed this man. His stomach is like a hammer pulled back, aching for release.

"This is what you have to do.

The sailor's big, crooked teeth dig into the soft gold as the ball smashes through his head.

Parrots, hundreds of them, scream and wheel overhead as the shot echoes. The son's stomach is like parrots in flight, screaming.

"This is yours," says his father. "This is for you.

The Old Man watches as the son fills the hole, finishing with a small mound over the murdered sailor and his shovel. The Old Man and the son each take an end of the chest and walk out of the clearing with it. Parrots, unruffling, settle in the palm fronds overhead.

ROSS SAT AND WATCHED MOTH SHADOWS FLAP on the surface of the pit. It was what he did as a boy when his mother and the Old Man were fighting in the house. It was something he did a lot of nights. It was how he'd found Annie.

When he came inside Ross found his father asleep with his face on the kitchen table. The TV was crackling, stuck between channels.

They'd been playing pirates near the pit, which wasn't allowed, trying to find the treasure, and Mike told Annie she couldn't come. She said she'd tell if they didn't let her. Mike made him tie her to a tree, tight. They snuck down into the pit, poking sticks into the wash where it was sucked up into the sluices. It was fun for a while. When they untied Annie they told her they'd seen something under the water, something like a wooden chest, and tomorrow they'd pull it up and she couldn't come and they'd be rich and she'd be poor. Just to tease her. She cried. Ross wanted to tell her she could come. Ross wanted to marry her when they got big, but Mike was watching, and if he was nice to Annie without permission he'd get the water punishment. Their mothers called them to dinner.

Ross gave the Old Man a gentle shove.

Moth wings flapping over the pit. The pumps beating like the island's heart. Something pale white gleaming in the water, floating.

Ross shoved harder. The Old Man moaned.

They'd found a possum drowned in the pit once. Ross came down to poke whatever this was with a stick.

He got the Old Man awake. His eyes weren't quite focused but he was awake. "He wants half," said Ross.

Annie was floating in the water. Face-down, the way they floated in the bay looking for fish in the rocks. The Dead Man's Float. She was facedown, floating gently, looking for buried treasure.

"He wants half of your share. You're going to give it to him."

The Old Man's eyes swam into focus. "But this is for you," he said. He always said that when he was backed into a corner. "What will be left?"

She sagged like a rag doll in Digger's arms when he waded out of the pit. The trooper wanted to fish her out with a tuna gaff but Digger went in. Night bugs clouded around, drawn by the gleaming of Annie's wet skin in the yellow light. Pit water running from her hair made a winding trail on the dirt, a dripping line between Digger's huge footsteps that Ross followed in the yellow light, his stomach like the Dead Man's Float. And then the pumps went off, like the heart of the island had stopped, and he could hear a breeze in the palm fronds, could hear the trooper's radio squawking like a parrot, could hear the dark, soothing water sounds from the pit.

"What will be left?" said the Old Man to Ross. "What can I leave you?"

"You can leave me alone," said Ross.

ROSS SAW A TIRED MAN WITH A THREE-DAY GROWTH OF BEARD. PEOPLE WERE AFTER THE MAN, PEOPLE WANTED TO HANG HIM.

HE SAW THE CURIO SHOP ON THE WAY OUT FROM Simkin's law office in Key West. It wasn't much from the outside. THE TREASURE TROVE burned onto the side of a fake sea chest spilling over with costume jewelry, a skeletal shark's jaws hanging over the entrance. Inside were mostly things that said SOUVENIR OF KEY WEST, made from glued and lacquered seashells. The Old Man had always pointed the place out as a clip joint on their trips to town when Ross was a boy. He felt funny being inside for the first time.

The proprietor was blind and had a parrot on his shoulder. A second glance revealed that it was plastic covered with real feathers, fastened to the man's shirt with wire hooks. The man had three days' worth of white stubble on his face and a spacy, unsettling grin. He looked like Blind Pew in the Wallace Beery movie.

"I've got what you want," he said, cocking his head to listen as Ross wandered into the room.

What do I want?"

Whatever it is. I've got it," smiled the old man. "Just look around."

There were rubber sharks and alligators. There were crates of citrus and pecan candies and frosted glass pitchers with flamingos etched on them. There were table clocks and mirror frames encrusted with shells; there were whole green sea turtles mummified in lacquer. There were Seminole handicrafts and T-shirts with wisecracks on them and postcards of bare-breasted blond girls holding oranges that said CHECK OUT THESE BEAUTIES! There was a glass case with coins and artifacts from Spanish wrecks.

"I can open that case for you if you want," said the old blind man from behind the cash register. He stood facing in the opposite direction.

"Sure."

He navigated through the cluttered aisles of tourist junk without bumping a thing.

"How do you keep people from stealing?"

The man's smile was crooked, something unsettling about it. "Sparky keeps an eye on things." He nodded to the parrot on his shoulder.

"Sparky doesn't look too lively."

"Used to have a real one, but who wants bird shit runnin down their neck all day?" He pulled something on the bottom of the parrot.

"Arrrrk!" it squawked, mouth stiffly flapping open and shut. "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight!"

Ross picked up the gold coin that had caught his eye as the man stared out into space next to him.

"Used to have two of those," said the blind man. "Sold the other back in '56."

There was a cross stamped on one side and on the other a strange design, like a bird with one wing.

"There was only one run at Potosi with that design," he said. "It went out with the Silver Fleet and most of it got to Spain. They lost one or two to weather, one or two to pirates. Gal

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leons. So that's a rare little item you've got there."

Ross held it up so it gleamed in the morning light slanting through the display window.

"I got a book back there by the register'd tell you what the market is for it, but for you—" the man's grin as he swung his head toward Ross seemed knowing, insinuating—"for you I could do a deal."

The eyes of the plastic parrot seemed to drill into Ross as he thought. He turned away and there was a monkey made of coconut halves staring up at him pleadingly. A mass-produced scroll on the wall showed panicked sailors leaping from a ship that was battering itself to pieces on a lighthouse rock. The coin burned a little in his palm, still hot from the sun magnifying through the glass cover on the display case.

"I never seen another like it," said the blind man, "but for the one that went in '56. Sold her to a treasure hunter who came in off a drunk and paid flat cash. A man with a gleam in his eye."

IT DION'T TAKE LONG FOR THEM ALL TO SIGN the papers. The hardest part was for him and Mike to lift Digger onto the porch in his chair. Digger's muscle had gone to something else, and he was dead weight. Not much was said. Simkin left the boiler plate out and just explained the dollars and cents to Digger and the Old Man and Mrs. Dorfman. Mike and Ross stood on the ground below the porch, ready to leap in if there was any last-minute trouble from their fathers, but the old men were subdued. Mrs. Dorfman had an annoyed frown on her face the whole time. She looked more frail away from her museum of a house.

Ross took a last listen to the breeze in the palms and then heard the dry scratch of his father signing the agreement. Digger nodded to Mike and Mike waved to Soto. The pumps shuddered and sighed and then plodded back to life, *ka-whump...ka-whump...ka-whump*. Simkin had a bottle of champagne—but no one wanted to share it with him. The Old Man stayed at one end of the porch watching the pumps and Digger sat in his chair reading the agreement line for line. Mrs. Dorfman sat signing a dozen proxy copies as Simkin drank alone. Mike and Ross wandered toward the pit together.

"You remember the year Mickey Mantle was so hard to get?" said Mike.

"The card?"

"Yeah. They must've printed a hundred for the whole damn country and every kid in America's trying to complete their collection. I think it was '56."

"No," said Ross. "Fifty-six was the year my mother almost left. The year they found the coin."

Later, then. It was like there was nothing more precious in the whole kid world than that baseball card. We had everything but him, and we kept buying the gum and we'd get doubles and triples and quadruples of guys—"

"We had like twenty of Jerry Lumpe—"

"And those kids came down from Jersey—"

"Massachusetts—"

"—on vacation. And they had one and they hated the Yankees. And there was someone they wanted that they needed to complete their favorite team."

"Warren Spahn."

"The Braves...right. So we had that big trade."

"With Annie in the middle."

Mike nodded his head. His crew was checking out the pumps, lining up the spill from the pit over the sluices, just in case something was floating loose. That's how they'd found the

WHAT WILL BE LEFT?" SAID THE OLD MAN TO ROSS THAT NIGHT. "WHAT CAN I LEAVE YOU?" "YOU CAN LEAVE ME ALONE," SAID ROSS.

last one. "With Annie. It must have been '57 then, before Annie." Mike had never said her name to him since the night. Not once.

Ross missed Sunny and the kids so much his stomach hurt. He didn't know what he'd tell her about the coin. "We put Warren Spahn in her left hand," he said, "and the Massachusetts kid put Mickey Mantle in her right and she made the switch."

"A regular little ritual," said Mike. He looked back up at the porch. They were all still there. "It didn't mean shit: kids with a piece of cardboard, but it was like this holy ritual."

A man with a gleam in his eye, the blind curio dealer had said. Didn't have the book value in cash but he made promises. "It's for the wife and boy," said the treasure hunter. "It's for the future."

Mike shook his head as if clearing it. "Me and Erlinda are going to drive up north with the kids."

"You should stop with us," said Ross. Their wives had never met.

"Yeah, that would be nice."

They looked into the water on the surface of the pit, puckering as the pumps sucked away from below. Ross wondered if it could get lost forever down there.

"Digger wrote out a will last week," said Mike. "He put my kids in it. He's stopped calling Erlinda 'the colored girl' so we have dinner now and then. He told me at dinner how they were in the will and then he sprung this thing about shutting down till your old man came across with a piece."

Christ.

Ross's stomach was tight waiting. It could be any time—minutes from now or weeks from now. He wasn't sure it was the right thing to do, but now it was done. People dropped things.

"I don't know if the will thing was to bury the hatchet or to make me go along with him. Like I give a shit about owning a piece of the pit."

Ross had asked the blind man where he had gotten the gold coins in the first place. "There are things we'll never know," said the blind man.

"You should plan to stay a couple days when you come up," said Ross. "The kids would get along."

The pumps were beating regularly now, dark water spurting into the sluices. The ground throbbed with their rhythm.

"You ever think of what Annie would have been?" Mike said.

Ross nodded. "I think about her all the time."

Mike looked at him then, unguarded. "Me too."

Ross hadn't expected it quite so soon. There was a shout from the sluices and then old Soto running faster than he'd moved in years, toward the house. When they got there he was holding it up to the light, holding it up to the people on the porch. Digger had wheeled close and the Old Man and Mrs. Dorfman leaned over the railing on either side of him. Old Soto, grinning toothlessly, held it up and did a little dance of excitement in the mud at the foot of the porch. He'd given it a good rub on his shirt and it was there in his brown palm, a cross stamped on one side, a strange design like a one-winged bird on the other.

Ross could feel Mike beside him. Mike was pale, shaking his head. Digger said something about pay dirt and the Old Man said something about a dream and Mrs. Dorfman wanted to examine the markings. There was color in her cheeks now, maybe from the excitement, maybe something about the angle of the sun. Ross looked from the coin to the eyes of the old people on the porch.

Gleaming. E

Esquire Retail Directory

NEW YORK

ARAMIS
Abraham & Strauss 422 Fulton St (Brooklyn)
Bloomingdale's
Lord & Taylor
Macy's
Saks Fifth Avenue
Stern's Bergen Mall (Paramus, NJ)

BALLY OF SWITZERLAND
B. Altman
Bally of Switzerland 645 Madison Ave
Bally of Switzerland 347 Madison Ave
Bally of Switzerland 553 7th Ave
Bally of Switzerland 711 5th Ave
Barneys 106 7th Ave
Harry's Florsheim 2299 Broadway
Imperial Men's Wear 48 W. 48th St.
Lynn Boot & Shoe 20 W. 46th St.
Macy's
Saks Fifth Avenue
Stadler Shoes 1362 Ave. of the Americas
Vigevano 969 3rd Ave.

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Bloomingdale's
Camouflage
Capezio
Carol Rollo/Riding High
Chenvan
Macy's
Men Za Men Za
New Republic
Reform Club
Saks Fifth Avenue
San Lorenzo Boutique for Men 2032 Northern Blvd. (Manhasset)

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Jimmy's 1226 Kings Hwy. (Brooklyn)

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Macy's
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Marsh's Men's and Boys' Shop 270 Main St. (Huntington)
Phil's Sportswear 8 School St. (Glen Cove)

THE DEXTER SHOE COMPANY
All American Boy 131 Christopher St.
Cappy Shoes 3704 Nostrand Ave. (Brooklyn)
Coward Shoes 221 Livingston St. (Brooklyn)
Coward Shoes 145 Fulton St. (Hempstead)
Coward Shoes 166 Mamaroneck Ave. (White Plains)
Coward Shoes 120 3rd Ave.
Coward Shoes, 1930 Broadway
Delson's Shoes 115 N. Main St. (Port Chester)
Father & Son 115 Broadway
Father & Son 150 Fulton St.
Harry's Florsheim 2299 Broadway
Heffernng Shoes 650 Lee Blvd. (Yorktown Hts.)
Heller's Shoes 4 Pleasantville Rd. (Pleasantville)
Heller's Shoes 82 S. Moger Ave. (Mt. Kisco)
Kraft Shoes 6145 Jericho Tpk. (Commack)
La Spina Shoes Rt. 6 (Mahopac)
Michael's Shoes 1468 Union Tpk. (Hyde Park)
Money Shoes 2098 Flatbush Ave. (Brooklyn)
Richard York Shoes of Patchogue 14 S. Ocean Ave. (Patchogue)
Stadler Shoes 499 7th Ave.
Stadler Shoes 1500 Broadway
Tenafly Dept. Store 20 Washington Ave. (Tenafly, NJ)
The Shoe Ville 3161 Long Beach (Oceanside)
Tip Top Shoes 155 W. 72nd St.
Village Cobbler 60 W. 8th St.

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Belgian Shoes 60 E. 56th St.
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Bloomingdale's
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Camouflage 141 8th Ave.
Constantine and Knight 383 Bleecker St.
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Ron Fritts 698 Madison Ave.
Ron Fritts 351 W. Broadway
Saks Fifth Avenue
Steven E., 72 Middleneck Rd. (Great Neck)
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Thomas Miller 8285 Jericho Tpk. (Woodbury)

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Jacks of Canarsie 2114 Rockaway Pkwy. (Brooklyn)
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Marsh's Men's & Boys' Shop 270 Main St. (Huntington)
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Richard's 350 Greenwich Ave. (Greenwich, CT)
Singer's Men's Shop 222 Main St. (Closter, NJ)
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Vendome 415 Central Ave. (Cedarhurst)

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Greeley House 43 Purchase St. (Rye)
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Mayhew's 509 Park Ave.
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Arrow Army & Navy (Bronx)
Bar Ted Army & Navy (Astoria)
Fashion Lane (Massapequa)
Gary's Sporting Goods (Brooklyn)

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20/20 Optical 65 E. 8th St.
45th Street Electronics 45th St. at 5th Ave.
A Glimpse of 3rd 529 3rd Ave.
A. R. Trapp Inc. 488 Madison Ave.
Airline Pharmacy, LaGuardia Airport (Flushing)
Alfred Poll Opticians 40 W. 55th St.
American Vision Centers All Locations
Ann Taylor All Locations
Annex 2070 Northern Blvd. (Manhasset)
Aruba 677 5th Ave.
Bamberger's - All Locations
Barbizon Import 753 7th Ave.
Bloomingdale's All Locations
Blue Ribbon Shirt, 32-17 Steinway St. (Astoria)
Blue Ribbon Shoe 32-17 Steinway St. (Astoria)
Bryant Gifts 55 W. 42nd St.
Capaldo & Smith 681 7th Ave.
Caravan Gifts 155 W. 42nd St.
Central Men's Shop 160-09 Jamaica Ave. (Jamaica)
Centre City 1335 6th Ave.
Century 21 12 Courtlandt St.

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Dermont Nichols Inc 101d 1st Ave
Clark & Finney 24-29 Court St (White Plains)
Coda Northern Station Plaza (Great Neck)
Cohen Di Marshall Y 124 E 40th St
Cohen s Fashion Optical All Locations
Concord Chemist 420 Madison Ave
Davis Optical 71 W 23rd St
DeLeons Camera 1520 Broadway
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I P Q Inc 95 58 Queens Blvd (Rego Park)
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JEM Sounds Ltd., 785 Lexington Ave
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Jena Opticians 45 Lexington Ave
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West End Opticians 126 E 72nd St
World Opticians, 931 8th Ave
Worth Seeing Optical 120 Worth St
Yorkville Radio 1516 Broadway

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Abraham & Strauss- All Locations
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B Altman
Bloomingdale s Lord & Taylor
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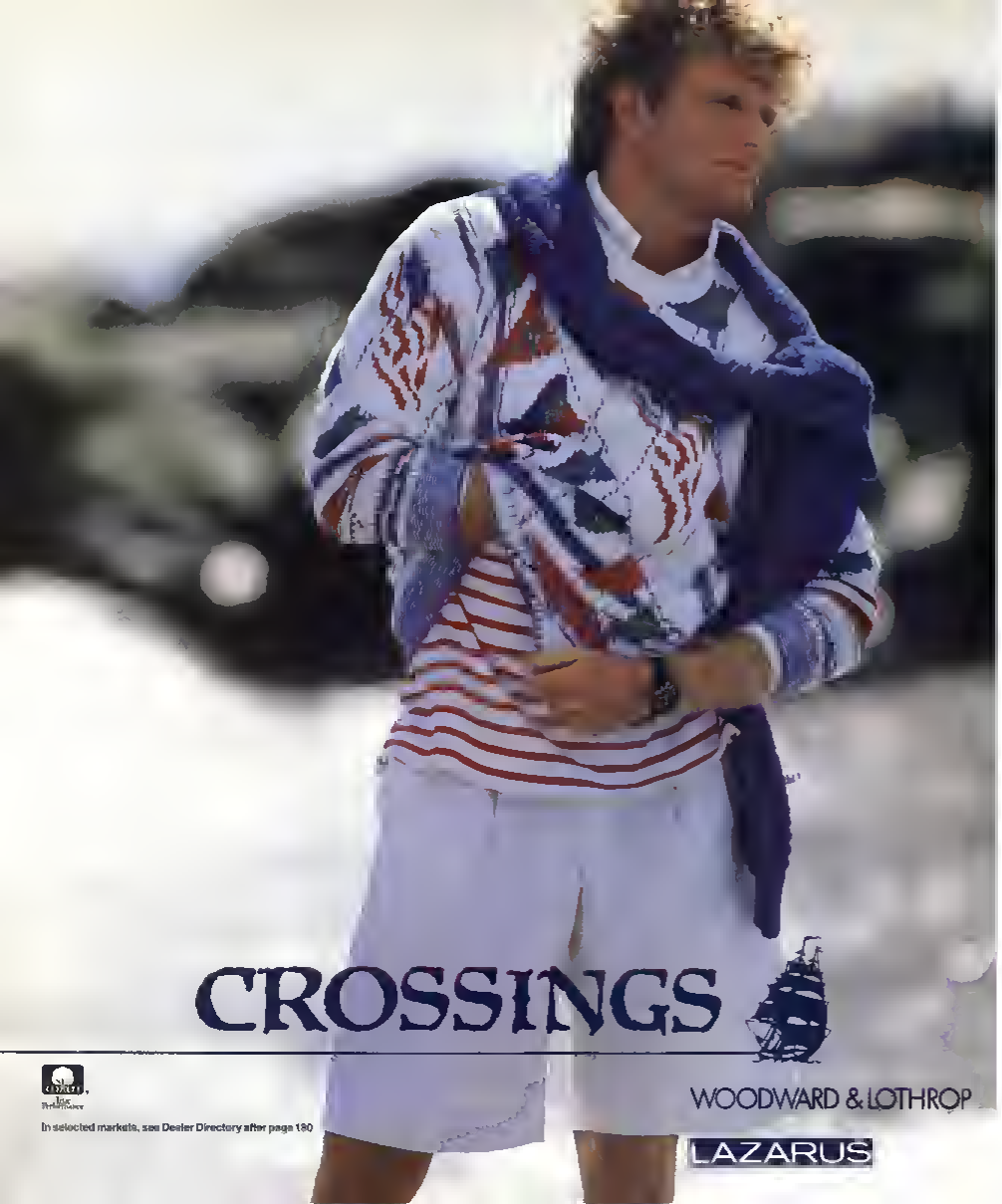
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Bob s Sport Shop 94 Park St (New Canaan CT)
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George Boys 2957 Broadway
Goldman Bros 183 S Broadway (Hicksville)
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Kruchkow Shoes 75-08 5th Ave
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Lord & Taylor All Locations
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Natelson s- All Locations (NJ)
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In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 180

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SEWN IN THE USA

On pages 107–109, Marcus single-breasted glen-plaid wool **suit** ($675) at Neiman-Marcus nationwide. For information contact Neiman-Marcus, Main and Ervay, Dallas, Texas 75201. Burberrys **shirt** at Bloomingdale's, New York. King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, and McLean, Virginia. I. Magnin, San Francisco. For information contact Burberrys, 530 Fifth Avenue, Eighth Floor, New York, New York 10036.

On page 110: Alexander Julian brown single breasted wool-and-silk-blend **suit** ($350) at Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; The Hub, Raleigh, North Carolina; Alexander Julian striped cotton **shirt** with point collar ($60) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Richards of Greenwich, Greenwich, Connecticut; Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach; Burdines, Miami; Ron Ross, Tarzana, California. For information contact: Alexander Julian, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Paul Stuart navy silk **bow tie** ($29.50) at Paul Stuart, New York. For information contact: Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10017. Wittnauer retro 1950s **watch** on a brown lizard strap ($450) from Time Will Tell, New York. For information contact: Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

On page 111: Hickey-Freeman nailhead pattern double breasted wool **suit** ($975) at Barneys, New York; Muse's, Atlanta; Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact: Hickey-Freeman, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10114. Burberrys pale lavender cotton **shirt** with white collar and French cuffs ($65) at Burberrys, New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Seattle. For information contact: Burberrys, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10022. Alexander Julian circle-pattern silk **tie** ($45) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; J. & R. Pollack, West Hartford, Connecticut; Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach; Brody's, Greenville, North Carolina; The Hub, Raleigh, North Carolina. For information contact: Alexander Julian, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Enamel and gold-filled **cuff links** ($150) from Sentimento, available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. Bulova vintage ten karat gold-filled **watch** on a brown leather strap ($340) from Time Will Tell, New York. For information contact: Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

On page 112: Saks Fifth Avenue navy pinstripe double-breasted wool **suit** ($695) at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide. For information contact: Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Paul Stuart white cotton **shirt** ($49.50) at Paul Stuart, New York. For information contact: Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10017. Bill Blass navy-and-white houndstooth silk **tie** ($38.50) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Belk, Charlotte, North Carolina; Foley's, Houston; Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact: Bill Blass Neckwear, 17 East Thirty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10016. Jean Cardot vintage 1950s **watch** on a crocodile strap ($390) from Time Will Tell, New York. For information contact: Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

On page 113: Oxxford Clothes glen-plaid single breasted wool **suit** ($995) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Nahum LTD, Rochester, New York; Larrimor's, Pittsburgh; Briggs LTD, Providence, Rhode Island; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. For information contact: Oxxford Clothes, 1220 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois 60607. Aquascutum blue cotton **shirt** with white collar and french cuffs ($85) at Aquascutum, New York. For information contact: Aquascutum, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. Paul Stuart diamond-pattern silk **tie** ($47.50) at Paul Stuart, New York. For information contact: Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10017. Mark Cross square-face **watch** on black lizard strap ($600) at Mark Cross, New York; Bal Harbour, Florida; Chicago, Dallas, and Beverly Hills. For information contact: Mark Cross, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Circle-shaped gold-filled **cuff links** ($150) from Sentimento, available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

THE LITTLE THINGS

On page 127: Burberrys striped cotton dress **shirt** ($60) at Raleighs, Washington, D.C.; Norton Ditto, Houston; Renberg's, Tulsa; Landon's, Omaha, Nebraska; Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact: Burberrys, 530 Fifth Avenue, Eighth Floor, New York, New York 10036. The Trianon Collection crystal-and-ruby **cuff links** ($1,300) at Fred Leighton, New York; Firestone and Parson, Boston; Francis Klein, Beverly Hills. For information contact: The Trianon Collection c/o Fred Leighton, 725 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

On page 128: Bill Robinson silk **tie** ($37.50) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Burdines, Miami. For information contact: Bill Robinson, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

On page 129: Giorgio Armani brown leather lace-up **shoes** ($280) at Giorgio Armani Boutique, New York. For information contact: Giorgio Armani Boutique, 815 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

On pages 130–131, Bill Robinson **shirt** at Charivari, New York; Bloomingdale's, Short Hills, New Jersey; Saks Fifth Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut; Filene's, Boston. For information contact: Bill Robinson, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Giorgio Armani **shirt** at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. For information contact: Giorgio Armani Fashion Corp., 650 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. Kenneth Gordon **shirt** at Peter Elliot, New York; Dimensions, Philadelphia; Granger Owings, Columbia, South Carolina. For information contact: Kenneth Gordon, 1209 Distributors Row, Elmwood Industrial Park, New Orleans, Louisiana 70123. Lazo **shirt** at Beau Brummel, New York; Thomas Miller, Woodbury, New York; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; Ron Ross, Tarzana, California. For information contact: Lazo, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Burberrys **shirt** at Bur-

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berrys, New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Seattle. For information contact Burberrys, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York. New York 10022. Aquascutum **shirt** at Aquascutum, New York. For information contact Aquascutum, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York New York 10019

On pages 132–133: Paul Stuart **tie** at Paul Stuart, New York. For information contact Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty fifth Street, New York, New York 10017. Alexander Julian **ties** at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, J. & R. Pollack, West Hartford, Connecticut. Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach. Brody's Greenville, North Carolina. The Hub, Raleigh, North Carolina. For information contact Alexander Julian, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Savoy **tie** at Frank Stella, New York. Britches of Georgetowne, Washington, D.C. Muse's, Atlanta, Leslie & Co., Houston. Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. For information contact Savoy Neckwear, 17 East Thirty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10016. Burberrys **tie** at Burberrys, New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Seattle. For information contact Burberrys, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10022. Bill Robinson **tie** at Charivari, New York. Bloomingdale's, Short Hills, New Jersey. Saks Fifth Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut. Filene's, Boston. For information contact Bill Robinson, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017

On pages 134–135: Manolo Blahnik **shoes** at Manolo Blahnik, New York. For information contact Manolo Blahnik, 15 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. Johnston & Murphy **shoes** at Johnston & Murphy shops nationwide. For information contact Johnston & Murphy, Box 731, Nashville, Tennessee 37202. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards **shoes** at Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, New York. For information contact Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, 440 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. To Boot **shoes** at To Boot, New York. For information contact To Boot, 520 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Ralph Lauren Footwear **shoes** at Polo/Ralph Lauren shops nationwide, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact Ralph Lauren Footwear, 120 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10022. Salvatore Ferragamo **shoes** at Salvatore Ferragamo, New York and Palm Beach, Barneys, New York, Mr. Sid's, Boston. For information contact, Salvatore Ferragamo, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019

FIVE GREAT IDEAS

On page 159: Malo Tricot **cardigan** at Giorgio, New York and Beverly Hills. For information contact Malo Tricot, 58 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Alan Paine **polo** at Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact Alan Paine, 20 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. British Khaki by Robert Leighton **trousers** at Camouflage, New York, Louis, Boston, British Khaki, Costa Mesa, California. For information contact British Khaki, 214 West Thirty ninth Street, New York, New York 10018. L.A. Eyeworks **sunglasses** at Contents by Theodore, Los Angeles. For information contact L.A. Eyeworks c/o Contents by Theodore, The Beverly Center, 8522 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048. Nancy Heller clothing at Cotton Club, Houston, Hattie's, Birmingham, Michigan and Palm Beach, Greta, Beverly Hills, Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact Nancy Heller, 1441 Broadway, Thirty-fourth Floor, New York, New York 10018

On page 160: Joseph Abboud **sport jacket** at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Arm's, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, Louis, Boston, Carl Sterr, Birmingham, Michigan, Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. For information contact Joseph Abboud, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 1615, New York, New York 10104. Ruff Hewn **shirt** at B. Altman, New York. Todd Garland Inc. **jeans** at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Rowbottoms & Willoughby, Chicago, Harold's, Norman, Oklahoma, Nordstrom, Seattle. For information contact Ruff Hewn, 39 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. Levi Strauss & Co. **jeans** at The Gap nationwide. For information contact Levi Strauss & Co., 1155 Battery Street, San Francisco, California 94111

On page 161: Polo by Ralph Lauren **shirt** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York, Dallas and Memphis. Polo by Ralph Lauren **vest** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. Polo by Ralph Lauren **trousers** at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Salt Lake City, Utah; Santa Clara and Palo Alto, California. Macy's, San Francisco. For information contact Polo/Ralph Lauren, 867 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

On page 162: Under Construction **robe** by special order only. For information contact Under Construction, 1223 Olympic Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90404. Basco **shorts** at Barneys, New York, Macy's, Atlanta, Marshall Field's, Chicago, Mark Keller, Birmingham, Michigan, Chanin's, Los Angeles. For information contact Basco, 58 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Norma Kamali **bathing suit** at Omo Norma Kamali, New York. For information contact Omo Norma Kamali, 11 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10019

On page 163: Cecilia Metheney **shirt, trousers,** and **ascot** at Jimmy's, Brooklyn. The 24 Collection, Miami. Perkins Shearer, Denver. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. For information contact Cecilia Metheney, 257 Park Avenue, Suite 1501, New York, New York 10010. Longines **watch** from Time Will Tell, New York. For information contact Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021. Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods **belt** at Polo/Ralph Lauren nationwide, Bloomingdale's, New York. For information contact Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods, 39 West Fifty fifth Street, Suite 604, New York, New York 10019. L.A. Eyeworks **sunglasses** at Contents by Theodore, Los Angeles. For information contact L.A. Eyeworks c/o Contents by Theodore, The Beverly Center, 8522 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048

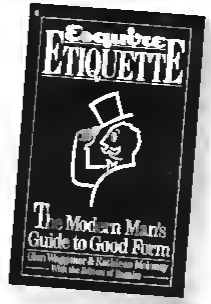
ADDITIONAL CREDITS

On pages 141–143: Stylist, Philip Farran; Hair, James Weiglein; Makeup, Nadya Nottingham. **On page 141:** Hat—Courtesy of Eric Javits, Earrings, Courtesy of Kenneth Jay Lane. **On pages 142–143:** Dress, Courtesy of Victor Costa; Shoes, Courtesy of La Marca; Stockings, Courtesy of Fogal; Earrings, Courtesy of Wendy Gell; Chair, Courtesy of Jota. **On page 143.** Dress, Courtesy of Marc Bouwer



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Parables from a War-Torn Boyhood

Louis Malle's twenty-sixth film, *Goodbye, Children*, is inspired by a tragic memory from his own childhood—a single, terrifying incident that never left him and later propelled him to examine human behavior through his art. Set in a French boarding school in 1944, *Goodbye, Children* observes the troubled friendship of two gifted young boys—one of them Jewish, in hiding from the Nazis—whose competitive relationship is made hauntingly acute by the war waging beyond and within the courtyard walls. Said Malle of the film, which opens nationally this month, "It's taken me a long time, thirty years, to deal with the essential, which is my childhood."



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